THE
NEW ADELPHI

Vol. I. No. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1927

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE aims of *The New Adelphi* have been sufficiently expounded in the prospectus, copies of which we shall be pleased to send for distribution to any readers who desire them. There is no need to attempt any further statement of our purposes. If they are truly realized, they will be implicit in the magazine; if not, it is better not to parade them. Nor is there any need for more than a passing reference to the difficulties under which this first number of the new series has been composed. The most serious of them have now been overcome.

The Shakespeare Notes, which will be a regular feature of the magazine, are, from an editorial point of view, rather anomalous. It is strange that there should be in this country no "Review of Shakespearean Studies." Shakespeare, as he is the most salutary, is also the most difficult of English authors: and some sort of clearing-house for genuine contributions towards interpretation of his work has long been necessary. *The New Adelphi* can make only a modest beginning; but better a modest beginning than none at all.

We would draw the attention of our readers to the amicable discussion, now being pursued in *The Monthly Criterion*, of an essay "Towards a Synthesis," contributed by Mr. Middleton Murry to that review for June, 1927. This essay has provoked much criticism. It has been discussed by Father D'Arcy, S.J., and Mr. Charles Mauron in the September number, and will be further criticized by Mr. T. S. Eliot and M. Ramon Fernandez in the October number of *The Monthly Criterion*. The discussion has been valuable, and we hope in the next number of *The New Adelphi* to give some account of the points at issue, and to indicate more clearly our own position.

We suggest to our readers that they should place *The New Adelphi* on the suggestion-book of the many libraries, public or otherwise, to which they have access. There are, unfortunately, many people to whom the modest subscription of 10s. per annum is prohibitive; and there are many public libraries where there is no copy of *The New Adelphi* to be seen.

# PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DRAMA*

## (I)—COMEDY

THE origin of drama is a question still under debate, a problem of enormous range, tempting inquiry beyond the limits of written record into a region where the literary palæontologist is guided only by uncertain inference from survivals, the fossil vestiges of a life that civilized man has all but forgotten. This paper might be called an 'essay speculative and suggestive.' I cannot advise a trustful acceptance of any part of it. It is based on two hypotheses, both fiercely contested by competent critics. The first hypothesis is psychological; the second is concerned with the ritual origin of drama.

A certain school of psychologists instruct us to look upon *tradition* in a new light. We have been accustomed to think of tradition as a chain of evolution—a line of causes and effects stretched out horizontally along the course of time from past to future. We have traced out its history from ancient documents, and bridged the gaps of testimony by links of more or less hazardous inference. But now it is suggested that an epitome of the whole story might be brought to light out of the last place where we thought of looking for it, namely, our own minds. We may think of tradition, not only as a horizontal chain spread out in the order of time, but also under the image of a geological deposit, reaching down vertically into the depths of every consciousness. Embryology has shown that each individual, as the body is shaped in the mother's womb, runs through, in a few months, all the main phases of development through which the race has passed in as many myriads of years. Some psychologists now point to a parallel miracle in the evolution of the individual mind. With this difference: the body, transforming organ after organ to fresh uses, leaves the outworn forms and functions behind. But the soul, though it drink deep of the waters of oblivion, enters the world not in entire forgetfulness, but possessing still, in the vast subterranean treasure-house of the unconscious, a compendium of racial experience. So, at least, some believe, and they might argue that if it were not for this vertical deposit of tradition in every mind, buried more or less deeply, but still recoverable, we should not be able to enter with understanding or sympathy into the external tradition stretching away behind us into the past. As we followed the history backwards we should reach a limit beyond which it would become meaningless; there would be nothing in our range of possible experience to respond to it. It would be dead and gone, because we should be incapable of re-living it. As it is, we do sometimes seem to

*The Committee of the Eighth Annual Conference on New Ideals in Education (1922) have kindly given permission for this paper to be reprinted from their Transactions.

have reached a point where understanding fails; but even there the stirrings of vague and inarticulate feeling may yet keep us in touch. The power of reminiscence appears to vary considerably from one individual to another; but it will be agreed that the intimations of this strange form of racial immortality (if it exists) are strongest in childhood. And next strongest in the artist—certainly stronger than in the average man. The source of the artist's strength is in the sap that comes welling up from hidden roots in what I have called the vertical deposit.

Charlotte Brontë, in her preface to *Wuthering Heights*, describes the spontaneous emergence of certain images in artistic creation.

> "Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know; I scarcely think it is. But this I know; the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent to 'harrow the valleys or be bound with a band in the furrow' . . . when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Pluto or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as Fate or Inspiration direct. Be the work grim or glorious, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice. If the result be attractive, the World will praise you, who little deserve praise; if it be repulsive, the same World will blame you, who almost as little deserve blame."

In men who are not creative artists, this unsolicited emergence of spontaneous images is said to occur in the phantoms that pass across the stage of dreams. We let them pass unheeded; the poet is he who is able to capture these dream-figures and fix their outlines, ordered and shaped to his conscious design, in form and colour, or in the subtler medium of verbal images, to which, by means of the actor, he can add a body with living voice and movement, and so present their action framed in a little world that he has carved, to be the scene of his miniature creation, out of the common world of space and time. If these creatures are indeed to live, they must not be the work of deliberate synthesis, like the alchemist's homunculus; they must present themselves already endowed with independent life and the full inward wealth of passion and character that will unfold itself by laws of its own, to the surprise, it may be, of the artist himself. And, if they are to move the spectator, it can only be by awakening to life corresponding images that are already there, dormant in his mind and waiting to be evoked.

Otherwise the artist would be like a man speaking an unknown tongue, uttering sounds that have a meaning for him, but none for his hearers.

If this account be true, the dramatic artist is drawing upon the treasure stored up in his unconscious mind, and causing us to do the same; and this treasure actually consists, as it were, of a stratified deposit of all those possibilities of experience which have found expression in drama from the beginning of its history to the present day. It is likely, moreover, that the greater the artist, the further he will plunge into the depths to fetch up his pearls. Hence it is that the supreme work of art bears the clearest marks of its kinship with the primitive, and this quality may move the feelings of a child more than our own, whatever else in it may lie beyond the scope of his intellectual powers. It will follow too that a study of the origin of drama is not irrelevant to the comprehension of *Hamlet* or *King Lear* and of their effect upon ourselves. From the standpoint of this psychology, the origin of every great drama is not to be distinguished from the origin of drama in general.

That, then, is my first hypothesis—the psychological leap in the dark. The second is a recent theory about the origin of the Greek drama.*

Professor Gilbert Murray based this hypothesis upon a study of the traditional framework of the tragic plot—a constant scheme which underlies the variety of stories in the extant plays, dividing the action of tragedy into a series of moments. These moments, or "fixed forms," as he called them, are: a contest (*agon*), followed by the suffering and death of the hero; the speech of the messenger announcing the death; a lamentation; the discovery or recognition; and the final theophany. No explanation of this constant scheme had ever been sought or found till Professor Murray saw that the traditional moments in the tragic action correspond to the moments in the passion play of the death and resurrection of the Vegetation-spirit, or (as I would rather call it) the spirit of life in nature. In performances of this kind, this spirit of life contends against its enemy, darkness or winter, and is defeated, slain, and torn in pieces. The death is reported by a messenger; and often the dead body is brought upon a bier and lamented. The discovery or recognition of the slain and mutilated spirit is followed by his resurrection or apotheosis, his epiphany in glory. The inference is that, whatever other influences have contributed to Greek tragedy, the constant mould of the tragic plot was derived from a ritual drama, originally enacted for the purpose of promoting the due course of seasonal life in nature.

Inspired by this discovery, I was led to examine the corresponding mould or fixed forms of Attic Comedy, and I came to the conclusion

---

*See "Excursus on the Ritual Forms Preserved in Greek Tragedy," by Prof. Murray, in J. E. Harrison's *Themis* (1912), p. 341.

(for which I was not prepared) that they must have been derived from the same, or a kindred, form of religious passion-play. The most prominent feature in Comedy is the contest or *agon*, which is followed by a sacrifice and feast, where traces may be found of the original death and resurrection of the hero. But the action of Comedy takes a happier turn. The hero's antagonist is put to derision and driven from the scene. The scheme ends with the apotheosis of the hero, accompanied by a revel or *comos*, and the marriage of the triumphant divinity.*

I cannot here offer any proof of Professor Murray's theory or of my own. I must provisionally assume that they are established. Taking these hypotheses, then, as a point of departure, I want to show that the derivation of Tragedy and Comedy from fertility ritual has left traces, not only in the plot-structure of their earliest forms, but also in the psychology of the essentially comic and tragic types of character.

It is easier to speak of the ritual origin of drama than to make quite sure what we mean by that phrase. It does not seem likely that there was, to begin with, a single form of ritual, which lost its religious character and, after passing through the stage of folk-play, gave rise to both the great forms of literary drama. Probably the truth is more complicated than that. We may have to reckon with several kindred types of ritual, and also with collateral influences from (let us say) the passion-play of the Eleusinian mysteries, which never ceased to be a religious performance. In the same way, among the sources of the modern drama we find on the one hand the mummer's play and other survivals of pagan ritual, and on the other a quite distinct root in the liturgical drama which springs direct from the church service. In the case of the Greeks, we cannot as yet say how the transition occurred from fertility ritual to drama. But assuming that it did occur, we may consider the general question: *Why does it ever happen that a performance which decays as ritual is perpetuated as dramatic art?*

The answer can only be: Because it continues to satisfy certain needs of human nature, *other than the ostensible purpose of the religious rite which is allowed to lapse*. If we can discover what these needs are, we shall be approaching the primitive significance of drama.*

Let us first go back to the supposed beginning, and consider the purpose and mode of operation of the performance in its religious or magical stage. I shall deal first with Comedy. Let us suppose that here the purpose of the original ritual was to stimulate the fertility of the earth and of the human group. These are the primary needs of life. Every year the earth must yield a sufficient quantity of food; every human generation must reproduce its kind. Up to a certain point man knows that he can secure these vital ends by his own actions; but beyond that point success depends on other factors which must be

*F. M. Cornford, *Origin of Attic Comedy* (1914.)

induced to co-operate. He can dig and plant; he can plough and sow; but God giveth the increase; or, at an earlier stage, the increase may depend on the favourable disposition of the spirits of his dead ancestors, whose help may also be needed for the reproduction of human life. When he has done all that he can do directly, there still remains a gap between his desire and its fulfilment—a period of suspense and anxiety. Desire and hope are still upon the stretch, and his fancy is actively engaged in picturing their realization.

Here, in this gap, arise the practices of sympathetic or mimetic magic and ritual. The tension of desire which cannot be relaxed by directly and actually doing what is wanted is relieved by representing or imitating the desired effect—by an anticipatory enactment of the unfulfilled wish, giving an embodiment to the fantasy with every circumstance that will make it as like as possible to the thing desired. So in other forms of magic: if I cannot get at my enemy to kill him, I make a waxen image, pierce it with needles, and melt it over the fire. My pent-up hatred is thereby discharged, and I feel more comfortable, having done the next best thing—a thing so *like* what I want to happen that its emotional value is well worth having. Or, if I cannot cause the rain to fall and water my sown crop, I may throw water about till I feel better.

This discharge of emotion that has been held in suspense and denied an immediate outlet in direct action is the principle and root motive of mimetic performances, ritual or dramatic. Mimetic magic does not rest merely on an intellectual confusion of thought or association of ideas; it rests upon the equivalence, in terms of emotional value, of the dramatic representation of wish-fulfilment and the actual fulfilment in the course of natural fact.

In the famous definition of Tragedy, Aristotle says that, by exciting the emotions of fear and pity, Tragedy effects a purgation (*catharsis*) of these emotions. Whatever Aristotle may have understood by this word *catharsis*, we see that it can be applied to the mimetic performance in this earliest stage, if we take it as meaning the relief or discharge of emotion that cannot find an outlet in immediate action, and so seeks an outlet in the mimetic representation of a wish-fantasy.

Here we must recognize, in passing, that mimetic performances are not confined to the anticipatory enactment of effects desired in the future. There is also the commemorative type. Some savage tribes, after a long day's hunting, spend the night in songs and dances which re-enact and revive the experiences of the day. There may still be an element of wish-fulfilment here. It may be suspected that things go somewhat better in the songs and dances than they did in reality; just as, when the angler is talking in the smoking-room, the size and weight of his trout show a tendency to increase.

The element of wish-fulfilment is, I suppose, now universally recognised in the almost perpetual make-believe of imaginative children.

If a little girl dresses up as a fairy or as a princess, it is because she wants the satisfaction of *being* a fairy or a princess, endowed with wonderful powers which ordinary life denies. This is not mimicry—the mere copying or aping of things seen. It is not holding the mirror up to nature; it is mimetic in the sense we have considered—the dramatic enactment of fantasy, the imaginative fulfilment of desire.

When, instead of leaving a child to extemporize its own drama, you set it to act existing dramas, whether folk-plays or the creations of individual artists, you are providing it with a ready-made frame of fantasy. You are inviting the child to project itself into characters shaped by other minds; and you are thereby evoking emotions proper to that setting—emotions that might otherwise have lain dormant; you are providing an embodiment for wishes and fantasies that might not have sought expression in this form. This is a responsibility. The consideration of it makes it relevant to inquire: *Of what nature were the emotions for which Comedy and Tragedy in their original forms provided an outlet?*

It is clear that the transition from ritual to play will be accompanied by a considerable change in the character of the emotions involved. Our next step must be to appreciate the nature of this change.

The shift from ritual to play means that the performance loses its original external purpose; it ceases to serve the end it was at first designed to fulfil. In the case we are concerned with, this end was the production of fertility in man and nature. Suppose, now, that a time comes when it is no longer credible that the course of nature can really be influenced by mimetic magic. Suppose that we begin to understand that we cannot really make rain by throwing one of our neighbours into a river. So long as faith lasted, we were ready to sacrifice a human life for the common good. What shall we do when we cease to believe that the sacrifice is efficacious?

If man were a rational creature, we should at once drop the practice and devote our time to the study of meteorology. But that is not how we behave. The custom is a good old custom, and may still have more in it than we know. We shall continue it, in a milder form, finding some substitute for the human victim. We may have one of two motives. First, we may perpetuate the custom in honour (as we say) of some divinity who is supposed to be gratified by the spectacle. In that case it remains magical, retaining a purpose beyond itself—some good we hope to get by pleasing our divinity. Or, secondly, we may go on doing it because it amuses *us*. It then becomes an end in itself, and may lead to some form of art. It is retained for its intrinsic emotional value to the performers, apart from any effect it may once have had on other things. This is the branch we have to follow up; it leads to dramatic art.

The play, then, outlives the ritual because it still provides for the

release of some feeling that calls for an outlet. But here comes the new point that I would emphasize. The feeling that is now released in the play may be of a kind that was *only incidentally involved in the ritual stage.*

I can best illustrate what I mean from the case of Comedy. The tradition of Comedy throughout the ages shows a marked strain of sexual licentiousness. On our hypothesis, this is an original feature; but in the earliest phase—the magical or religious—the sexual licence was only a means to a further end. It was justified, not by its inherent pleasureableness, but by its value as so much magic of the sympathetic kind. If your aim is to stimulate the fertility of nature, the proper means lies in the mimetic representation, real or simulated, of the process of reproduction. For this grave and sufficient reason the normal taboo on sexual indulgence is raised, and in the service of religion acts prohibited at other times as grossly immoral are sanctioned and enjoined.

But once such a door is opened, human nature will be loth to let it shut again. When the original justification has fallen away, the tradition of sexual licence is cherished for its own sake. It has never lost its hold upon the comic stage. The suppression of it in the Puritan period was followed by a conspicuous outburst in Restoration Comedy; but such manifestations are only marked symptoms of what is always happening. It may be, too, that some of the blame that falls on licentious playwrights ought to fall on the moralists who dammed up the more innocent outlets.

The strain of licentiousness in the comic tradition is thus accounted for as the perpetuation for its own sake of what was once a means to a practical end. We have also to note a second class of emotions which it is the function of Comedy to release. These have their roots in what may be called the *negative* side of fertility ritual.

Besides the positive induction of fertility by mimetic means, there is also the expulsion of evil influences that threaten to blast the growth of the crops. St. Augustine mentions both these complementary aspects in his denunciation of the phallic rites of Liber as practised in Italy. "By such means," he exclaims, "was Liber to be appeased in order that the crops might succeed! By such means was malign influence (*fascinatio*) to be driven from the fields!"

Sir James Frazer has devoted a volume to this expulsion of evils, and he observes that it is constantly associated with outbreaks of licence. "The public and periodic expulsion of devils is commonly preceded or followed by a period of general licence, during which the ordinary restraints of society are thrown aside, and all offences, short of the gravest, are allowed to pass unpunished."* Among the Hos of N.E.

---

**The Scapegoat* (1913), p. 225.

India, who practise the expulsion of evils at the harvest-home, we find this violent discharge of emotion explicitly justified by the theory of the unbent bow. "Men and women," it is pleaded, "are so overcharged with vicious propensities that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the person to let off steam by allowing for a time full vent to the passions." The villagers, shouting and singing a wild chant, go in procession to drive out the evil spirit with sticks. Then they feast and drink "till the festival becomes a saturnale," during which children revile their parents, and parents their children, and "men and women become almost like animals in the indulgence of their amorous propensities."*

So also in Comedy, associated with the strain of sexual licence, there is a second strain, derived from the negative side of fertility rites—the expulsion of evils. In some of the folk festivals we find the evil influences impersonated in the antagonist of the spirit of fertility. There is a struggle between the two, an *agon*, dramatised as a battle between two parties or individuals, representing Summer and Winter, or, under whatever names, the opposite powers of Life and Death. The contest often takes the form of a match in abusive language—abuse being one of the most effective means of driving away evil spirits. A vampire, for example, can be got rid of by a suitable selection of insults. From this expulsion of malign influence by means of abuse we can derive the second constant strain in all the forms of Comedy, which Aristotle calls the *element of satire* (*iambic*).

In Attic Comedy the central moment is the *agon* or contest between the hero, or good principle, and his antagonist who is to be defeated and expelled. The hero's habitual weapon is buffoonery of a coarse type; and after the main contest, there is commonly a series of scenes in which various absurd types—lyrical poets, oracle-mongers, brass-hats, mathematicians, police inspectors, and the like—are derided by the hero-buffoon, and driven from the scene with mockery. The common property of these characters is that they are types of pretentiousness, superior persons, humbugs or impostors of some sort. The common man enjoys a satisfaction in seeing their pretensions unmasked. It is easy to see in these impostors offshoots, as it were, of the chief antagonist—minor species of social pest, the legitimate prey of the comic spirit. Thus the magical employment of abuse and raillery to drive blighting influences from the fields, developed into the derision of social impostors of every type. As Comedy became more subtle, there grew from this root the satirical study of all sorts of pretentious persons, the doctor of medicine, the Tartuffe, the misanthrope, the egoist—the great types of comic character.

We also see here the explanation of two characteristics of Comedy. One is the *double ending*—the victory of the good principle and the

---

**The Scapegoat*, p. 136.

defeat of imposture—an essentially happy ending. The other is the principle indicated by Aristotle, that in Comedy, as distinct from Tragedy, the essential thing is *character* rather than plot. It matters little how the machinery of incident is contrived, provided that the full comic value is drawn out of the character.

* *

We can now answer the question from which we started: Of what nature are the emotions released in the spectator of primitive Comedy?

It appears that they are of a rather ugly kind. It is part of Plato's complaint against the stage that comedy ministers a vicarious indulgence to impulses in our nature that we normally suppress. "There is," he says, "a sort of buffoonery which you would be ashamed to indulge in yourself, and yet in performances on the comic stage you take an intense delight in listening to it, instead of being disgusted at its coarseness. There is in you an impulse of buffoonery which you had been keeping under rational restraint, because you dreaded a buffoon's reputation; but now you set this impulse free, and the licence you have given it at the theatre may unconsciously seduce you into similar coarseness in your own behaviour." "The same," he adds "is true of sexual feeling, anger, and all the forms of desire. . . Poetic representation works upon these; it waters passions that ought to wither from drought, and allows them to rule over us when they ought to be in subjection."*

The whole catalogue of licentious literature witnesses to this theory of the vicarious indulgence of normally suppressed emotions, and no one would deny that theatrical representation, because of its full-bodied concreteness, is far more potent than any other form of art. On the other hand, we may differ from Plato when he speaks of passions that ought to wither from drought. We now suspect that natural passions that are suppressed do not wither, but are merely driven along subterranean channels to issue in unsuspected forms elsewhere. In Comedy the refinement of manners which bans frank coarseness is apt to lead to innuendo. Naked indecency is none the better for being half-clothed with hypocrisy.

In the passage I have quoted, Plato is thinking of the spectator identifying himself with the hero-buffoon, the triumphant principle in the primitive contest. Under cover of this identification, this projection of ourselves into the good or sympathetic principle—an identification which we consciously approve—there is masked the unacknowledged indulgence of the impulse to coarseness and licence, which, were we conscious of it, we should disapprove. In another place† Plato analyzes the similarly complex feeling of the spectator towards the object of ridicule, the hero's antagonist, the impostor or type of comic character. In this case also he exposes an unacknowledged motive, secretly

**Republic* x., 606. †*Philebus*, p. 48.

ndulged. The comic type, the pretentious man, is he who does not observe the Delphic precept, "Know thyself." He fancies himself superior in some outward or inward form of excellence—richer, or handsomer, or wiser than he is. The pleasure we feel in laughing at these absurd pretensions is mixed with a painful feeling of envy (*phthonos*), such as tinges the *satisfaction* we feel at the *misfortunes* of our friends.

This is a subtle observation. Overtly, we do not identify ourselves with the ridiculous pretender; but while we hate him and rejoice at his discomfiture, is it not because he represents something that we should secretly *like* to be? *He claims* to possess *qualities that we should* admire and value in ourselves. There is something in us that would like to swagger like a brass-hat. As we cannot impose upon our neighbours, we envy those who do, at the same time that we find a moral satisfaction in seeing imposture exposed—in another person.

On this showing, the primitive emotions surreptitiously released by Comedy from the restraints that normally suppress them are sensuality and envy. The combination of the two may be illustrated from one of the great types of more developed Comedy, Don Juan. Every man who knows himself would admit that some part of his nature would sell the rest of him to the devil in order to enjoy Don Juan's career without its consequences. When we contemplate his career upon the stage, we can obtain the double satisfaction of enjoying his pleasure in fantasy, and, when the end comes, of gratifying our moral nature—or is it rather the hatred that attends on envy?—by seeing the penalty that we should have incurred fall, not on us, but on him.

Thus the evil principle impersonated in the central figure of later Comedy becomes, in some sense, a *scapegoat*. The catharsis, or riddance of evil, is accomplished by the vicarious expression of feelings that our better nature disowns, followed by their punishment in the person of the scapegoat or sin-bearer.

F. M. CORNFORD.

(*To be concluded.*)

## PROTHALAMION

LAMP of the West, held high aloft
By hand unseen of her whose name
Thou bearest; star when nights are soft
And earth breathes skyward the faint flame
Of pungent green wherein is mingled
Wild cherry's virginal, keen smell;
White Venus, singled
From galaxies to be the guide
Of man and bride,
Take thou our thanks for this thy miracle.

The silver-footed girl once crept
And leaned far out the window ledge
To ponder, when they thought she slept,
Thy twin lights at the water's edge;
Until as sparks among the embers
Die, thine image waned away,
But she remembers,
And for the wonder thou hast wrought
A votive thought
She offered on the threshold of the Day.

Yet spring was late this year; the snow
Still hid thee and the garden paled
Beneath a withered moon, as though
For once thy miracle had failed.
Thin oak leaves, ghosts of foliage, clung
Above the new year in the sheath,
And where they hung
Cold shadow hid the snow from day
So that it lay
Round every tree-trunk like a faded wreath.

Now comes thine hour. This marriage eve
Will I alone thy vigil keep,
While maiden-fingered fancies weave
For her upon the loom of sleep
Pictures of the inviolate land
More beautiful than snow, where she
Needs not my hand
To guide her, where she reigns in light
One last, long night,
Untrammelled by our fair conspiracy.

While I, leaning against the wicket,
Watch thy reflection in the pond,
And feel a rhythm through grass and thicket—
My pulse of life, swelling beyond
My veins, beating through space and far
Away where even thy glories blur,
O chosen star!
Yet she eludes us still this hour;
A chaster power
Than ours fills all the universe with her.

But thou and I shall call her back.
Love swoons in those vast periods;
Her feet stray in the heaving black
So far from the more homely gods.
O call her as she comes to me
To-morrow in the lovers' dawn,
Clean as the sea,
Her gainly body tense with a surmise
That veils her eyes,
Not furtive but most regally withdrawn.

Behind her morning overarches,
Tiers of crimson fire that make
Greener the violent green of larches,
Bluer the calm blue of the lake.
The white swan drifts in mirrored sleep,
The haze is tangled in the rushes;
Clear and deep
A drop of dew rings in the pond
And fields respond
With songs of robins, meadow-larks, and thrushes.

Now, Love, I call thee, and am heard
By none but thee. I speak thy name;
I wed thee with a secret word
In accent quiet as a flame.
I say thou art the one who arrives
For ever, who never shall depart;
Through a thousand lives
When fields are sweetened beneath the sun
Thou art the one
Who wakes the immortal in the mortal heart.

Hasten! the world will crowd us in
With trumpet blast and wedding guest;
The loud solemnities begin,
The caravans come from the west;
The ships of sandalwood that smell
Sweet as the frankincense they bear
Drift on the swell
Like phantoms through the early haze,
Their lamps ablaze,
Their red sails flat against the moveless air.

Hasten! we have not long against
That hour of pomp when we must see
Our rocky garden neatly fenced,
Our love in mild captivity.
Now dawn spreads open like a fan
Of sultry fire, the wet leaves stir;
Girl and man
Pass through the elemental gate,
For spring was late
And now the summer has caught up with her.

At the waterside a tree is growing
Whose blossoms crowd the drifting air,
And of its fruit there is no knowing
Till thou hast tasted of it there.
Its dark leaves in the morning chime
Not of the morning or the night,
But of the time
Between the chaos and the flame
When softly came
The Word that made eternal love's delight.

Eternal the brief joy of flesh,
The finite infinite and whole,
The thwarted body fired afresh
By flames that mount into the soul.
The fruit shall follow the tree-in-flower
With ripe fulfilment after pain;
This is the hour,
The golden rift in time wherefrom
Surely shall come
The song of love-in-death made life again.

But thou, so young; more meet for thee
The birches tossing their green hair!
What blossom crowns the darker tree—
Joy? But thy pain I can not share.
This night I yield thee back to sleep,
This night, the last of loneliness,
I fold thee deep
In peace and ask no more until
Dawn floods the hill,
Not even thy phantom-self for a caress.

And now the curved horizon covers
Love's star that melts away in light.
Lamp of the West, fail not thy lovers
When after another day, the night
Shall lift thee in its arms, and I
In mine shall hold thy counterpart,
Thou in thy sky
And we in ours, until we rest
Beyond the west
Where death lies slain beneath the single heart.

ROBERT HILLYER.

# ON THE FACE OF IT

THE French house I sought was seen, as I turned a corner, remo in a diminishing avenue of noble trees. Below the hush midsummer was the vibration of many wings. The bees we in the limes. I could smell the sweetness of that tree ; it is full summ when the limes are flowering, and the bees get drunk. I found that pleasant confirmation of the season, for to me that summer was hardl authentic. The house was set deeply in a long perspective of folia as though I stood in the June of one year, and saw distantly the pa ghost of the old chateau in a silent June of the past. I wanted to reac that house, but it looked as though I could get no nearer to it than t murmuring summer in which I stood. I could only look back to whe it was secluded in the silence of a forgotten year.

A confusing idea ; but then it was a confusing summer, a summ doubtful with its aspect of immemorial continuity, yet suggestin bleakly a subtle yet disastrous interruption in the life of the earth ; though everything appeared to be the same, but we were being cheate with only the bright illusion of familiar things. What had been alway behind them had gone. It was June, 1915. If in one of the arbou about me, where stood white statues pensive with ancient secrets the would never disclose, I had surprised a furbelowed lady who ought have been living only in a picture by Watteau, she might have bee more startled than myself. I should have felt that I was the intrude and should have withdrawn at once from a June which did not belon to me. Not my June. Not a lady for me, but only for a gentlema in satin breeches and a brocaded coat. And from one of those arbour in a scene which was still and haunted, a figure did suddenly emerg It came out briskly, gave me a direct but not a startled look, and turne towards the chateau. It had a Cockney face, and its khaki dress w unrelieved by any ornament except the blue and white armlet of British signaller. It seemed to have no doubt about its year.

So I judged that, after all, I might not be lost in another age. An how, others were lost there with me ; or perhaps in a celestial dreamines the gods had become careless and had muddled the sunlights and affai of far different times. For a Sikh, with a rifle which was only a toy i his giant's grasp, a giant in a black beard, was patrolling the balustra of that French house above a moat in which water lilies floated. Th Indian sentry reached the limit of his beat, and paused to regard th figure of Aphrodite, who stood below him with a foot coyly poised ov the water she had been about to enter since Louis Soleil was king. War Not even though a bearded Sikh was contemplating Aphrodite. Ther was no war. There was but an occasional and inexplicable flutter the air. The air sometimes shook ; the summer day was quite peacefu

but it was not accurately fitted to the earth, it was not quite firm on its base. There was a sense of insecurity in it, as though it might be withdrawn from us because it was a mistake, being the summer of another age and place. But a moorhen glided under the downcast eyes of the goddess, and the Indian calmly watched that tableau. He did not look at me. Perhaps he did not see me there. One could not be certain of much.

Nor did the interior of the chateau reassure. The frail old furniture was understandable, the ormolu, the crystal candelabrum hanging from a painted ceiling, and the tapestries; they gave the right suggestion, for a summer noon, of the serene continuity of pleasant human things. The ladies of the house looked down into the room from their frames of heavy gilt, which hung on the walls, and one of them, the portrait near me of a girl of 1779, seemed as surprised as myself to observe soldiers below intent upon typewriters, and the coming and going of British officers.

One of the officers came to me. He knew my name. and met me as if I were one of that household, though I had never seen him before. "They telephoned from headquarters about you this morning. We were beginning to think you were lost. The battalion you want is somewhere near Neuve Chapelle, but you'd never find it. It's rather altered up there, since the attack, and it's an unattractive corner. But we've got a guide for you—here he is, too. Lieut. Jones——!"

The lieutenant was boyish, and had the awkward candour of shyness. He smiled, and said, "I offered to take you before I knew where you wanted to go. Shall we start at once? It's fairly quiet there now, I believe, so we'd better get it over."

We had a brief run by car through an uninhabited country, and then, for no reason that I could see—but perhaps reason was not there—the officer hid the car by a hedge, and said we must walk. We took a straight road through an avenue of poplar trees. There was a stagnant ditch on either side of it, and limited views of level meadows. The hot sun was there, but if his light had been green, and so the land had had that sinister complexion of the spectral vistas we may see through coloured glass, it could not have been more forbidding. It was an earth changed in nature. We were alone in it. There was enchantment here, and we had no clue. We approached a large pool of blood, and separated to walk round it. Its extent alarmed me, but, except that my guide must have seen it to have avoided it, he gave no other sign that he admitted its existence. It lay in front of an estaminet. The door of the inn was open, and beside the door was a chair; but nobody was in the chair; nobody sat in it contemplating that mystery in the middle of the road. The estaminet was deserted. There were houses and sunlight, but no people.

The distance was thudding heavily. The horizon was loose perhaps, and was bumping on the earth. Ahead of us, almost lost in a clump of

trees, were the red roofs of secretive farm buildings. There were ragged gaps in the tiles. As we neared the farm there was a crash, as though a boiler plate had fallen from a great height on to paving stones and was at once inert. Two columns of black smoke, which had not been there before, stood over the farm. The road, which was scattered with holes, continued straight on with indifference, though a tree had been lifted by its roots athwart it. There was a row of trees that were bundles of white splinters, and beyond them we came upon the first men. Six were lying on the ground, and two other men were bent over them. The faces of the men on the ground were averted and their eyes closed. They did not want to look at us or at anything else.

The ugly but intermittent sounds were not so distant as they had been when we reached another group of farm buildings, scattered among plantations near a road crossing. The trees about them were motionless in the sleeping afternoon, as though guarding a secret. The walls of one of the old barns, a structure so weathered that its rufus brickwork had the surface of dusty grey stone, were riven, and the edges of the new gaps were bright red. From somewhere not so far away there came a noise which might have been of an idle boy rattling a stick along a fence. An officer, to my surprise, appeared at a door of a barn which I had thought was empty. "Come in," he cried. "They spray that road with a machine gun. Can't you hear it?" But for that distant rattling the silence was so deep that I imagined that I could hear a frog I saw hopping across the road. A pair of swallows were hawking about, and their familiar celerity and accuracy, as they pitched on their nest built under the eaves of a roof on the point of collapse, were intently regarded by me because they gave an unreasonable confidence as the only surviving tokens of the world we used to know.

Under the rafters of that partially dismantled building was a man who laughed when he saw me, though we had not met for years. His amusement was caused, most likely, by my unexpected appearance, which he accepted as another absurd feature of the common phantasy. He himself, an Oriental scholar, in that place, as a soldier, was not easily believable; but I took him in as one of the irrelevances which are quite consistent, anyhow, in prolonged and vivid nightmares. It was the last place where one would have expected to see him, yet there he was; and he laughed again, as he came forward, because his quizzical temper thoroughly relished the waywardness of this resort and this coincidence. His blue eyes were merry. Perhaps he laughed rather too much. He may have been a little overwrought.

"Have you gone mad, too?" he asked. "What brings you here?" He gossiped, presently, about our circumstances. "There's a war on up here, but who's making it, except ourselves, beats me. I think it is between us and the spooks. You haven't noticed any so-called Germans about, have you? I haven't seen one yet"—he flinched and grimaced

at an explosion outside—" but that sort of thing all day long has to be accounted for."

We set off together for his own place, which he said was near, though long before we reached it—mainly through a serpentining trench—my sense of direction became dizzy and was restricted merely to up and down. The earth was decrepitating in the heat; that was rifle fire. The deep drain meandered aimlessly, with yellow charlock and scarlet poppies vivid overhead against the blue sky. We climbed out to hurry across a road, and entered another drain, which traversed the foundations of extensive ruins, and there we waited, on our hands and knees, while the ruin ahead of us was smashed a little more. We noticed then a few drains deviating from ours, and they had suitable directing boards: To Bomb Store; To Mortuary; Service in San Nicolas Crypt on Sunday; Not this Trench by Day. When the dust and smoke had settled a little, we hurried along and soon emerged into a village.

Nobody else was in it. It seemed proper to find it was deserted. It was acrid with damp mortar and smouldering fires. Some of the houses lay piled across the street. That village had come to its end, and the only proof that life had ever known it was a child's doll stretched out on its back in an attitude of abandoned grief near the mummied carcase of a cow. We went across the churchyard—just one vacant Gothic arch of the church was standing—and strode over grey rubble, splintered coffin boards, and a few disinterred sleepers in nightgowns who had come to the surface again indifferent as to how they slept. As we got through that square a spasmodic growling sped at us through the silence and burst in violence by the Gothic arch. We descended hurriedly a long flight of stone steps to a cellar. My friend Reynolds then sat on a soap box and laughed once more, a little too long. "This is my home," he said. "I share it with a surgeon. I think he'll lend you a bed for the night." Reynolds pointed to a stretcher in the corner.

The cellar was immense and gloomy and our privacy was a corner of it, screened by some sacking from the battalion aid post, which was the remainder of the cellar. Reynolds was not too well seen by the light of a hurricane lamp. His blue eyes and fresh complexion were the only colouring there. Just then we had the place to ourselves. Reynolds was eager for news, yet as I began to speak the cellar shook in a series of spasms, and a tin bowl on the floor trembled and whined. We waited, and soon the cellar became deep in the still earth again.

"We're all right here," Reynolds speculated, "because if that stairway goes there's another way out. Perhaps I'd better show you where it is."

We had a look round, and saw the other stairway, a pile of bandages, and a wine-bin in which there was nothing but a cat which was glad to meet us. Then there was no more to do but to return to the kitchen table. That was loaded with documents, neatly piled under shell-

[illegible]. Reynolds took his tunic off, inspected the topmost [illegible], and filled his pipe.

"Now you've seen this place, perhaps you'd hardly believe the trouble I took to get from India to it," he said. "They said men were badly wanted, so I supposed I ought to be quick. The result surprised me. My patience had to mount a lot of monuments—it was patience which sat on a monument, wasn't it ?—well, I was kept waiting on each one I came to, a devil of a time. Authority is a funny old dear, and tried to keep me from the delights of this hole as long as possible. But one day I got as near to this as Marseilles, and I was despondent because I thought all would be over before I could arrive. Orderly!"

"Sir!"

"Bring two drinks. I say, have you seen Major Weston to-day?"

"No, sir. He was killed last night, sir."

Reynolds rose and stared at me. Then he sat down again. "Bring the drinks, Richard," he said.

He sat, while waiting the return of the orderly, playing a tattoo on the table. Then he spoke to himself. "There it is," he said. He murmured across to me in doubt. "I tell you I *spoke* to him last night. I *spoke* to him." He looked at me as though I ought to confirm that a little conversation with another man might sometimes fail to render him invulnerable.

The orderly returned, methodical as at a London counter, and then silently vanished as though he had passed through a wall.

"Anyhow, here we are," said Reynolds, in a subdued way. "I was telling you how I got here, in a hurry, to join in the war before it was over. Well, they shunted me in trains and lorries about France for weeks. I began to believe they had attached me to a battalion which didn't exist. Everybody knew promptly where it was, but it was never there, though sometimes it had been. I did find it at last, though, and reported myself. The adjutant said, "But where's your sword? You can't parade without a sword." So I went to a farm, and sent to London for a sword, and slept in an out-house under some fowls while waiting for it. At length it came, and I reported myself again. 'You've got a sword,' said the adjutant. 'You cannot parade with a sword. The order is that all swords must be returned.'

"It is all like that," Reynolds assured me. "The only thing to do here is to shut off your intelligence and hope that the next thing to happen won't be as idiotic as everything which has happened before. I got into frightful difficulties at first through trying to be reasonable. One day some headquarters or another sent a stern demand to know why we were using so much chloride of lime. I suppose they thought we were stealing it. I don't know. Anyhow, a divisional headquarters has no reason to use chloride of lime. So I told them what we did with it. That made matters worse. That made them suspicious. The colonel told me I'd better send an officer up to the latrines just to

quickly done with a report. The young officer was gone so long that when I remembered the chloride of lime again, because the report had to be made, I got nervous, and went to look for him. There had been a bit of shelling. I found him. He was in a crater. We had to waste some more chloride of lime."

Here Reynolds's narrative was interrupted. There was a shuffling on the stairs, and a whispering. "Take 'is legs." "I got 'im." A little group of soldiers moved across the cellar and laid one of their number on a bench. The others arranged themselves along the same form in various attitudes of lassitude and weary indifference. They were muddy, gaunt, and unshaven; all that was clean about them was some bandages. Several attempted cigarettes with a slowness which allowed a match to burn out before it was used. They paid no attention to us, and, after a steady glance at that array of cripples who seemed resigned to anything that could happen, Reynolds called out to them that the medical officer was expected in at once. They did not answer. Some of them turned reproachful eyes on us, but they neither spoke nor moved. Other footsteps sounded on the stairs, hard and deliberate, and the M.O. and two assistants entered. Reynolds watched the scene for a while, called out that if help were wanted we could give a hand, and readjusted more privily the canvas screen.

"That goes on all day, off and on, if it's only a quiet day. When they're busy I clear out—I can't stand being looked at like that, when I can't do anything. We haven't had as many to-day. But I don't like the look of that fellow on his back, do you? His feet are too loose. Sometimes the blessed feet tell you more than a man's face."

There was groaning in the far corner, and Reynolds waited. He began his tattoo on the table. We sat, looking at the floor, for a time which may not have been long.

"No." It was the voice of the M.O. "No. Leave that man. You other fellows all right now? Better make your way to the transport while it's quiet. You'll do, till you get to the hospital. Lucky beggars. Hop it. Off you go."

The shuffling began again, and when that had ceased, we heard the medical officer instructing his men where to put the soldier that remained. The doctor came over for a gossip with Reynolds before venturing out, and then once more we had the gloom to ourselves.

"Can you make anything of it?" asked Reynolds, with an inconsequence which was not altogether innocent.

"I find it a bit bewildering."

"There's no sense in it, none at all. Those fellows who have just gone out to hobble through shell-bursts in the hope of finding salvation—I wonder what they make of it? They never say a word about it. You might as well ask the horses—but some of the horses sweat through funk. It's very queer. Once a horse has had a dose of it, he trembles

whenever he hears a gun. Trembles and sweats. But he goes into it when told, all of a lather, and so do we—all of a lather."

"It seemed to me when on my way here," I told him, "that the whole thing was just an illusion. The country didn't look real. Sometimes I wondered whether it was there, or whether I was there."

"I know. Most of the fellows feel that way. But don't be fooled by it. It's as real as stupidity. At first you think it's all rather an imbecile joke. That's why some of the best of the young 'uns die too soon. They go about showing it no respect, just as though the silly business was only pretending to be there. But there it is all right. It is fatuous moonshine stuff, but it has got us in irons, and so you'll jolly well find. Here comes its Hermes—one of its envoys."

A despatch rider entered, saluted, handed over his token out of the blue, and went. Reynolds read the message, sighed, and placed it on one of the piles. "You get the notion, too, that you are lost in it, that nobody knows where you are, and could never find you. But the gods have got us taped. They know all about us, and if they told you to put your head in a bag you'd have to do it. You can get killed for two reasons—for being an idiot, and for refusing to be an idiot.

"One day, when we were just back in some particularly unpleasing rest billets—most of our rest, by the way, was shelled to hell—the colonel came to me. 'Look here,' he said, 'the general has sent a message that a French colonel is to visit us on urgent business, though I don't know what he wants, but we are to treat him mighty fine. And there's no food fit to eat. He'll be here to-night. Just scout around for something tasty, will you? Luckily we can make him drunk, if he's that way inclined. And I say, I wish you'd let him have your bed. His A.D.C. may have mine, as yours is the best.'

"We blessed those Frenchmen for nuisances, but we made ready for them, and our mess cook made a really presentable table of the stuff we had. Then we waited, wondering what these visitors were going to be like, for we'd seen nothing of the French, but had a huge respect for their military qualities. Most of us were only civilians turned soldiers. I think even our colonel had been a solicitor, in another life. Only the adjutant was a regular. So we were a bit nervous about it.

"At length he came, this French colonel—a tall, portly man in a blue uniform and brown bulging gaiters, accompanied by a slender young officer, very stiff and correct. The French colonel had one of those hunting horns round his shoulder—you know the sort of thing—you see the curly instrument in comic prints of French sportsmen out after partridges. He didn't take that trumpet off. Only his cap. His bald head was pale, but his big round face was red and very hearty, with lots of chin, and a long grizzled moustache which would have been straight and fierce if he hadn't laughed so much. He laughed, and stamped with one foot, or patted his sides with both hands, very free and friendly, and then pulled out his moustache. A cheery card. But

his pale young A.D.C. was prim. Prim and silent. Never said a wo
Smiled faintly and ironically when spoken to. 'Oui, oui!' Qu
that. Seemed to think that it was all rather a bore.

"Not a word about the business of their visit. Only rich laught
about nothing in particular. We began dinner. The French colon
wore his hunting horn. We pretended not to see the thing—we so
of behaved as though a hunting horn at dinner was the custom of th
country, especially in war, and we didn't want our curiosity to betra
our ignorance. The young French officer hardly looked up, and
he did it was to stare to the wall over the head of the man opposite
I suppose he found the crudities of a British table unentertaining, b
duty was duty.

"His colonel was different. He was enjoying himself—we happene
to have a Burgundy of a good year—and our young fellows played u
to him on behalf of the regiment and the good name of England. Afte
one bout of merriment, which was so happy that we all joined in, tha
stout Frenchman rose, put one foot on his chair, and blew a tantara o
the horn. Then he sat down again and went on.

"Of course, we took no notice of the fanfare. Pretended we ha
heard nothing. The French colonel's A.D.C. paid no attention to
either. We thought, perhaps, it might be the custom of the French
man's regiment, some ancient right won in battle. Now it was th
proper thing for the colonel of that regiment to do—to wind the hor
at intervals during dinner. Maintain a link with the glorious past.

"That lusty colonel was full of funny stories, and at the end of
good one, when he'd got us all going, he'd rise from his chair and giv
a fanfare solemnly. I noticed our orderlies looked a bit surprised, bu
they didn't laugh. As for our own colonel, he was so polite that he ap
peared to have been as deaf to it as the young French officer.

"The fun got very lively after dinner, and I must say our youngster
thoroughly enjoyed this Gascon, who was certainly enjoying himself
He loudly approved our whisky. Then, in a sentimental mood, he
mentioned his wife. Ah! He would show why France would fight
but yes, till not a German was this side of the Rhine; that or death
He became very grave. Gentlemen, you shall regard this. Then he
put his hand inside his tunic, and pulled out what might have been
pack of cards. But he tugged at the pack too hard. The cards sho
across the table. I was a little shocked by so many photographs o
women. The scatter showed a collection of heads and busts, and no
a few legs. But the fine old fellow was entirely unembarrassed. Th
sort of thing which might happen to any man, you know. He bega
sorting them out, quite coolly and indifferently, and was evidentl
looking for a particular photograph.

"For the first time that evening the severe young Frenchman
condescended to take an interest in what was going on. He rose and
leaned over the table, and intently inspected the varied collection o

ladies. His curiosity was genuine. Suddenly he pointed an accusatory finger at a portrait. He spoke at last. 'That is my wife,' he said to his colonel.

"Without a pause he struck his colonel in the face. The big fellow collided with a chair behind him, and over it went, and so did he, with a great banging of brassware on the stone floor of that farmhouse. Our colonel was horrified. We were all alarmed. We stared at each other. What happened when a French officer hit his colonel in the eye? What ought we to do, when they were guests? Nothing in the King's Regulations about that.

"Somebody was assisting the French colonel to his feet, but he rose lightly, shook with laughter as he pulled his tunic straight, and went through a door into the night. Outside we heard him play a bold tantara on his horn, a salute all stags, I suppose. Presently he came back.

"As he entered he was met by his junior. They embraced each other and kissed. I looked away at our colonel. I didn't know where to look. Our superior seemed to be bemused. He was, I thought, tottering on the verge of lunacy. He stood by the fireplace, looking at our guests, and fumbling at his mouth in wonder. We all acted, I must say, as though we had witnessed nothing unusual. Nothing had happened but what might have occurred in any well-regulated mess in war-time. We were jolly well controlled, I think.

"A little later we conducted them to their rooms. But when they had gone none of us said a word about the evening's performance. We affected casually a pretence that we were now immune to surprises. Well, a subaltern did speak. He said to our colonel, 'Do you think he plays that trumpet at night, sir?' But our colonel did not answer. Nobody answered. We put the lights out.

"Next morning at breakfast we were very moody. The Frenchmen were late, but nobody remarked it. I think we were all in doubt. Had anything happened the night before? After a bit our colonel called across the table to me. 'Look here, Reynolds. I am right, am I not? There were two Frenchmen with us last night?'

"'Yes, sir. I think so. I had the impression myself, but as nobody else seemed to remember it I thought I might have been mistaken, and so kept quiet.'

"'All right,' said our colonel. 'That settles it. I was wondering myself whether I'd been dreaming, but as you've got the same idea there may be something in it. If they were here last night, they're here now. You and I will go and greet them. Come along.'

"We went up to our colonel's room first. The bed had been slept in, but no French A.D.C. was there. So off we went to my room. And no French colonel either. My bed had been used, but there was no other evidence, except a hunting horn hanging over the knob at the head of the bed. 'Well I'm damned,' said our colonel.

"Funny thing was none of the orderlies had seen those fellows go. Nobody had seen them go. And we never heard another word about it. Never knew why they called. What do you make of that?"

I didn't attempt to make anything of it. As an episode of the world of war, it was as meet and proper as an Oriental scholar making British reports on chloride of lime in the cellar of a French farm. While Reynolds and I sat smiling at each other, filling our pipes, the tin bowl on the floor began to complain again. It trembled and it whined. The cellar began to be convulsive. Somebody fell headlong down the stairway.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

# AN EXPERIMENT AT FONTAINEBLEAU—A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

I DO not doubt that there are many and varied opinions about the nature and significance of the Institute founded in 1922 at Fontainebleau by George Gurdjieff, a man of Greek or Georgian nationality (I never knew which for certain). Probably there are as many different opinions as there were people who went to the Institute or who stayed in London and wove the fabulous things which they heard about it from friends who had been there into their dreams. There remain, also, the opinions of those who had no other information than that derived from the descriptive articles and the inevitable pictures which appeared in the *Daily Mail* or *Daily News*. The headline of one of these articles ran: "The Forest Philosophers." I remember that this caption amused me hugely at the time. It also exercised me, because I had moments such as Raskolnikoff in Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" must have had when he asked himself "Am I Napoleon or a louse?" I was not quite sure whether I was philosopher or fool!

I am not concerned at the moment, however, with these various opinions, fantastic and otherwise. I have been asked to give an account of "what it was all about," and I do so willingly, with the modest reservation, of course, that it is only my account of "what it was all about." I shall do my best to relate as much as possible of what I have to say to the common interest in modern psychological problems. It will be necessary to recall the motives which led me to take a plunge into the dubious sea of occultism. At the outset I would point out that every form of occultism, "spookish," as the significance of the word has come to be, implies its own particular psychology, "spookish" or otherwise. Also, I think it may be said that every form of occultism aims at self-development through deepening, or expanding the limits of, self-consciousness, or however you like to express it. Now it is obvious that this laudable object cannot be attained merely by embracing the ideas of a system, however rapturously. The all-important factor of the exercise and proper application of will must enter, if anything is to be achieved. If it does not, then the ideas, however beautiful and intriguing, in the end become merely "dope." I need not remind you how many people make the classical Adlerian "escape" into occultism, and how difficult it often is to cure them of this "dope habit." Such people constitute the pseudo-occultists of our time and of all time. So it may be said that "pseudo-occultism" only exists by reason of the "pseudo-occultists." I even venture to think that the term occultism will tend to disappear altogether with the realisation that the essentials of its matter (in so

far as it contains true psychology—and ruling out speculative theo are implicit in the interpretations and findings of modern psychology

However that may be, I said above that the all-important factor self-development by any system whatever was necessarily the w The insistence, in the Ouspensky-Gurdjieff doctrine, on the need development of the will through ceaseless application to the "wor in the specific sense, impressed me deeply. I was not so overwhelmin satisfied with the results of my analytical therapy that I could affo to ignore any ideas or theories bearing on the question of will, becau it seemed to me that "failure of will" was *the* "bête noire" in neuros Roughly, the neurotic symptom from the Freudian standpoint is disguised expression of an affect which is too painful to be *faced*. Fr the Adlerian standpoint, it is an "incomparable arrangement," which the patient avoids *facing* a certain aspect of what we call reali In the broadest sense in both systems, it is a question of failure *face up* to reality. Now it by no means follows that, when it is ma clear to the patient by analysis what aspects of reality he has b unconsciously avoiding, that he will at once be able to cope with This is particularly evident in the case of obsessionists, as I ha proved to my own satisfaction again and again. A washing obesssioni for example, cheerfully subscribes to the theory of origin of her washin but when called upon to make the slightest new adaptation, alwa falls back on her washing. In effect she says: "I cannot marry, do this, that or the other, because, you see, I wash." To put the mat in a nutshell, analytical knowledge is not necessarily effective knowled

Now I think it will be generally agreed that what I have call "failure of will" is often bound up with an endocrine deficiency dyscrasia, sometimes acquired and sometimes apparently so fundamen as to justify the term "primary plasmic insufficiency," which corr ponds to Adler's organic inferiority. Unfortunately, the science endocrinology was not, and is not yet, so far advanced as to enable to remedy such dyscrasias with anything approaching to certain or precision, even granted that our powers of diagnosis may be able divine the true nature of such complicated conditions. My proble then, was how to overcome the difficulty of "failure of will" by mea of a definite psychological method. What I learnt in the early sta of my acquaintance with the system which was afterwards tried at Fontainebleau gave me reason to hope that here was something whi I had been seeking. It must not, however, be supposed that embarked on this adventure chiefly, or even mainly, to improve an expand my psychological and therapeutic technique. I cannot claim to such a purely impersonal motive. It may be that I was little discouraged by the less consistent and more ambiguous resu of analytical therapy in contrast with the precise and concrete resu of surgery, which I had practised a good deal, both before and duri the war. This state of mind was helped neither by the pæans of j

and jubilation which issued from the ranks of those who acclaimed the successes of a cut-and-dried technique, nor by the acrimonious discussions which seemed to centre round the maintenance of a dogmatic standpoint rather than round the need to cure patients. This vital point for physicians seemed often to be lost sight of, so that I was inclined to sympathize with the sceptic who changed the old quip, "the operation was successful, but the patient died," into "the analysis was successful, but the patient committed suicide." I was ever mindful at that time of Jung's story of the patient who came to him from another doctor, and, speaking of the latter, said: "Of course, he never understood my dreams, but he took *so much trouble* with them." In brief, psychopathology seemed to me to be claiming too much for itself as a science, thereby stultifying itself, and too little for itself as an art, thereby impoverishing itself. Perhaps I was stale. This is just the condition in which one is ripe for a spiritual adventure. So I went on it.

I scented the possibility of a substantial addition to my knowledge of psychological problems by accepting a discipline calculated to force one to experience oneself in a new way or from a different angle. It is an axiom that in experiencing a thing one experiences one's self. If the circumstances of one's life are uniform, one experiences one's self in a uniform way; in other words, one becomes stale. Staleness tends towards a mechanical state, and ultimately to petrifaction. Of course, one can devise means, if one is ingenious, of experiencing oneself in a new way. An enthusiastic disciple, for example, used to stand on his head, propped up against the wall, and try to think out a problem. He found that he could not at first. But he persisted and succeeded, thereby overcoming mechanism, which only allowed him to think in an ordinary uninverted posture. Whether there is any ultimate value in that particular form of achievement is open to question, but the principle holds good that the soul must experience itself in new ways in order to grow. It is needless to say that the new ways must be significant, and not trivial. As I understand it, this is the *sine qua non* in any attempt at all-round self-development. The idea of the Institute, then, was to provide an artificial milieu so arranged that the pupil would be forced to experience himself in radically new postures, both physical and psychological. The new postures were to be brought about by "shocks," as they were called. Instead of the shock bringing about insanity, as the novelists put it, "shocks" were to produce sanity! It was to be one more attempt to put into practice the age-old maxim: Know Thyself. "Shocks" there were in plenty, and by no means always premeditated or arranged by M. Gurdjieff.

§

The ideas of the system which was to be put into practice were expounded with great skill and consistency in London for a period of about a year before the Institute was begun in France, by M. Ouspen-

ing. The fundamental tenet would be, I suppose, called pessimist. It is to the effect that the great majority of mankind are machin or mechanisms subject to the caprice of forces which cannot be controll in any real sense. One way of expressing this is to say that we do nothing. Everything *is done*. We are merely passive agents, ho ever much we cling to the illusion that we are active and free agen As machines, then, we are entirely driven from outside, by extern circumstances. We are under "laws of accident." So long as are under these "laws of accident," we remain in a dream-state "asleep." Those who recognize that they literally are in a drea state may or may not attempt to wake up. This will largely depe on whether their dream is a happy one or not. But it by no mea follows that an attempt will be made because the dream is unhapp There are many people, not only neurotics, who do not want to sacrifi their suffering. They cling to it as if it were their last claim to hum consideration. Those who do resolve to wake up from the dream-sta must pass out from under the domination of the mechanical laws accident. These mechanical laws of accident immediately resolve the selves into laws of psychological being. The laws of external Natu remain constant; only our attitude towards them changes. T process of becoming free of these laws may be compared to wh happens in the military hierarchy. Laws or rules which apply to t private do not apply to the sergeant, and the sergeant-major is exempt from rules which apply to the sergeant. The commissioned offic is exempt from many of the rules which apply to all three, and so But the discipline by which the aspirant is to become free of t burdensome mechanical laws of his own being is more arduous th that existing in the military hierarchy, where promotion comes mo or less automatically with the passage of time. Moreover, instead being imposed from without, it is self-imposed.

The cardinal rules of the system are: (1) Self-remembering; (2) N identifying; (3) Non-considering.

They must be the watchwords of all those who, like the heroes mythology and religion, would conquer the dragon; that is, sha off the inertia and the sweet poison of the personal, the traditional a the racial past. They are the principles—and the only principles under whatever other terms they may be formulated, by which t normal man, so-called, as well as the neurotic, can attain to great stability and harmony of his being. A man may have learnt, throu analysis or otherwise, that he has a "mother-fixation," and know about it; but if he continues to resent in neurotic fashion a suppos slight or slur at the office, because "his mother would not have spok so to him," then, in terms of the system, he is "identifying" with t supposed insult. His so-called knowledge is ineffective and has n allied itself with his will. If he ceases to resent the supposed slig then his knowledge has informed his will and has become effectiv

He has "self-remembered" through "non-identifying." To "self-remember," then, may be said to be to make self-knowledge effective through the will. "Considering," in the Ouspensky system, is merely a variety of identification, but it is sometimes easier to explain "non-considering" than "non-identification" to a tyro. The man who identifies himself with an ideal of false *noblesse oblige* and keeps a whole room in an uproar until someone takes a more comfortable chair than himself is a rough example of "considering." His extravagance or fussiness is "mechanical" in the Ouspenskian sense. From the Adlerian standpoint such extravagance always indicates avoidance of a real imperative. It is an "incomparable arrangement" of the neurotic "will to power." For those who do not use any jargon, it is a form of insincerity. Both "non-identifying" and "non-considering" are implicitly contained in the idea of "self-remembering" and the object of "self-remembering" is to "wake up," to become more conscious. This constitutes the "work."

The *raison d'être* of the Institute at Fontainebleau, as I understood it, was to provide a milieu for the intensive practice of this work of self-observation in order to develop will. The essential in self-observation is to observe one's mechanisms as objectively as if they were the antics of another fellow, to be constantly taking mental photographs of oneself, as it were. There are pathological states—particularly melancholia—in which the sufferer always sees himself doing things and hears himself saying things, almost as if he were watching or listening to another person. This is a form of dis-association. In such a case the observing element is just as "mechanical" in the Ouspenskian sense as the observed. The difference between the mechanical observation of the dis-associated state and true self-observation lies in the absence of will in the former. "Work," then, in the sense of the system consists in self-observation with a view to overcoming "mechanism."

A proper or effective recognition of our mechanisms then leads to greater consciousness, to self-consciousness. Four states of consciousness are postulated by the system as follows :—

(1) Sleep state—subjective dream-state } Dream-state, or
(2) Waking state—objective dream-state. } ordinary life-state.
(3) Self-consciousness.
(4) Higher consciousness.

The first two states together represent the dream state of average mankind, from which the attempt is to be made to wake up into the third state—self-consciousness. According to Ouspensky, Western psychology has missed the fact of the self-conscious state altogether, by confusing it with the ordinary waking state. The fourth state, higher consciousness, need not concern us here.

With regard to the third state, "self-consciousness," I never could see the justification for the postulation of such a specific state, in the

sense that sleeping and waking are specific states. It seems to me obvious that there are varying *degrees* of self-consciousness, or, to put it in another way, varying degrees of wakefulness in what we call the waking state. I once read somewhere that the higher animals, such as horses and dogs, are not supposed to be able to see the stars. Whether this is true I do not know, but it is certain that, if they can, the stars can have no *ideational* significance for them. The range of consciousness, then, in the higher animals is so limited that, in comparison, human consciousness might be said to belong to a different dimension. Similarly, self-consciousness was postulated as being so radically different from waking consciousness (so-called objective dream-state) that it might be said to belong to a higher dimension, although it was not stated in such terms. I may stand open to correction on this point, but, so far as I can remember, the criterion of this hypothetical state was that in it one would foresee all possible results of one's action, much as the greatest chess-players can foresee all possible results of their moves, but substituting the world in general for the chess-board. A much-to-be-desired, if exalted state, you will admit. So much to be desired, indeed, that the idea of the possibility of it is all too liable to become a neurotic power-fiction for the simple-minded. Nevertheless, as a guiding *fiction* for self-integration, in the sense in which Vaihinger uses the term "fiction" in his book, "The Philosophy of As if," it is as good as many and better than most. The practical import, then, of the postulation of the state of self-consciousness may be formulated thus: "Work upon yourself, by means of self-remembering in the most rigorous sense, *as if* it were possible to attain to a state of being able to control not only your actions, but the effects of your actions, that is, to foresee the results of your action." The work, if properly understood, means death to all day-dreaming. In so far as there cannot be psychological stasis, that is, if there is not progression there must be regression, so there must be continual effort. The mind must never be allowed to flap uselessly, as it were. The sail of consciousness must ever be brought up to the wind. So much for the system as far as the development of consciousness was concerned. This was for me the stone which became the head of the corner.

One more word about "self-remembering." In so far as it is a disciplinary régime directed towards overcoming and controlling the mechanism of body, emotions and mind, it may be said to include or combine the three classical disciplinary methods. These are:—

(1) *Asceticism*, such as that of the early Christians or of the Fakirs of India and the East. These practices have the purpose of gaining control over the mechanism of the body, and are sometimes revoltingly and unspeakably drastic.

(2) *Monasticism.*—This is the typical discipline of the monk, and its main purpose is to gain control over the emotional, and what we would call the phantasy life. The bells which traditionally are rung at all

trying to massage the stomach with a uniform circular movement of one hand, and at the same time to pat the top of the head rhythmically with the other. Most people find this very difficult; the movements usually become irregular and blurred, and end in a chaos. The will finds it difficult to combine two such unaccustomed movements and to keep them clear-cut and regular, at the same time. The exercises were mostly devised on these lines, and some of them required the combination of four different movements, each of which had its own distinct rhythm. To attempt these exercises involved a great strain and to continue for any length of time was very fatiguing. One became intensely aware of the inertia of a body, perhaps otherwise well-disciplined (as by athletics), when called upon to make these unaccustomed combinations of movement. The struggle against this inertia, then was one of the means to be employed in order to "wake-up."

The other main activity of this period in Paris was the making of costumes which were to be worn in the public exhibitions of the exercises and dances given later at the Institute. Gurdjieff cut out the materials with great skill, and the members were employed in sewing, hand painting and stencilling designs on them. Metal ornaments for such things as buckles and belts were also fashioned with varying degrees of skill. Other things were made or improvized, dancing pumps and Russian boots, for example, which called for a knowledge of various handicrafts. Not having this knowledge, one had to pick it up as best one could, which meant overcoming one's awkwardness and diffidence and sometimes, be it confessed, one's indifference or even dislike. This work was carried on with feverish activity, and occupied, together with the exercises, thirteen or fourteen hours every day. The keynote was "Overcome difficulties—Make effort—Work." There was little time for meals during the day, but at night there was a fairly substantial meal. You may imagine that this kind of communal work, together with misunderstandings that arose from language difficulties, called upon one's exercise of the virtues of self-remembering, non-identifying and non-considering to the utmost.

My impressions were very mixed. The people fell short of the standard of culture which Ouspensky had led me to expect. However, I tried to reassure myself with the thought that we were all "machines," and that one machine is as good as another so far as "mechanical" life is concerned. I don't think I quite succeeded, and certainly I had grave doubts when I listened to the never-ending chatter of some of the women, which struck me as the essence of "mechanism." I was naturally particularly interested in the doctors. There were only two. One had an expression which I can only liken to that of a solemn goat. I could not associate the idea of "waking up" or becoming more "conscious" with him at all. I am afraid that I forgot to "remember myself" in relation to him very often in later days. The other was a genial giant with a sagacious expression and Mongolian cast of features

Later, I proved both his geniality and sagacity. For the rest, there were Russians, Armenians, Poles, Georgians, and even a Syrian. Among these were a Russian baron and his wife and an alleged ex-officer of the Czar's bodyguard, who afterwards became a very successful taxi-driver in Paris. My impressions were, as I have said, mixed, like the people. But it was a case of "in for a penny, in for a pound."

In due course, Gurdjieff found and rented a suitable place for the Institute. It was a chateau on the outskirts of Fontainebleau, with large formal gardens and about 200 acres of wooded land. It was called "Le Prieuré des Basses Loges," and belonged to Madame Laborie, the widow of Maître Laborie, defending counsel in the Dreyfus case. Although left fully furnished except for the servants' quarters, it had not been occupied since the beginning of the war. The grounds were overgrown and neglected. Four stalwart Russians, another Englishman and myself went on an advance party with Madame Ouspensky to cook for us. Our job was to clear up and get rid of the general appearance of decay and neglect. We weeded and trimmed up the almost indistinguishable paths, washed all the glass of a large "orangerie" or vinery, which afterwards became a workshop and smithy—and, in general, worked like demons. Then came the main body and more people from England. Amongst the latter was Mr. Orage, late editor of *The New Age*, with whom I shared a room in the servants' quarters, to which those students who were going to stay for some time were relegated. The best rooms were reserved for visitors, distinguished and otherwise, in the part of the chateau which was called "The Ritz" by those who were not living in it.

A multitude of activities were soon set afoot by Gurdjieff. A Russian bath was improvized from a solidly built stone house in the grounds. This involved laborious excavation to a depth of ten feet. The bottom was cemented, the boiler, improvized from an old cistern, installed, and a quite luxurious and, for a time, efficient bath-house was achieved. Gurdjieff took a large part in this work, and did most of the brickwork himself. But the *pièce de résistance* was the building of the "study-house." An area of ground large enough to accommodate an ordinary aerodrome was levelled after exceedingly strenuous work with pick, shovel and barrow. The framework of an old aerodrome was erected on this, fortunately, as I thought, without loss of life or limb. The walls were lined within and without between the uprights with rough laths. The space between the laths was stuffed with dead leaves. The laths were then covered over inside and out with the material out of which the Hebrews made their bricks, a mixture of mud and straw, or hay chopped very small. Stoves were then put in the building and the walls dried and hardened before painting them. The roof was made of tarred felt nailed on to the joists; glass extended all the way round the upper half of the walls. This glazing was improvized from cucumber frames—a really good piece of work. After these had been

fixed in position the glass was painted with various designs. The lighting effect was very pleasing. The floor, which was the naked earth pounded thoroughly and rolled, and dried by means of the stoves, was covered with matting, on which were placed handsome carpets; the walls below the windows were hung with rugs in the Oriental fashion. A stage was devised, and a kind of balcony for an orchestra; also two tiers of seats all round the walls, padded with mattresses and covered with rugs and skins, for the accommodation of visitors. A gangway ran between these two tiers of seats and a low wooden railing, which enclosed the charmed circle, reserved for the pupils.

I have described the building of this edifice to give some idea of the amount of labour that was put into it and to show how it was evolved out of the most primitive materials, with improvisation almost as guiding principle. All this was calculated to call forth ingenuity, and, above all, patience, some of the jobs being woefully monotonous. During the period before the completion of the study-house, after the strenuous day's work (from sunrise to sunset) was over, the exercises were practised in the salon of the chateau—usually until midnight or later. Sometimes after this evening salon, Gurdjieff would have us out to work at the building until two or three in the morning with the aid of big electric lamps hanging from the rafters. One could never be sure when one was going to get to bed. Everything was arranged, or rather disarranged, so that nobody should be allowed to fall into a routine. The multiplicity of occupations was continually being increased. Cows, goats, sheep, pigs, poultry and a mule were acquired. Those who were deputed to look after these animals had no sooner got their job going to their satisfaction than they were taken off and made to begin all over again on a new job. Verily, there was no rest for the wicked. There can be no doubt that it was an excellent training in adaptation and development of will. For a week at a time we would not have more than three or four hours sleep at night, and sometimes even only one. My hands were often so stiff in the morning from digging or pick-axeing or barrowing or sawing or felling trees that the fingers exhibited the phenomenon which is known surgically as "snap-finger"; when one had coaxed them to a certain point they suddenly straightened out with a kind of snap. Every night in the study-house people would fall asleep during the mental exercises. On one occasion this excessive sleepiness nearly resulted in a serious accident. A very strenuous Russian, who was determined to "wake up" if work would do it, was putting in bolts in the cross-pieces of the rafters in the building during an all-night séance. He was sitting in the angle between a horizontal and an upright beam, about 20 feet from the ground. Suddenly I was horrified to notice him asleep in this position, but not before Gurdjieff, who was already half-way up a ladder and got to him in time. The least movement would have resulted in what must have been a very serious fall.

Of the organised mental exercises, which were practised in the study-house in the evening, the following is a very simple example. A series of statements was made, such as $2 \times 1 = 6$, $2 \times 2 = 12$, $2 \times 3 = 22$, $2 \times 4 = 40$, $2 \times 5 = 74$. Find the process by which these results are arrived at. In this case to the first product 4 is added, to the next 8, to the next 16, and so on. Or, again, a code (Morse, for example) was announced and had to be learnt as quickly as possible. Messages were rapped out on the piano. Everybody became moderately proficient at Morse in that way. Or, again, a list of twenty words would be read out. They had to be repeated in the same order. At first it was all one could do to remember ten, or even less, and in the wrong order. One or two of the Russians who had had much practice could remember fifty words in the right order. No great value was attached to these things in themselves. The value lay in the amount of effort expended on them.

§

So far, I have painted the picture of the Institute roughly and inadequately, without reference to the central figure, Gurdjieff. In spite of the fact that the whole movement had taken a direction utterly unexpected by me—the bizarre, not to say exotic, nature of the study-house, for example—I had been content for the first six months at least to repress, or keep in the background, my own criticism and frequent sense of bewilderment, partly because, theoretically, criticism from any conventional standpoint was " mechanical " ; and partly, perhaps, because I was willing to let my cup of criticism gradually and naturally fill until it overflowed into action. It was also interesting to watch the ever-changing developments and frequently inconsistent changes of policy which flowed from Gurdjieff's fertile mind. At the same time I was uneasily aware at times that there was a certain amount of hypnotism involved even in my own case ; otherwise I should not have been able to lay aside my critical sense so easily. This hypnotism was only too obvious in the great majority of the others. Gurdjieff was a very powerful personality—a type of man that I had never met before. There was no doubt about his capacity in manifold directions. He was a man to be reckoned with, an outstanding event in the life of a psychologist—a man whose riddle I was determined, if possible, to read.

As soon as I began to take my own criticisms seriously, my former observations added fuel to the fire. A few of these observations will serve to show the degree of hypnotism to which practically the whole of the members were subject.

Gurdjieff decided to buy a car. There was a certain subdued excitement about this for many, probably because unconsciously it stood for the inclusion of something human and commonplace in a world which was rapidly becoming inhuman and outside reality. It was understood that Gurdjieff had never before driven a car, which was probably true.

It was believed by many, including presumably intelligent Englishwomen, that Gurdjieff would not have to learn to drive in the ordinary way. He would be able to drive, so to speak, by inspiration. This amounted really to a superstitious belief that Gurdjieff was endowed with mysterious and exceptional powers. When there was a ghastly noise suggestive of tearing of gear-wheel cogs, the faithful insisted that it was a test of faith for sceptics such as myself. I soon discovered that it was impossible to cope with such sophistry and "will-to-believe." So, with a certain inward satisfaction and, no doubt, a sense of superiority, I hugged my belief that Gurdjieff was as happy with that car as a child with a new toy—and, moreover, that he came as near to breaking it at the outset as a child often does. Indeed, I could not help being rather in sympathy with his evident enjoyment. It recalled my own joyful feelings when I first owned a bicycle. At the same time, I could not but be impressed by the power which accrues to a man once he has been invested with the magical attributes of the "all-powerful father" or has had the "magician" archetype projected into him, as Jung would say. People in the grip of such a transference are oblivious to criticism, because they project their own unconscious power phantasies. "Himself," as masters or "gurus" are spoken of in India, can do no wrong. He is infallible. Every act of the magician has always a hidden and wonderful significance. It is never to be taken at its face value. So it was in the case of Gurdjieff.

Another example: the parents of an imbecile child got it into their heads that Gurdjieff might be able to help this child in some mysterious way, and brought it all the way from England. It had an attack of diarrhœa soon after arrival, probably due to change of diet. In this case I was really astonished to find that people who might have known better said that Gurdjieff had begun to "work" on him. They meant that by some mysterious means best known to himself he had produced the diarrhœa. As I have said, it was no use trying to cope with this kind of thing; one had simply to ignore the atmosphere of increasing sophistry in support of it. I was also assailed by another kind of sophistry by what friends I had. They said I suffered from spiritual pride, that I was opinionated, that I had never really accepted the spirit of the place, that I had never really "worked" in the true sense, etc., etc. I began to see the time of my departure rapidly approaching.

But I was still intrigued by the obscure and enigmatic factor of personality in the man which attracted such projections and held them. I came to the conclusion that that factor was intensity of purpose. I had no idea what that purpose was, but I became convinced that it had nothing in common with, and was probably antagonistic to, my own fundamental feelings. I felt that the whole business was a *personal enterprise* so far as Gurdjieff was concerned, and that that was where I "stepped off," as the Americans say. I first confided this belief to one of the many birds of passage who came to stay for shorter

or longer periods at the Institute. He was a man of letters and an excellent fellow. We corresponded. I have not got my own letters of that time, but some extracts from his replies will give the gist of my own conclusions :—

"Since my return, all my seething impressions gradually settled, and the one thing that survived strongly was that the place is *real*. By that I mean that Gurdjieff does possess certain knowledge, and is willing to impart it to one or two who may prove, from his point of view, worthy. It is, in other words, *a* Path of development. The question in my mind thus narrowed itself to—what Path? Put at its briefest there are two Paths: one to what we will call 'God,' the other to Power (or what the Hindus call Siddhis). Well, everything in me, as also everything in the judgments of the friends I have talked with, points to the latter. The methods, the Chief, the bullying, what I might call the brutality, and the corollary, the total lack of what one means by the term spirituality (love, compassion, heart, etc.) all point to that 'dark' Path which is taught generally in the Mongolian monasteries where, probably, Gurdjieff got his own training. It is the Path to Powers (Siddhis), and when one gets there, if ever, and has obtained the fruits of the "will-to-power,' which . . . frankly is after, the advance of the Soul itself towards God is—nil. One arrives at the wedding feast without that essential and necessary wedding garment (as one man put it to me) which is LOVE. You know what I mean, because you said it yourself in so many words. A man I know who has studied these things *à fond*, though admittedly he has not practised them, tells me that in many of the Mongolian Schools the mental bullying, *via* anger, temper, swearing, etc., we are familiar with where you now are, is carried further into physical bullying, sticks, ropes, fists being used. Efficacious it may be, but the progress acquired is not real, not of ultimate value, that is. Old Blavatsky, also taught of Mongolia, was notorious for her rages, language, etc. The Path to which these Teachers belong is one that aims finally at power to rule the planet, and if ever you come across Ossendowski's 'Beasts, Men and Gods,' you should read the final chapters about the 'King of the World.' It is curiously suggestive. My own intuitions and conclusions about the Institute and its chief may be quite erroneous, but my reason and intuitions are all I have to go upon, and both lead me to the same result. Nothing in me points the other way. The path there is *a* path to power and powers. The entire absence of love, compassion, spirituality in the method is a significant absence. Without these, it cannot be the Path to what I may call God. . . . . [another pupil] says that these virtues are useless to one 'without power'—*i.e.*, love and compassion without power are a nuisance merely—and also that if they are real in one they will survive the training. But what afflicts me is that they are not *included* in the training. I am ready to believe that Gurdjieff can teach one to develop in a certain direction, but I am convinced this teaching will be given only to those who he feels certain will use them to the end desired by himself and his own Teachers, whose emissary he probably is. The majority might spend their lives there and get nothing. I am writing, as you see, merely a general account of my own point of view, much as we used to talk together, and with frankness."

And, in answer to another letter :—

"I am extremely interested in your letter. I shall read it again and again and digest it slowly. It is full of value for me. In my own mind lies no longer any faintest doubt about Gurdjieff and his Institute. Signs of hoofs and horns are all over the place, and my deep and instant distrust, which increased with every day I spent there, find confirmation now wherever I turn. Much, of course, remains inexplicable, and will always remain so. Gurdjieff, with reason, is aloof and inaccessible, and the full truth of his motive we shall never know. That it is wholly a self or selfish motive, I am convinced. Promises will ever outweigh achievement there. The note of fear, rather than love, is too conspicuous to miss. Did you meet a Russian named P., who was there recently? I have not met him, but I hear he went to the Institute with another friend last month. I hear he had to retire to his room nightly to conceal his

explosions of laughter. He reports also that what struck him so unpleasantly was that he noticed this 'fear' in the general attitude of the pupils. 'All slaves of Gurdjieff,' he described them. K.'s reasons for being there, I am more than ever convinced, are in the nature of 'conversion,' or as a man satiated with the world of sense, and loathing himself, yet too weak to struggle out alone, seeks the shelter and penance of a Monastery. His attitude of being determined to justify his step, of finding explanations for every blessed thing, confirm this view in me.

"To come down to our fundamental criticism : I simply cannot believe that a genuine Teacher would indulge in so much bunkum, or would produce that persistent and increasing distrust that were produced in me. Doubts one might feel, yet hardly that type of doubt which Gurdjieff's fantasy, cheapness, spectacular use of show, of megalomaniac hints of this and that to come, etc., etc., inevitably do produce in one."

These opinions will make fairly clear the state of mind which led to my departure from the Institute. I should be sorry, however, to leave the impression that the whole experience had been nothing but complete waste of an irrevocable year. So far from that, I am convinced that much that was valuable was met with on the way ; and if I have failed to indicate this, it is because it is hard to communicate to others the personal gains derived from an individual experience.

Nevertheless, it was with a feeling of supreme satisfaction that I turned my back finally upon the Institute and returned once more to embrace the habits of the so-called "mechanical" life.

James Carruthers Young.

## HER FIRST CONFESSION

IT was only to Gina, the daughter of Ginon the river fisherman, that it seemed a serious thing to have to reveal her sins some day or other to a man of God; her sins were known on both banks of her father's broad river, and she did not trouble to hide them; but that she should have to confess them to Don Apollinari, the new vicar of the parish—that she could not understand.

Don Apollinari was the only person in the world capable of awakening in her that feeling compounded of fear, submission and admiration which drove her to hide herself, like a lizard among the bushes, when he passed with his book in his hand along the high bank of the river. His person was so thin and white that, without his black coat, it would have seemed almost transparent, and to Gina it seemed as if St. Louis had come down and walked out of his rustic chapel; at times indeed, the flower in his hand was not wanting, and if Don Apollinari were walking bareheaded, his flaming red hair was like the clouds tinged with the sunset.

In the village everybody called him a saint, come to convert the people who in the last few years had given themselves up solely to making money and eating and drinking, and had forgotten God and His Church. And Gina firmly believed it; but she preferred painted saints, like those in the little lonely chapels at every crossroad in the country; living saints frightened her, and the thought of meeting one gave wings to her heels when she was compelled to pass the parish church.

Then, one day, Don Apollinari appeared like a black ghost in the middle of the poplars of the wood along the river bank; and he was looking for her—HER—Gina, the daughter of Ginon the fisherman.

Now the fisherman had built himself on the river bank an almost permanent habitation of tree trunks, boards, branches and bundles of rushes; besides a room with its real little beds, there was a large shed with tables and benches where the people of the village came to feast on fine Sundays, and behind the camp there was not wanting a kind of yard where the good Ginon kept wild ducks and a few geese, fat and peaceful as cows.

Gina, whose mother was dead, did the house work. At first she only came for the day to bring her father's food and see after the animals when he was away fishing. Then, when the fine weather came, she left her grandmother's altogether to stop with her father. She would have followed Ginon in his fishing, too, if left to herself; but, as this was forbidden her, she managed to fish on her own account with a little child's net.

At full length in a boat tied to the bank she had succeeded in catching

one of those little fish, called catfish, which indeed have whiskers, when the parish priest appeared. The ducks and geese were all round him, and he was turning here and there as if to bless them and talk to them. No sooner did Gina see him than she dropped flat on the bottom of the boat; it was the only way to hide herself. "He will go away soon," she thought, shutting her eyes tight and holding her breath. "He has come for a walk and will go away soon. Couldn't he find some other place? Couldn't he really?"

Some seconds passed. She felt the boat rocking like a cradle and heard the ducks quietly quacking in the silence, and, at last, they stopped. So she knew the priest had bewitched them with his magic words.

"Perhaps he has gone away," she thought; but she felt he was still there, as his presence diffused a mysterious odour around, as the poplars smell sometimes of roses.

Suddenly the boat began rocking violently, warning Gina that something extraordinary was happening.

"Child," said a voice which seemed to come from under the water. "Get up." She got up with eyes closed and hidden behind the back of her hand.

"Put that hand down," said the voice, now quite close.

Gina dropped her hand and from under her eyelids, which opened and closed in fear, she saw Don Apollinari seated on the thwart like Jesus in the boat of St. Peter. His hands and face had the pearly colour of running water; Gina could not tell the colour of his eyes because she did not dare to look him in the face.

"Child," said he, as motionless as if painted on the green background of the river, "I have come here to look for you. All the other little sheep have returned to the fold. Even your father comes to mass and has received the Holy Communion. You alone still stay away, you alone still live with the beasts of the wood and the river. It is time for you, too, to remember that you are a Christian."

She took courage, she who talked freely with all the worst ragamuffins of the village.

"That's just what I wanted to say. I am not a little sheep."

"Bravo, bravo!" he said with a smile. "Now come and sit down and let us talk."

She went and sat down in front of him; she wanted to say to him: "Yes, let us talk, but I'm not coming to confession, not I," but her boldness could not go so far; the idea, too, that he had come in person to find her filled her with pride, and already the thought of offering him something, were it only a duck's egg, as is usual with welcome guests, was fermenting in her mind.

"Gina," he said, with his white hands clasped and his head bowed, as if she were the saint and he the sinner, "I have known you and been thinking about you for a long time. You are already more than

ten years old, and yet you can't either read or write nor, I believe, say the Lord's Prayer. You go about with the worst boys of the country-side, who teach you naughty things, and you curse and swear at your father and that poor old grandmother of your's, who can't look after you because she has to struggle against too many other troubles, and that's why I have come after you. If you will, I will be your true father. Come to church and listen to the things that I tell the other children, and you will feel yourself another person. Will you come? Will you promise me?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, now quite recovered, "and you will give me medals and images?"

"Yes, I will give you medals and images, but you, in return, must go back at night and sleep at your grandmother's, and you must not go about with the boys any more. If they come after you you must run away. However, they, too, come to church now, and I hope they will grow better."

"They will grow better," Gina admitted. "But there's one that won't, because he is the son of the devil."

"Who is he?"

"What! Don't you know him?" she said, astonished. "It's Nigron, the boy that brings the charcoal. He comes from over there," she added, pointing to the opposite bank of the river where the wood rose like a black wall. "There lives the devil who makes the charcoal with the stones, and Nigron comes here in his dirty boat to sell it."

The priest did not know this Nigron. He belonged to another parish, and did not stay long on the riverside after selling his charcoal to the village charcoal-seller. So Gina's words interested him.

"Then why shouldn't this Nigron become better, too? How was he so wicked?"

"He steals our ducks, and the other day he hit me with a stick, and he says that, if I tell, he will set fire to the house. But I am telling it to you as a priest," she murmured in a confessional tone, for she knew that a confessor could not tell the secrets of his penitent.

"Tell me the truth, Gina. Have you done anything nasty to Nigron?"

She lowered her head, and then said in a low voice: "He'd tied up his boat and gone to find the charcoal-dealer, who hadn't come yet, and I got down into his boat and threw water on the charcoal."

"Perhaps you did not do him any harm with that," said the priest with a smile. "But in the end he hit you with a stick and promised you fire in exchange for the water? But tell me another thing: is it true that you, too, don't respect other people's property too much?"

"When I see grapes, I take them—I like them so much," she exclaimed, and looked the priest in the face as if to ask him "And you like grapes, don't you?" "Then I saw some pears as big as my head, and I took two—only two," she assured Don Apollinari, with

her two first fingers held up, and with a rush of sincerity she added, "and if I can reach them I shall take some more."

"You will not take the others," he said looking at her severely, but still smiling, but the smile died away on his lips, because Gina made a face which meant "And who will prevent me?"

"I stole a hen once," she went on, as if boasting of her prowess, "but I let it go again in fear of my father beating me. Then I stole a shoe from my cousin Rensi, but I did that to spite him. I threw the shoe into the water. Then——"

Now came the worst thing: she understood that herself, and hesitated through fear. He encouraged her: "Well? Say it out."

"I took my grandmother's earrings. She thinks Vica took them. Vica the humpback who steals from everybody, and nobody says anything lest she should bring them bad luck."

"What have you done with those earrings?" the priest asked her with amazing gentleness.

She was silent, bending over the edge of the boat, as if to find something in the water.

"You didn't throw them into the water. Tell me, what did you do with them?"

It was a strange voice, the priest's; it was like a boy's when he is encouraging another to join in some scrape. She raised her head without sitting up and said, with an oath: "Well, I have not eaten them; I have hidden them."

"Where have you hidden them? At home, or where?"

She looked up sharply. All her body seemed to protest against the simplicity of the priest, who thought her so stupid as to hide stolen goods in her own home; and with little tiger's eyes smiling with cruel cunning, she confessed the worst of all her crimes.

"I hid them in Nigron's boat."

Then it was the holy priest's turn to go red with passion.

"What have you done, Gina!" he exclaimed, speaking gently with great difficulty, "and if they are found in the boat Nigron will be taken for a thief."

"And isn't he one? He is in real truth."

"How wicked you are!" he replied, passing his hand through his flaming hair in desperation. He felt that he could not go on with half measures. He, too, sat up rigidly and put his hat back on his head. His voice changed too, and everything about him seemed dark and threatening.

"It's you and not Nigron that's the real daughter of the Devil. And if you go on like that, the Devil will come some evening and take you away to the forests in Hell—of that you may be sure."

That threat had the desired effect. Gina turned pale and once more hid her eyes behind her hand.

"At any rate, you know how to make the sign of the cross."

She made the sign of the cross, but with her left hand; then, frightened at the vision of the forests of Hell, where thousands of little devils like Nigron danced round piles of burning coal, she said in a frog-like voice:—

"Yes, I will come, I will come."

She meant to say, "I will come to confession," and she did not realise that she had already made her first confession.

GRAZIA DELEDDA.

# THE PARABLES OF JESUS

WHEN I have read, with a vain expense of labour, the argu
ments of those who would prove that Jesus never existed,
have often wondered whether there is some absolute chemic
difference between their brain-stuff and my own. For I cannot unde
stand why they cannot understand that their painful efforts to sho
that there is no proof of the historical existence of Jesus are whol
beside the mark. After all, the recorded events of Jesus' life are fe
indeed; and about half of them are so saturated in the miraculou
that they have little or no meaning for a modern mind. It is eas
enough, if your taste lies that way, to throw doubt on the remainde
But the attempt can have value on one condition alone: namely,
there were, apart from this meagre handful of events, no reason
believe in the real existence of Jesus—if the significance of his life la
in events alone.

One must suppose, therefore, that this is, in fact, the conviction
those who prove to their own satisfaction that Jesus is a myth,
imagine that they have disposed of him by some casual remark
the effect that he was a Vegetation-God. Such a conviction astonish
me. I do not say—very far from it—that the events of the life of Jesu
have no significance; nor do I say that these events, compared to h
recorded *words*, are even of minor significance. But I do say tha
apart from those words, the events of Jesus' life would be meaningless
It is the words that are primary.

To suppose for one moment that these words were not uttered
a living man is altogether beyond my capacity. On the contrar
it is to me self-evident not only that the most remarkable of thos
words (and these, at a guess, amount to at least one half of the word
recorded in the Synoptic Gospels) are the utterance of a single ma
but that they are, on the face of it, the utterance of one of the greate
men that ever lived. The case is simple; for surely no one who
capable of responding to these words at all could imagine that the
were a collection of pregnant sayings from many sources. A uniqu
personality is stamped indelibly upon them. Critical nihilists tal
glibly of the many parallels and analogies to the sayings of Jesu
But when they produce their parallels, one can hardly believe one
eyes. Can they really suppose that those are like these? Is there
them no difference between gold and brass? It seems incredible.

Sometimes, when I have been vexed by this insensibility, I have con
ceived the notion of making a complete separation between the event
of Jesus' life and Jesus' words. I have desired to imagine that nothin
had come down to us but the teaching and the parables of Jesus; an
I have fancied that, with these alone before us and, beyond, a complet

ignorance as to who he was, or how and when he lived, he would still, as the speaker of those words alone, come to hold as deep a place in men's hearts and be as intimate a figure to their imaginations as He now holds and is.

This is, no doubt, a vain speculation: no man can so completely empty his mind of the Christian tradition that he could approach the words of Jesus as though they had been discovered for the first time to-day. But it still seems to me that some sort of approximation to this attitude would be possible and valuable. Anyhow, I propose to make the attempt in a deliberately restricted field; I propose to imagine that I have been given a small—a terribly small—pamphlet containing some thirty parables newly copied from a papyrus roll, by someone who invites my considered judgment upon them.

Accordingly, I read them carefully. Some, most of them, I do not understand at all; some are simple and wonderful as the sunlight on a flower. The one that makes the deepest immediate impression upon me is the Prodigal Son. It floods my heart with the revelation, 'Here is love indeed,' and I know that I have been in the presence of a rare soul. When I recover from my wonder at what seems to me at first a miraculous simplicity, I notice the print of the finger of genius. The son says to himself:—

> "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants."

But when he comes, his father sees him far away—he had been constantly on the watch—and runs toward him, and falls on his neck, and kisses him. The son speaks the words:—

> "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son—"

That is all. No syllable of "Make me as one of thy hired servants," as he had planned and intended. Why? We scarcely need to ask. The father has interrupted him, calling to the slaves, "Quick! Bring me out the finest robe, and put it on him." The love of this father is too impatient to stay to hear.

And how strange is the love of this story! Something in us sympathises with the grievance of the elder son. It *is* unfair. Never has such a banquet been made for him; and in making this one, they have not even waited for him to return from his work in the fields. They have begun without him. It is worse than unfair; it is cruel.

No, we protest, this love is extravagant, unjust; and yet, we listen to the old man's pleading:—

> "*My son! thou art ever with me and all that is mine is thine.* But it was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost and is found."

In spite of ourselves, we are conquered. This is love, indeed. Unjust? Yes, truly; for now we know that there is no justice in love.

Our minds turn back to another parable, which we have read withou understanding, The Labourers in the Vineyard. Here is the same plen tude and supererogation: the same final touch of what our sob judgment calls the sheer extravagance of love. Not only do labourers of the eleventh hour receive the same payment as those the first, who have truly borne the heat and burden of the day: bu they are paid first. Like the elder son, who had toiled his life long i his father's fields, the day-long labourers must wait till the late-come are satisfied. It is the same utter annihilation of justice; the sam complete abrogation of desert and reward. But, with the memor of the Prodigal Son present to our minds, something that eluded in the almost forbidding words of the Master of the Vineyard elud us no longer.

> "Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst thou not agree with me for a penn Take that which is thine and go thy way. I will give unto this last even unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thi eye evil because I am good?"

The seeming hardness is dissolved away when we remember:—

> "My son! thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine . . . but th thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Then we understand that those fellow-labourers are fellow sons and that the lord of the vineyard is not a master only, but a fathe The sons, if they are true sons, will rejoice with their father's jo that the prodigal is preferred to themselves, and the latest labourer the soonest paid; for they will love with their father's love. It is less than a deliberate holocaust of all our human values in the consumin flame of love.

These stories stand apart in all the literature of the world, not fo their beauty, though it is surpassing, but for the conception of lov which they enshrine. But this conception of love is, of course, not conception: it cannot be. Such love was never conceived. It w felt, it was experienced. The man who spoke those parables ha experienced that love: it cannot be otherwise.

We look to the stories again. The Prodigal Son follows two other —two little ones. One tells of the man who lost one sheep of a hundre and left the ninety and nine to seek the lost one. He found it an carried it home on his shoulders rejoicing; and he called his frienc and his neighbours together. "Rejoice with me, for I have found m sheep which was lost." Then come the words of explanation. " say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner whos heart is changed more than over ninety and nine just men that nee no change." The other tells of the poor woman who swept her floo until she found the lost shilling. "I tell you, such is the joy amon the angels of heaven over one sinner whose heart is changed." And the beginning of the Labourers in the Vineyard are the words, "T Kingdom of Heaven is like the master of a vineyard. . . ."

Heaven—angels—the Kingdom of Heaven. What is this Heave

what are these angels, what is this Kingdom? There is much in these parables about that Kingdom; little about those angels. Let the Kingdom wait; angels are stranger. But there is a word concerning them. It speaks of children also. Children have much to do with the Kingdom: "The Kingdom is made of such as they." The word is, "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I tell you their angels do always behold the face of the Father." Thus, small and living children have their angels who live with their Father and do not leave him, while they are children. We may guess that, when their angels do leave him, the children have became prodigal sons, and that, when they return, their angels also return: they were dead, and are alive again. It may not be crystal clear, this matter of angels; but there is a gleam. We catch a glimpse of the reason why they rejoice over the sinner whose heart is changed: he is a brother-angel, come back again. When he was tiny, his angel was there, basking in the love of God: then his angel disappeared, but his place was kept, and his dear face remembered; suddenly, he came back again, and his brothers cried for joy. There he was, in his old place, full in the light of God's eyes.

A queer business—this of angels: well worth the trouble of looking into, a parable, no less than the others. The angels turn out to be so lovely, and so loving, and so near. We have them, and we lose them, and we find them; we are them, and we are not them, and we are them again. All that is required of us to regain the angelic birthright we have lost is that our hearts be changed ("metanoein"), our minds turned upside down. Oddly enough, we find, as we read these stories of the Prodigal Son and inquire into the nature of the angels who are so intimately related to him, that our minds *are* turned upside down, and that something suspiciously like a change of heart is threatening. There is a queer sensation as of a seed, sown in our hearts and bursting swiftly into flower, choking us almost, with the urge of a new creation.

Let us leave the angels, and back to the Kingdom. There is a brief sequence of words and parables about it; they are the only parables in the earliest of the gospels, and they are knit into a context which speaks, quite definitely, of the "mystery" of the Kingdom of God. And strangely, that same metaphor of the seed which compelled itself from the pen of one man in his mere effort to describe the effect of two other parables, is the sole theme of the parables of the "mystery" of the Kingdom of God.

> "The Kingdom of God is as when a man casts seed into the earth, and sleeps by night and wakes by day, and the seed sprouts and grows up, he knows not how."

Can this be mere coincidence? Mere coincidence, the parable of the *swift springing of the infinitesimal grain of mustard seed into a tree?* Mere coincidence, the growth of the seed the sower scattered on the good ground, "that brought forth, some thirty, some sixty, and some

an hundred fold"; with the explanation that these "are such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit."

It is inconceivable to me that this is mere coincidence. Jesus is describing precisely what does happen, even to men like ourselves, when they hear the word of the Kingdom as he uttered it. There is this swelling of the seed in the heart, we know not how; this choking with the urge of a soul in travail to be born into some new condition where "all things are forgiven and it would be strange not to forgive." These parables of seed are not, what they are often said to be, allegories of the growth of the Church; they are quite simple descriptions of what happens to men's hearts when the word of the Kingdom is dropped into them. That is what Jesus said they were; and that is what they are. And again, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." It is the same secret, swift and mysterious growth, not of an institution in the world, but of a new vision and a new truth in the hearts and minds of men.

"Again, the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which, when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof, goeth and selleth all that he hath to buy that field." There it is, once more, the gleam of a new vision, to which, when a man sees it, his impulse is to sacrifice his all. "Again, the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." To the man who bought the field the vision came, as it were, by chance; there is nothing to say that he knew the treasure might be there: but to the merchant of pearls it came as the sudden, incredible reward of long searching.

Nevertheless, sudden, miraculous, incredible though it is, it does not come by chance. The soil is ready, even though the seed be despaired of: and that despair may be the perfect preparation. The vision does not come by chance, as Jesus made clear in the words that are knit up with the parables of seed.

> "Look hard at what you hear. For by the measure wherewith you measure, it shall be measured to you again, and more added. For to him that hath it shall be given, and from him that hath not it shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

There is, to speak baldly, a potentiality of response in men's hearts, which is co-extensive with the degree of understanding which they possess; and this response and this understanding are aspects of one indivisible motion. We may say that the understanding is of the mind, the response of the heart; but the secret is that these are no longer separate: the intellectual and the emotional parts of man become one, because the word of the Kingdom is dynamic, and creative. It actually *creates*, in the man who can receive it, a new condition and a new faculty: he sees something new and he *is* something new.

It is almost a kind of sacrilege to venture on this clumsy explanation, which is like turning a perfect poetry into pedestrian prose; yet the risk is worth taking, if there should be a thousandth chance that a glimpse of the real meaning of Jesus' words should come, by this means, to a single person who had it not before. In these fundamental parables of the Kingdom, Jesus is describing the effect of the dynamic word of the Kingdom. That a word should be dynamic, creative by its inherent virtue, is hard to conceive. But this is, in the case of the words of Jesus, no recondite or mystical fancy. We have only to remember the story of the Prodigal Son. That is dynamic enough. It seems almost impossible that any man could read it—"looking hard at what he hears" —without feeling some indescribable and mysterious change within him, a sweet convulsion of which he knows himself in no way the cause, the pain and joy of the travail of some new birth, of new understanding and a new world to be understood. Thus actually, as a matter of simple experienced fact, the word of the Kingdom does create the Kingdom; it does directly work the change of heart which brings men into the Kingdom. In virtue of that change they are members of the Kingdom.

And, of course, the change happens, and the Kingdom is entered and established here and now. It is hardly necessary to say it: the fact is obvious. All these fundamental parables of the Kingdom refer to a process that happens here and now. There is really not even the faint possibility of mistake. The Prodigal returns in life, not after death; the joy among the angels is not in some remote, transcendent heaven—the angels are the little children who have never left, and the grown men who have returned to, the presence and the love of God: homely and familiar angels it may be, yet, perhaps, incomparable in beauty if we could but keep the eyes to see them. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," said Wordsworth, and it is good; but not so good, by far, as "Truly I tell you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father." And as for Wordsworth's further lament over the fading of the vision splendid:—

> Where is now, the glory and the gleam?—

Jesus knew better. The glory and the gleam are always there, waiting to be discerned. Wordsworth himself, when a grown man, had had his glimpse of them, and if he could find them no more himself, he should have looked hard at the words of Jesus and discovered in them what any man may discover, experienced from them what any man may experience—that there is a virtue in them that *can*

> bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, and glory in the flower.

Those words of Wordsworth's, with their resignation and their despairing appeal to "the philosophic mind," a greater poet than Wordsworth once, in a moment of extreme suffering, declared were

true. John Keats, who had endured in a year more than Wordsworth had to endure in a life-time, wrote at the nadir of his fortunes :—

"I must choose between despair and energy—I choose the latter—though the world has taken on a quakerish look with me, which I once thought was impossible—

> Nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower.

I once thought this a Melancholist's dream."

But he chose energy ; and a Melancholist's dream it proved indeed to be. Not that his fortunes improved : they grew more desperate and terrible : he tasted the very dregs of misery. Yet, from the last onslaught of Destiny, he emerged one autumn morning, with these words :—

"How beautiful the season is now.—How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather.—Dian skies—I never liked stubble-field so much as now.—Aye, better than the chilly green of the spring. Somehow, a stubble-field looks warm—in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it."

What he had composed upon it was the most perfect poem, of its length and kind, in our language of perfect poetry—"The Ode to Autumn" :—

> Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
> Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun . . .

The splendour was indeed in the grass again—it was in a stubble field.

§

I have followed my thoughts, and they have led me, it may seem, far from my subject. I do not think so ; I believe I am winding my way to the heart's core of it. The splendour in the grass has, if I am not mistaken, much to do with Jesus :—

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow : they toil not neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field . . . "

This conjuncture, though it was not premeditated, is not fortuitous neither, I incline to believe, is the strange coincidence by which in a passage from Keats's letter which I quoted, the word "quakerish" occurs. I had forgotten it was there : it came to me with a shock I held my pen. Should I substitute another word ? Should I forgo the quotation ? I decided for the word, and for the quotation. For in them is implicit the real point of what I have to say, and the real purpose I had in accepting an invitation of a kind which, though I esteem an honour, I do not covet. * Let me say, once more, that this is, indeed, a coincidence, unpremeditated by me. I had not the faintest idea that I should be using that quotation from Keats, and when I looked to find it, I had forgotten that the word was there.

*This address was delivered to the Summer School of the Society of Friends at Jordans Meeting House in June, 1927.

But there it is, unmitigated. "Lately the world has taken on a Quakerish look with me, which I once thought was impossible—

> Nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass or glory in the flower."

Those are the words, and I will try not to shirk them. It is, I believe, an article, perhaps *the* article, of your belief that a man's words may be and should be guided by the spirit. Perhaps something of the kind, as like and as different as are my belief and yours, has guided mine. At any rate, I felt that to conceal the word, or forgo the quotation, would be an act of treachery.

Keats was writing more than a hundred years ago, when the attitude of your noble society was different from what it is now. Nevertheless, granting to the full that the attitude of Friends has changed—that plays are no longer to them an abomination, nor the simple passionate sensuousness of literature a snare; granting also that Keats used his adjective with the vehemence of youth: it is still worth while to consider the implications of his casual judgment. Even if the word slipped from his pen, it may be not the less significant for that.

Let us examine the position. The world looked Quakerish, to Keats, when "the splendour was no longer in the grass, nor the glory in the flower," and he felt that nothing could bring it back again. And I was trying to show, or to hint, that precisely this vision of the splendour in the grass is inseparable from the vision of the Kingdom in the teaching of Jesus. It would follow, if logic were everything, that Keats identified the moment when the vision faded, and seemed irrecoverably lost, with what he thought to be the attitude of Friends. That forthright conclusion would be preposterous. You have your vision, and it has been proved by the glorious history of your Society, more steadfast and abiding than the more opulent revelation claimed by others. It is assuredly no mere negation which has upheld, and been upheld by, the Society of Friends. But, if I may express the distinction in the subtler terms of poetry, which have entered inevitably into this exposition, I think it possibly *is* true that the Society of Friends, by tradition, perceptibly inclines towards the attitude of Wordsworth rather than the attitude of Keats.

Even the most sensitive words are clumsy tools for this discrimination. I know well enough that there lives in the heart of the Society of Friends a flame of spiritual joy that is of the very essence of true Christianity. But, unless I am as gravely mistaken as was Keats himself, it is not integral in the fabric of your tradition that this joy should be received from the whole of the created universe: in other words, there is a certain ascetic and life-renouncing element in your tradition. The emphasis falls perceptibly on the inward-going movement of the religious life: there is a constant sense of what the Catechism calls "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world": the movement is rather towards withdrawal than participation. Now this movement is, certainly,

an essential part of the religious, or, as I prefer to regard it, of the spiritual life; it is, most certainly, an essential part of the spiritual life as Jesus experienced and taught it. But it is only one part of that experience and that teaching. Just as essential to it is an outward-going movement of spontaneous delight in the glory of the created universe, as the manifest work of God; a deep and joyous awareness that the world *is*, and that no part of it may be refused.

This is the most difficult and mysterious element in the teaching of Jesus, though it seems simple to me. The difficulties, I know, seem simpler still. To find a manifest glory in a world where there is cruelty and pain? This is evasion, self-deception; good is good, and bad is bad, and the harmony that transcends them a dream. True enough: judge the world with cool intelligence, look at it with the eyes of what is called falsely reason, and it is for ever discordant; the heart of the universe is gnawed by an eternal pain. But the secret of the teaching is that the eyes must be changed, and that they can be changed; and that with this change of vision the old distinction between good and bad is indeed transcended. The teaching is that there is a power and faculty attainable by man by which he can feel and know that there is something beyond good and evil both in the world outside him and in himself: in other words, that it is truer to see than to judge, better to be whole than to be good.

If it can be put into a word, this is the fundamental distinction between the teaching of Jesus and all other religious wisdom that I know: that he taught not goodness, but *wholeness:* and this both in the inward man, and in the outward world. Wholeness in the man himself means that the soul is not a partial faculty of man; it is not something that can be opposed to and distinguished from mind and heart: it is creation which includes both these within itself. The soul is simply the condition of the complete man. And to this completeness in the man, which is his soul, there corresponds a completeness and harmony of the world of his experience; it also, without abstraction or denial of any of its elements, suffers a like transformation, and becomes organic, harmonious—it becomes God.

I know well enough that a statement such as this provokes many objections, and I do not pretend that it is of a kind to carry conviction. These imperfections and disabilities I accept, because I know that they are, in the nature of things, inevitable. The mystery of the Kingdom of God is, what Jesus declared it to be, veritably a mystery; and he further declared that it could not be revealed by the direct and intelligible word, but only by means of parable. That, and no other, is the meaning of the words that occur in the midst of his primary parables of the mystery of the Kingdom:

> "Is a lamp brought to be put under a basket, or under the bed, and not to be put on the stand? For there is nothing hidden save in order that it should be manifested; neither is anything made secret, save that it should come to light."

What parable essentially is, I have tried to convey: it is the dynamic and creative word. It is the imaged speech which veritably does create within us a new vision, a new faculty, and a new soul. It sounds fantastic—believe me, I am just as aware of the seeming extravagance of the idea as the most rational and contemptuous of my critics—nevertheless, it is true. This dynamic utterance, with its apparently miraculous virtues, does exist; and those who submit themselves to its power gain a glimpse of the mystery of the Kingdom of God.

It stands in the nature of such a process of soul-creation that it should be able to occur in all times and all places. The process can take place in any man; it is, if it is not merely an illusion, an eternal truth of man's inward nature. Not only this: but the dynamic utterance which is the agent of such a change cannot be confined to the words of a single man. Unless we realize that the mystery of the Kingdom of God is "concealed and revealed" in the words of other men than Jesus himself, we have not a real understanding of the mystery as he taught it. That does not mean that the revelation made by Jesus is not final; it is. The discovery of a true and a new potentiality of the human soul is final, just as the discovery of articulate speech by some incredibly remote and forgotten ancestor is final. But other men, travelling different paths, have reached the same finality.

One such man was Keats. To regain his vision of the splendour in the grass he paid just such a price as Jesus said was necessary to be paid—he lost his soul to save it. Through great and terrible suffering, he became whole, and regained more completely than he possessed before, the power of dynamic utterance. "The Ode to Autumn" is as authentic a revelation of the mystery of the Kingdom as the story of The Prodigal Son. I say that with complete conviction; but if I am asked to make my statement good, I do not know even how to attempt it. And any attempt is bound to fail, unless it is addressed to those who realise that the mystery of the Kingdom is essentially the mysterious birth within us of a new condition, a new awareness of ourselves and the universe and of our relation to the universe

The love that is uttered in The Prodigal Son involves the universe; it brings to birth in him who can receive it a condition wherein "all things are forgiven and it would be strange not to forgive." Because the word is dynamic, it does not so much describe as create love; and the love thus created flows out to its own sole and proper object. We shall not say that it flows out to God, unless we are speaking to those who understand that the nature and reality of God is comprehended only by this love. The man who loves with this love knows God; and God is apprehended in his verity whenever the love which burns in The Prodigal Son is kindled in our hearts and minds towards the universe which is His and Him. For this love is not an emotion. It is kindled in the heart, but it is not an emotion of the heart; it is endorsed by the mind, but it is not a judgment of the mind. This

love is of the soul; and it is not a *feeling*, but a seeing and a knowing. It is a union of the soul of man with the only object of the soul's knowledge, which is God.

That does not mean, at least in the ordinary sense of the words, that the soul loves God and nothing besides; it means that whatever the soul loves is God. The soul is as it were the divining rod, discovering God in the universe; and the soul discovers that there is nothing that is not God. It is this essential activity of knowing that lies at the heart of the soul's loving that is hardest of all to convey. Regard it, if you can, in this way. Remember, first of all, that the soul is created within us: we achieve it, we bring it to birth, or, more truly, we bring ourselves to a condition wherein the soul cannot remain unborn. The soul is simple and mysterious; it is ourselves in a new wholeness, without division. The loving of the heart, the knowing of the mind, have fought together, and no matter which may triumph, each has failed. Each has failed, because each must fail. We are all seekers after God. What we mean by God will be only known when we have found him. The heart seeks for God; the mind seeks for God—in all men, without distinction—for God is simply that which brings repose to our seeking. The wealth of the man of business, the good works of the social reformer, the truth of the scientist, the beauty or the truth of the artist (whichever it be)—these things that all men seek are, by virtue of their seeking, God; and in so far as there is no rest in them, they are not God. We seek the rest of our hearts, in love for another, and death tramples it to fragments; we seek the repose of our minds in facing all the truth that we discern, and it is ashes and bitterness in our mouths. Our hearts cry out and will not be comforted. There is no God, and we cannot live without him. For truly to live is to be at peace; not to rest, but to rest in a surety; to be no longer at the mercy of destiny, no longer to find our childish hearts dismayed by the barren judgments of the mind, no longer to find the resolution of our minds discomfited by the cry of our hearts in pain.

Surely it cannot be that this is the end—division, and dismay, and no repose. Something there must be, to bring divided man into oneness with the universe, with the lily that toils not, and the ocean that has no regret. Can life not come to him as it comes to a child, and death as it comes to a flower? Can he not, too, be whole?

And the answer is, Yes, he can. His wholeness is his soul. In it, mind and heart are at one, and are no longer what they were. Now, what the mind knows, the heart loves; because the mind is no longer the mind, nor the heart any more the heart. The loving of the soul is not as the loving of the heart, or the mind would deny it; and the knowing of the soul is not as the knowing of the mind, or the heart would refuse it. The knowing and the loving of the soul are one—and the object of this knowing and this loving is all things, which are God. And since in this knowing and loving there is a peace which cannot

be wholeness (for the mind thenceforward can know, and the heart can feel, nothing that is not transmuted by the soul's alchemy) we may say that in it we know and love God indeed. We have found what we sought—the peace of wholeness; we are whole, and we are one with the whole; and the outcome of this peace is a perfect activity, for only when we are whole are we sure what we must do. We long no more to do what our hearts desire, or what our minds determine; we act simply as we must, and as we are.

It is sometimes said of a truly beautiful woman, whose act was as expressive of her soul as the leaves and the flower of a plant are expressive of the life that informs it, that "to know her was to love her." Extend the meaning of those words till the whole universe is embraced by them, and you have the knowledge and the love of God that is the soul's activity and purpose. Just as the woman was known and loved by reason of her complete expressiveness; so the universe is known and loved for its complete expressiveness. That each thing (the soul itself not least among them) must be what it is, is the triumphant knowledge of the soul, which knows and loves it for its perfect expressiveness of God. Wherever knowing and loving are one, there perfectly expressed in the object is God. Where knowing and loving are one, that is the point. Not where we love and do not know, not where we know and do not love. In the first, the love, in the second, the knowledge, is not of the soul; and the object neither of the love, nor of the knowledge, can be God.

Now at last I am come by devious ways to my goal. The highest literature, the truest literature, can be known by this, and only by this, that it enables us to know and to love some fraction of the universe with a knowing and a loving that are one. This is what the great writer feels towards the creatures and things that he depicts, and this is what we feel towards them through the magic of his words. The writer who makes us know without loving, may be a powerful, may be in the common sense of the word even a great writer; but he does not belong to the elect. His words are not, in the final judgment, dynamic. And the writer who would make us love without knowing—though this miracle is hard to work upon an honest mind—may be an attractive and a popular writer; but there is no virtue in him. The great writer is he alone who makes us know absolutely, and love absolutely: for he brings to birth the soul that is within us, he effects the union of our mind and heart, he, like Jesus himself, drops the seed of the Word into the earth of our being, where it grows we know not how; and he, like Jesus, is the prophet and the priest of God.

But, alas, it is not so simple, or the Kingdom would have been established ages ago. It is not easy for men to receive a parable of Jesus, or the words of a great writer, into their hearts. The ground is shallow, or stony, or a well-trod pathway where there is much traffic and no repose. The earth has to be tilled, wrought over and over by suffering

and circumstance, by struggle and despair. It is out of this travail that the dynamic utterance of great literature is born; and out of this travail is born the power to receive it. "We only understand really fine things when we have gone the same steps as the author." For literature, in the highest, is a communication from soul to soul, a creation of soul by soul; it is always a parable, and a parable of the same virtue and the same meaning as Jesus' own.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SUNSTROKE.—Grim and grey rise the wild hills of Judæa, ugly pyramids of solid rock thrown up by some remote volcanic upheaval. They form an almost impenetrable barrier between the seaward plains of Palestine and the hinterland of Transjordania and Arabia. Their rugged contours seem to defy penetration. A single highway, blasted in places sheer through the rock, alone pierces this barrier and climbs to the proud pinnacled city of Jerusalem. A few Arab villages, miserable hovels indeed, lurk away in the rocky fastnesses of these hills as if ashamed of their wretchedness. They are reached by narrow tracks of rugged stones worn down by the sure-footed ass and camel. Their isolation is seldom broken in upon, and to approach one of these villages is to be greeted invariably by snarling curs with clipped ears. Horrible hybrids these—half jackals, which live on the garbage of the village. But one has only to lift a stone and they will turn tail. They welcome anyone in Western dress much as our own dogs welcome the approach of a tramp, though with none of their courage. But they give the villagers ample warning of the approach of any stranger.

Few travellers to the Holyland ever penetrate this uninviting wilderness. It was where Jesus retired to be tempted by the Devil; and it was the home of the wild tribesmen of ancient Israel, whence they sallied wolflike into the plains to raid the more civilized Philistines. Jehovah was their God, the local deity of these hills, whose stern justice exacted an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; a code of justice observed by the Arabs to this day in the form of the blood feud.

For centuries these hills have been the hiding-place of many a wild brigand. The village of Abu Ghosh owes its name to such an one, who for many years extorted a toll from all who chanced to cross his path. Since the War the British Gendarmerie in Palestine have had not a few thrilling encounters with the outlaws who still seasonally infest this incomparable lair.

Strangely attracted by the apparent defiance of these rock-bound confines, I set out alone one morning in July to explore them. I was ill-equipped for such a venture, for I wore neither topee for my head nor glasses for my eyes. Leaving the road to Jerusalem soon after it enters the hills, I struck out upon the least worn track I could find. In places it was almost unrecognizable, so little life passed that way. I was soon lost to view over the nearest ridge.

The highway and all signs of habitation were a few miles behind me as the track dipped down into a hollow, where the rocks seemed to close in like walls around, and shut me off completely from the inhabited world. The weltering sun was approaching its zenith. The sky, an Eastern sky, a sky without a stain, blazed above. Here and there a few patches of soil, which had withstood the winter rains, had given

hold to sparse vegetation on the rock-terraces, long since fallen into disuse under the withering rule of the Turk. But such vegetation survives only for a bare two months' existence. It had already been scorched between the rays of the sun above and the relentless rock beneath. Not a blade of green was to be seen, not a bird winged the air, not a tree raised its sheltering branches to relieve this scene of desolation rampant—rocks and rubble and a hellish heat. No sound greeted my ears save the unbroken hum of insects sizzling as steak on the grill. Like the goats, these insects seem to live on unsustainin rock. A menacing solitude reigned, and I started at the movement of one of these animals grazing on burnt-up thistles. At my approach it stopped munching for a moment and stared at me. Then havin satisfied itself that I meant no harm, continued its grubbing. I took out my lunch—a couple of sandwiches—and, throwing away the paper, prepared to share it. When I next looked the goat was devourin the paper.

Exhilarated by my lunch with this mute companion I went on. Once I stopped to watch a thin column of dust in the distance, caught up from the road I had left in a whirling eddy caused by the heate atmosphere, and drawn up far above the hilltops until it disappeared into the burning blue—a common sight in these parts. Yet not breath of air stirred in the rock hollow where I stood. Primeval earth, I thought, ere time had weathered the surface rock to soil, can scarcely have appeared more grim than these hills. And the sun rose higher and higher.

A feeling of loneliness crept over me. I found myself instinctively searching the hillside behind me for the wretched goat. But, merged into the grey rock, I could not see it. The sight of a human form, a animal, a bird, or even a tree or flower would have been welcome. But as well might one have looked for blossom in a baker's oven. All was desolation. Even my shadow had disappeared, and the sun rose higher and higher.

I was now as far from the highway as from my destination, and to return was purposeless. The wild glare made me dizzy, and the hill-tops seemed to tremble as if preparing to surrender to the furnace heat and melt away into the valley and overwhelm me. I felt an uncontrollable desire to escape the pungent silence of the place. My first impulse was to shout, but awe had imperceptibly turned to fear and I felt powerless to make a sound. The sun smote ferociousl overhead, and the stones underneath burnt my feet. I had set ou on a jaunt of pleasure and curiosity, and had walked unwittingly into a deathtrap.

Some miles separated me from the nearest village, when for one brief but fatal moment I mused on my helplessness. I was soon drenched in a perspiration of fear. The sun seemed to hold me in this rocky bowl as between a pestle and mortar, and threatened to pounc

me to pulp. I was conscious of a pressure on my head which sent me hot and cold. Could I but escape the savage lash of the sun's rays beneath a tree or a rock, if only for a few minutes, I felt I could compose myself. In vain I scanned the horizon for tree or overhanging ledge, but the defiant hills seemed to laugh at me.

Once between the westward clefts I caught a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean many miles away over the plains and my brain seemed cooled. But the hills again closed in upon me, and my isolation was complete. The thought returned :—

"I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone."

Clenching my teeth and fists until I felt the nails in my palms, I attempted to stem the tide of approaching despair, and struggled on.

Ere I had dipped down into this furnace of hell I had seen a single camel with an Arab guide leisurely disappearing over the crest of a distant hill. His henna-coloured turban stood out clear against the blue sky. I might yet overtake him. But I no longer remembered the track nor yet the hill, for my zigzag path had changed direction several times.

I now realized with terror that I was fast losing control of myself. Some evil spirit seemed to be striving for the possession of my brain, hanging upon the merest thread. One snap—and I must become a raving maniac, a prey to jackal and hyena ; as helpless as the Gadarene swine, I might be hurled to destruction against the rocks which surrounded me.

I made one last effort, and stumbled on. The sizzling insects jeered, and I yelled wildly. The hills threw back my cries. Had I not defied their confines ?

Collapse was upon me. My strength died down. Then as suddenly, as if devil-possessed, I was leaping from rock to rock with amazing agility, with strange strength. But my sight had become dim and blurred. The hills melted away before me in a molten whirl, and I was hurtling through space into a bottomless abyss of raging flame and fury. A crash—and then a void.

I was in a meagrely furnished room with walls of bare stone when I slowly recovered consciousness. Timorously I began to pick up the threads of a dreadful day never to be forgotten. The sun, at any rate, was no longer visible, and my brain was soothed. Standing over me was a nun offering me a glass of water. Thank God ! I was no longer alone. Her face breathed the charity and pity of the One she served. She told me how she had found me under the single olive tree "on yonder hill," and how she and the other Sisters had carried me to their lonely hospice, where continually they minister to the few Arabs of this dreadful country.

Here was nature shorn of its primeval cruelty, beautified by th spirit of charity which suffereth long and is kind.

Strange that I was at Emmaus, where once the great Apostle charity appeared to two despondent disciples, and renewed their faitl in life.—L. W. Charley.

THE PICTORIAL EXPERIENCE.—It has been growing gradually upor me that, among many intelligent and honest people, there is a feelin that Painting, as a channel of vital experience, is on a different plane from Literature and Music. "How can a picture—any picture—form as complete an experience of reality as, say, a sonata of Beethoven'. or one of Keats' Odes?" This unspoken question had been for me the after-taste of many conversations.

Quite recently, though, a friend—a writer—made a direct anc disturbing attack. After the usual preliminary inter-artistic courtesies, he fired this broadside:—"After all, you must admit that painting, *au fond*, is purely a form of sensuous pleasure. I know that most of the paintings you admire are the negation of the obviously sensuous, but is not their appeal really but of a more refined and "educated" sensuous type? The quiet strength and precision of a Girtin water-colour, or a John Sell Cotman, are they not a subtle tickling of the senses, and their difference from a late Bolognese Madonna merely one of degree—a question of taste rather than of essence?"

Perhaps, indeed, this was so. It cost much to admit this possibility, yet it was difficult not to look open-eyed into this question, once it had been raised. Yet, seeing that, personally, the moments of intensest living have been almost always connected with the activity of painting, it would seem—for me, at least—the question is one of essence, if of anything at all.

It seemed to me, then, necessary to attempt some explanation of the content of these moments. What really did go on? In this way alone could I appreciate the nature and extent of the Pictorial Experience.

A still-life group—onions and a wine bottle. It isn't hackneyed, not for me, if I happen not to have painted it before. First, the existence of these things must be considered. They must be looked at objectively. This is to be no Illustration, no Subject-Picture—("Good friends to man")—still less an excuse for the public bruiting of "Innermost Thoughts." I've to paint a dirty green bottle and two shiny onions.

Again—a landscape. A low sweep of hill suddenly flattening into a wide stretch of marsh land; wave upon wave of cloud coming up from behind the hill and spreading above; the sunlight white, not yellow (it is mid-morning), and coming towards me. Now, it is not my job to fit all this pleasantly into my canvas rectangle—a Procrustean

proceeding suggestive rather of one of Liszt's disarrangements of his buttons than of the making of a serious pictorial statement. I have to soak in that landscape, to perceive and to feel it, and then realise it (which is beyond perception and feeling). In this way only is there hope of the creation of a composition which *shall exhibit* the individual character of this wonderful thing of earth and vapour and light we call a "landscape"; and the evolution of a technique which shall be expressive of its essential texture.

Now, what is my state of mind while I am at work? First, a gradual loss of the self in the not-self. The things outside me—whether onions, bottle, distance, sense of locality—all must become part of me. This is accompanied by a pervading sense of well-being. Very little conscious reasoning is present (when the work is going well), and even less conscious emotion. Nothing of this, of course, is noticed until the work is finished. Then brushes are put down, there is stretching and drawing of breath, and the feeling of having arrived suddenly from some far place.

> "And I stand on alien ground
> Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from . . ."

Side by side with this intense experience, the conscious mind continues its mechanical course, decides upon details concerning the correctness of proportion, the mixing of paint, and the application of it. This goes on, and I am aware that it does, but it isn't what I have been *living*. *That* is the experience of reality—the process of acceptance and realisation.

Yes, the Pictorial Experience is truly a real one, and the great painters have stated their knowledge of it in no mixed terms. Pieter de Hooch's brick doorway in that "Courtyard" in the National Gallery; Vermeer's record, on a neighbouring wall, of an experience of pure light; and at Millbank, Monet's searching observations of nature, Degas's realisation of movement, Van Gogh's "Chair" and a Cézanne still-life—are they merely subtle ticklings of the senses?

It is obvious that an art merely stylistic cannot induce this experience of reality. A cloud is in the sky; is represented on the canvas by a convention worked out of previous practice. It may look like a cloud, it may have distinctive and tasteful decorative charm, but the cloud has not been "realized." As in all art, reliance on mannerism is incompatible with significant statement.

The artist may often paint seemingly unsuccessfully, and perhaps inadequately always, yet if the intensity of his desire and his sincerity of purpose be sure, he will gain, like the poet and the musician, a direct experience of reality. Swedenborg has, in another connection, words that are apposite here—

> It is as if the inner mind were fully open and free to receive the delight and blessedness which are diffused into every fibre, and thus throughout their whole being. The perception and sensation of this joy is indescribable.

ARCHIBALD SANDERSON.

MEDITATION ON A SIN.—There was an instant of intense remorse, that stabbed his heart. Then came an unexpected peace.

True, he reflected, he would still have preferred not to have done it. True, he had been guilty of weakness, in that he had willed not to do it, and he had done it. But part of the cause why he had refrained—truly, the deciding part—had been a superstitious fear lest the act be visited, not on himself, but on those dear to him; yet on those dear to him was on himself. And, for some cause that he must find, now that he had done it, the superstitious fear had left him. He must find the cause.

This abstract, impersonal lust of the flesh was satisfied, and no soul violated save his own. That was his affair; and he knew that, if he did not flinch now, he could settle it once for all. A strange clarity had come to him, and into his head came a word that he remembered. "Religion *is* what a man does with his own solitariness." His act had been religion? Another word followed it. "Religion is transcended in the moment that a man's every act becomes a sacrament." His act had been a sacrament? Whence came, with this strange clarity, this strange confidence that the abstract, impersonal lust of the flesh would not return to him again; never, at least, in the form given to it by that possibility of satisfaction?

There had been a change: some impalpable, yet decisive resolution of an old complexity, an expansion into knowledge. Impersonal lust, when it visited him again, as surely it must, would take another form and find another consummation. Perhaps this consummation he was now experiencing—the calm intensity of untroubled contemplation.

He paused to ask himself a question. Was this surmise born of an unconscious desire to minimise his act, or of a real judgment that the act was somehow, and quite unexpectedly, of no great consequence?

He decided that he had made a real judgment, endorsed by all his being, that the act was insignificant. And, oddly, this insignificance was tremendously significant. It was an unsuspected and unhoped-for evidence that he had indeed changed from what he had been. He tried to remember when he had last done this act: it was long ago. Then it was a *sin*. Now it was a happening, and more; by reason of that very change, a sacrament.

The recognition that the change within him, of which he had been so frequently aware at varying depths of his experience, should have penetrated into so intimate and ultimate a part of him, increased his lucid and commonplace serenity. "So, after all," he thought, "my faith is mine, and me; this time there has been no mistake." Henceforward, he clearly saw, there would be no more agonies or conscience for him; he had truly reached the point where he *could* not do a thing that would torment his conscience. "I have no conscience any more," he said aloud, and smiled to think that the moralists would say the same, and mean something utterly different. Whatever he did, was his,

and him; an act which, only a few minutes before, he would have called the basest of which he was capable—even the only baseness of which he was capable—now revealed itself to his contemplation as not base at all: merely his own. He accepted and acknowledged it with the same curious and calm indifference that he acknowledged that his love and his understanding were finer than most men's. His love, his licence, were alike his own; and being indeed his *own*, were not his own at all. His fineness and his grossness now belonged to Being itself, of which he was become one self-knowing and incomparable variety.

So he had, in sober truth, reached the goal. He could contemplate himself wholly *sub specie aeternitatis*. And now he understood that while there remained in him the lurking potentiality of sin, this was impossible. While the categories of sin and righteousness remained latent within him, the end was unachieved. For the complete man, he saw, there were but two moral categories, between them completely exhaustive of all acts: the possible, and the impossible; his, and not his. In time past he had used these categories, but falsely and corruptly: he had called acts that were his, not his. Evoked a Devil or a God, at the crucial moment, to take responsibility for them. More often a Devil than a God, he smiled to remember, for most of what reasonably might have fallen to God he had taken to himself. Now neither Devil nor God had any loophole for entry into him. He was not ashamed of his baseness, for it was him, nor proud of his nobility, for it was him: he was actually beyond good and evil, in the realm of the undivided self.

And he knew by the complete absence of ecstasy or pride that this longed-for arrival was no illusion. There was no sense of triumph, or even of victory. Simply, the process of his thought was different from what it had been before. Then there had been flashes of intuition and laborious striving to regain those glimpses by discourse; now there was no illumination, but only a steady recognition; effort indeed, yet no labour, as though some long since familiar object was being explored with a new vision, enchanted but unsurprised.—OMEGA.

THE MARTIAN.—The Martians, taking advantage of the 1926 opposition, sent to the Earth an investigator. Mars has been getting dry. Their messenger was instructed to inquire into the possibility of transporting some of the Earth's surplus liquid across; and incidentally to report on general conditions.

On the Thames Embankment at midnight I met the Martian and he told me his errand. I knew he was a Martian because his braincase was abnormally large. His body, which was not clothed, might have belonged to the Agias of Lysippus.

"How have you come?" I asked.

"Oh, just trotted along in the old bus," he answered. "Pardon me if I don't go into detail. To be candid, we don't really want you fellows out there. Water ration, you know. . . ."

"But how do you know about us—our language and everything ?"

"We use a sort of wireless periscope with a magnifier on the end o it—sight and sound. I think you've noticed a few mysterious electric storms, haven't you ? I'm afraid we've caused you some inconvenience. That's as near as I can describe it to you. Unless," he added, "you happen to be Einstein ?"

"No," said I. "No—not even Epstein."

"You people puzzle us," the Martian began. "We know all abou everything you do—read your thoughts, when you have any—hear your music—read your books : but we don't get your motives, motives for the things you do, that is. There have been exceptions whom w could understand—very few—Tolstoy, Tagore—"

"Mussolini ?"

"Good God, no ! These people," he continued, indicating a few down-and-outs, "are getting on. Sleeping in houses won't take your race far."

"Oh, these men aren't sleeping out from choice," I explained. "They have nowhere else to sleep. Probably no food, either."

"Nowhere else ! Then there is no room in those hotels and bi buildings up there ? All the space occupied ?"

"No, I don't suppose so," I replied. "But those places don't belon to these fellows—"

"Belong ? Ah, yes ! Property. I remember. You must not ea or live in houses or do anything unless you have—money, that's the word, isn't it ?"

"That's it," I said. "Must have the dollars. Not many abou just now. Effects of coal dispute, you know, trade bad and all that."

"Yes, I know." The Martian nodded his huge head. "Very funny But you are sure there is not more of this token ? I saw some display shops where were little pieces of mineral, each of which would neec £50 or more to buy, according to the markings. Would £50 enable one of these men to sleep inside a house to-night ?"

"Inside two or three."

"Or eat food ?"

"Or eat food."

"These pieces of mineral—they are radio-active ?"

"No, no—just diamond rings, I expect. Finger ornament, you know."

"Then you people value these pieces of mineral more than this man' means of living ?"

"Well—" I hesitated. "These values settle themselves. depends on supply and demand—"

"Ah, yes ! Adam Smith and the others. Very funny. Then becaus

this mineral is rare and decorative, the demand for it is more powerful than the demand that this man should live ? "

"It looks like it," I admitted irritably.

The Martian nodded.

"I wish only to understand," he said.

"What are you doing ? " he asked.

"Being catechised by a damned Martian," I answered. Or rather, I didn't. I remembered the powers of the Martians in *The War of the Worlds* and left out the "damned."

He smiled.

"Yes," he said. "But I mean the puffing, out of your mouth."

"I'm smoking a cigarette," I explained. "I beg your pardon. Have one ? "

Gracefully he accepted one, lit it from my match, and inhaled deeply.

"This has a food value ? You do it instead of putting dead flesh in your stomach ? "

I laughed.

"No, not even the tobacco advertisements have thought of that," I replied. "No, it just passes the time a bit."

"This needs money, too ? "

"Oh, yes ! About one halfpenny each. I smoke about twenty a day."

"If you stopped doing this puffing, would that man be able to sleep inside a house ? "

"Might just manage it at Rowton or somewhere. That is, if I gave him the money. But I wouldn't, of course."

"Why not ? "

I didn't answer. The fellow was impossible.

"I am disturbing you ; pardon me," he said, with courtesy in his tone. "I know you cannot help these things. You are all so young."

The Martian turned and looked down the river and then up into the Southern sky. I followed his gaze—to a planet shining with a red glow, desperately lovely.

"Homesick ? " I inquired.

"Yes," He smiled. "We have our own troubles. But they are real troubles. I thank you. I will go."

He began to run.

I shouted after him. It must have been nearer five seconds than ten, yet I will swear he had run a hundred yards. He turned and came back with some reluctance.

"What about your liquid investigations ? "

"Well, " he said, "I tried your beer ; and we don't want that. But— You will know from us in due course. Perhaps we shall solve your problem of land shortage. Then you will have more territory to fight about," he added, smiling. "Playing with your flags. It will make you content. Well, so long ! "

Gently knocking down a policeman who was trying to arrest him, the Martian left me.—W. S. Wigham.

The Two Fausts.—The mediæval Faust sold his soul by a bargain with the Devil: "Give me what I want and when I die you may take me away to torment."

How different is the contract between Goethe's Faust and *der Geist der stets verneint!* It is not a contract of sale at all, although the signing and sealing with blood is retained for effect. It is—and no one seems to have noticed this—a peculiar form of contract—a bet. Faust in effect says "You are a poor sort of tempter. The idea that *you*, the spirit of negation, should claim that you can satisfy *me*! Consider what my claim on the universe *quâ* man is; then consider the utmost you can do; the idea, you see, is absurd. However, I will test you. I will reduce my claim to its minimum and bet that you can't satisfy even that. Give me one instant, one only, such that I can say of it "*Verweile doch, du bist so schön*," and then. . . ."

Then—what? You may carry me off to the red-hot pincers and the boiling lead? Not at all, but—let my last hour strike, let me go to destruction, let me cease to be!

Here in essence is the whole change from mediæval to modern. The Devil is still formidable; but not as Tempter. There is still a last consummation to be dreaded; but not endless torment. Because man's claim on life has been expanded. The Adversary has become the negation of life, the horror has become its extinction. Is it possible that one and the same truth underlies the mediæval prayer to be saved from the worm that never dies and our prayer, to be saved from annihilation? That, just as there never were any such things as the worm, the pincers and the boiling lead, so there is no such thing as annihilation?—John Franklin.

# NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

2 HENRY VI. AND MACBETH.—I do not think it is generally recognised that Shakespeare's earliest tragedies contain a wealth of poetic passion of a kind we do not find again until the *Macbeth* and *Lear* period. One play in particular, 2 *Henry VI*, shows an ambitious and sometimes—though not always—immature attempt at the expression in words of those tense moments where the mind is stretched almost to breaking by a passionate apprehension.

In the earliest plays there are already the far-fetched analogies that "knit earth and heaven together"; and an unbalanced mind is seen in *Titus Andronicus*, as in *Lear*, to have penetrated more deeply than those around it into a serene truth—and, I think, to have found a moment's rest there:—

> *Marcus:* Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.
> *Titus:* But how if that fly had a father and a mother?
> How would he hang his slender *gilded* wings
> And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
> Poor, harmless fly,
> That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
> Came here to make us merry! And thou hast killed him.
> (*Titus Andronicus*, III, ii, 59)

Compare with this *Lear* (IV, vi, 113), where in a very similar state of mind Lear says:—

> Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
> The wren goes to 't, and the small *gilded* fly
> Does lecher in my sight.

It is not strange that Shakespeare should have started writing on these lines; nor that he should deliberately (perhaps in deference to someone's criticism) leave this kind and put himself to a process (we see it developing in *John* and *Richard II*) of making more objective, more metrically meticulous, and, at the same time, less passionate and personal plays—a process destined to culminate in the perfect differentiation of character in *Henry IV*, to be disturbed by a new unrest in *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, and to reach another perfection in the classic mould of *Othello*.

What is strange is that at times the poetry of those early plays reaches an intensity not very different from that of *Lear* and *Macbeth*. What they lack is just what the practice of the middle period produced—restraint in matters of blood and death, clear characterization, and unity of design in the whole. But their great moments seem to have been neglected by critics. Nor have I seen it noticed how often the forms of character and incident in the great tragedies are foreshadowed in these early plays. The similarity in the theme and treatment of *Titus Andronicus* and *Lear* is obvious, and here, too, Aaron is the precursor of Iago. The tragic movement of the last acts of *Richard III* is, in parts, an exact forecast of the declining action in *Macbeth*. We have a love tragedy in *Romeo and Juliet* balancing a love tragedy in *Antony and Cleopatra;* and the introspective *Richard II* reminds me of *Hamlet*. Both periods end with a fairy play.

Nor is this similarity confined to themes. The parallels of incident and phrase in 2 *Henry VI* to *Macbeth* are, to say the least, curious. And I think

that the fact that in *Lear* and *Macbeth* Shakespeare was treating incidents and themes already directly foreshadowed in *Titus Andronicus*, *Richard III* and 2 *Henry VI*, may partly account for the peculiar intensity and spontaneity of those two—according to some critics—most powerful of Shakespeare's tragedies.

In the preface to the Arden Edition of 2 *Henry VI*, Mr. H. C. Hart says: "I leave it to my notes to point out a continuously running series of Shakespeareanisms in 2 *Henry VI*. It is interesting to see how many times parallels appear from *Lucrece*, from *Venus and Adonis*, and, oddly enough, from *King Lear*."

My purpose here is to show that this is not really odd; that *Lear* and *Henry VI* were written at periods of composition artistically akin. And still more striking than parallels with *Lear* are those with *Macbeth*. We have the spirit raising scene (I, iv), with the spirit's "Have done, for more I hardly can endure," reminding us of "Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me; enough."

Compare III, i, 225—

> . . . . and Gloucester's show
> *Beguiles* him as the mournful crocodile
> With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
> Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ring bank,
> With shining chequer'd slough, doth sting a child
> That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

with (*Macbeth* I, v, 64)—

> . . . . To *beguile* the time,
> Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
> Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent Flower,
> But be the serpent under 't.

—an interesting example of compression of phraseology in the later play.

Again, III, i, 267—

> Not resolute, except so much were done,
> For things are often spoke and seldom meant;
> But that my heart accordeth with my tongue . . . .

resembles (*Macbeth* IV, i, 145)—

> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand. And even now
> To crown my thoughts with acts be 't thought and done . . . .

and (II, i, 61)—

> Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

York's soliloquy in III, i, 331, has a Lady Macbeth ring:—

> Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
> And change misdoubt to resolution:
> Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
> Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
> Let *pale-faced* fear keep with the mean-born man
> And find no harbour in a royal heart.

For "pale-faced fear" *cp.* Macbeth's "That I may tell pale-hearted *fear* it lies." (IV, i, 85.)

Again, compare III, ii :—

*Suf.* : Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?
*First Mur.* : Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

with :

*Macb.* : 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he *dispatch'd?*
*Mur.* : My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

King Henry's words (III, ii, 233) are an admirable comment on Macbeth :

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

But the nearest parallel I can call to mind is Malcolm's :

. . . . And our chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. (IV, iii, 136.)

Perhaps the most remarkable of all is the death in delirium of Cardinal Beaufort, a scene of great power, exposing the workings of guilt in the mind. The conception and phraseology are similar to the sleep-walking scene. (It is, indeed, remarkable how, whenever there is a similarity of incident, the early phraseology tends to recur in the later play.) We hear that :—

. . . . sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul. (III, ii, 374.)

Compare the Doctor's "The soul is sorely *charged*" and "Infected minds to their deaf *pillows* will *discharge* their secrets." And at the conclusion of the scene we have the King's "Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all," corresponding to the Doctor's "God, God forgive us all." Here, too, we have "Disturb him not. Let him pass peaceably," recalling Lear.

The death of the villainous Suffolk at the hands of Walter Whitmore reminds me of Macbeth's final meeting with Macduff. Both Macbeth and Suffolk find a prophecy realized, and are thereby struck with terror, seeing in their antagonist the foretold instrument of immediate death.

Mere parallels of words and phrases are frequent. In IV, ix, we have "gallow-glasses and stout kerns" mentioned. In IV, i, 97, occurs "burns with revenging fire," and V, ii, 36, "hot coals of vengeance" : *cp.* Menteith's "revenges burn in them." And III, ii, 176, "Like to the summer's corn by tempest *lodg'd*" paralleled by Macbeth's address to the witches, "Though bladed corn be *lodg'd* and trees blown down." (The expression occurs once elsewhere : *Richard II*, III, iii, 162.) In V, i, 215, "If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell," recalls "Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven or to hell." The characters of both the Duchess of Gloucester and Queen Margaret show the conception of Lady Macbeth in the germ. In *Macbeth* alone of the great tragedies is a head brought on the stage : that, too, comes from 2 *Henry VI*.

And finally we have the magnificent first fifteen lines of Young Clifford's soliloquy after seeing his dead father, beginning :—

O! let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together ;
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease ! (V, ii, 40.)

Compare:—

> Had I but died an hour before this chance,
> I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
> There's nothing serious in mortality,
> All is but toys; renown and grace is dead.
> The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
> Is left this vault to brag of.

The association of sudden death with the "last day" comes, too, in Macduff's:—

> . . . . Up, up, and see
> The great doom's image! . . . .

I have concentrated on *Macbeth* where parallels to this play are most numerous, but there are other parallels in 2 *Henry VI* with the later plays, of which I would quote one which is peculiarly interesting:—

> *Suff:* If I depart from thee I cannot live;
> And in thy sight to die, what were it else
> But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
> Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
> As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
> Dying with mother's dug between its lips. (III, ii, 388.)

Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, V, ii, 4:—

> . . . . And it is great
> To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
> Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
> Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
> The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

—a parallel which helps to support the reading "dug" in the latter quotation in face of the Folio's "dung." Possibly, one can see something of the future Antony and Cleopatra throughout the loves of Suffolk and Margaret. The whole play is a seething mass of diverse tragic power—a young writer's premature attempt not at a tragedy, but at all tragedy, and the wealth of terrible experiences huddled successively into these five acts is amazing.

Some of these comparisons would not be, in themselves, more than interesting; but taken together, they, and especially those referring us to *Macbeth*, must, I think, have some further significance. It is possible that, whilst Shakespeare was treating a theme which had some similarity of incident with a previous play, other incidents and phrases from the former play were set in motion in his mind by laws of association. And I think this to be the truth, but not the whole truth.

Mr. Masefield, in his *Shakespeare and the Spiritual Life* (The Romanes Lecture, 1924), has said: "I have no doubt that at least half of *Macbeth* was written at a sitting." I do not know how many people would agree. Though that must remain doubtful, I think most of us feel a certain fiery cohesion, a lack of artifice, almost of art, in the rush and whirl of movement that makes *Macbeth* especially, and also *Lear* and *Timon*, appear peculiarly as spontaneous, wild, untrimmed growths of the mind in a sense that the earlier plays of the great period—*Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*—and the later ones from *Antony and Cleopatra* to the *Tempest*, are not. I do not suggest that these three are greater plays than those preceding or following; merely that they are different, a trilogy of unique personal intensity—something equally unlike both the impersonal projection of *Othello*, and the

transcendent vision of Cleopatra. If, as Mr. Masefield implies, Macbeth is, in respect of intensity and spontaneity, the supreme creation in what he considers Shakespeare's most "glorious" creative year, it is not surprising to find these parallels to what was probably Shakespeare's first tragedy. Images, characters and events which have the most immediate and personal influence over a writer will probably predominate in his earliest work; and will come back to him with unusual rapidity and power of expression when in his maturity he allows himself to treat similar themes. Both *2 Henry VI* and *Richard III* went to the making of *Macbeth*.

G. WILSON KNIGHT.

SHAKESPEARE'S NONAGE.—It will probably be objected to Mr. Knight's essay that he takes as Shakespearean early plays which an ever-increasing body of criticism regards as, in the main, the work of others. I myself, to some extent influenced by Mr. J. M. Robertson—to whose stimulus I once more record my gratitude—held this opinion for a long while; but, as my study of Shakespeare has continued, I have found myself more and more inclining to what Mr. Robertson would call "an extreme conservatism." Above all, I have come to realize that this problem of deciding what is, and what is not, Shakespearean has been approached from the sentimental side. We do not *like* to think that Shakespeare wrote *Titus Andronicus*, and our energies are bent on proving that he did not. But the proofs really amount to no more than an emphasis on the differences of style and sentiment between that crude horror and the maturer, or more pleasing early, plays; and that, in turn, amounts to no more than a reiteration of our dislike of *Titus*.

For to argue that it is psychologically impossible that Shakespeare could have written *Titus* is to assume that we know all about Shakespeare's psychology. This is unwarrantable. What we need to do is not to idealize Shakespeare, but to realize him. These processes, though they may appear to come to the same thing in the end, are nevertheless as different as false idealism is from true. And chiefly we have to be on our guard against a false simplification of Shakespeare, which is what denying his authorship of *Titus* on "stylistic" grounds really comes to. There is no sound reason for supposing that the nature of Shakespeare should contain no problem for us; and there *are* sound reasons for supposing (as Mr. Wyndham Lewis has lately argued) that he contains elements which do not at all fit into the idea of a "gentleman," or even a modern "artist." We should be wary of erecting an "ideal" Shakespeare, and curtailing the canon to fit.

And, if we are going to make assumptions concerning his psychology, let us take care that they should be based on *some* evidence: on the psychology, for example, of another poet who promised a similar scope and mastery. I think that no one who honestly compares Keats' *Odes* with his early poetry, full of cheap reminiscences of Moore and Byron, and remembers that only five years lay between, will feel inclined to be positive that young Shakespeare *could* not have written various things which we would prefer that he had not written. For my own part, I must confess that even this preference, which I once strongly felt, is leaving me; I now rather like to think that Shakespeare was once so completely the Elizabethan theatrical scamp that he wrote *Titus* without a qualm. He thus appears to me a more astonishing, and more *natural*, object for contemplation.—J. M. M.

KEATS AND "KING LEAR."—In this play Shakespeare gives explicit expression to some of his ripest thoughts on life. I was lately struck by the apparent difficulty of some of the lines in which he does so. There are in the dozen lines of Edgar's speech (IV, i, 1-12) two examples :—

> To be worst,
> The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
> Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
> The lamentable change is from the best ;
> The worst returns to laughter.

The last phrase, "the worst returns to laughter," seems to me difficult ; though the necessary sense is clear enough, the phrase is not. I fancy that something like a dash should be understood. "The worst returns to —." You expect "itself," there being no room for further descent ; but since it is Shakespeare, he says "laughter." Further, "the worst" is compressed, in a truly Shakespearean fashion, for "the worst, at the worst."

> World, world, O world !
> But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
> Life would not yield to age.

W. J. Craig, in the Arden Edition, gives a long, complicated and unconvincing explanation of this ; but surely the general meaning is : "If the trials of life were not so grievous, we should never resign ourselves to the approach of death." It is, in fact, the precise equivalent of Keats' thought (*Letter of April*, 1819) :—

> "The whole appears to resolve into this—that Man is originally a poor forked creature subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest, destined to hardships and disquietude of some kind or other. . . . The most interesting question that came before us is, How far by the persevering efforts of a seldom-appearing Socrates Mankind may be made happy—I can imagine such happiness carried to an extreme—but what must it end in ?—Death—and who could in such a case bear with death ?"

But this reference immediately suggests that Keats actually had not only this passage, but others from *King Lear*, consciously or unconsciously, n mind. The "poor forked creature" certainly comes from Lear's words to Edgar in the previous act (III, iv, 113) : "Unaccommodated man is no more, but such a poor bare forked animal as thou art," of which Keats' first sentence is a precise paraphrase. And the further question arises whether Keats was not in this letter—the famous letter on the Vale of Soul-Making—reliving, so to speak, the spiritual experience of *King Lear*, even to Edgar's great conclusion (V, ii, 11) :—

> We must endure
> Our going hence, even as our coming hither :
> Ripeness is all.

The difference between that and Hamlet's "The readiness is all" (V, ii, 234 is mighty, and unrenderable. But it will not be forgotten that Keats' letter ended, after his great discovery of Soul-Making, with the writing of the Sonnet on Fame :—

> How fevered is that man who cannot look
> Upon his mortal days with temperate blood ! .
> It is as if the rose should pluck itself
> Or the *ripe* plum finger its misty bloom.

This note is obviously taking me too far. I will content myself with one farther indication of the curious correspondence. Albany's outburst (IV, ii, 48):—

> It will come,
> Humanity must perforce prey on itself . . .
> Like monsters of the deep,

recalls Keats'—

> I was at home
> And should have been most happy—but I saw
> Too far into the sea, where every maw,
> The greater on the less feeds evermore—
> But I saw too distinct into the core
> Of an eternal fierce destruction. . . .

written on March 25, 1818, just two months after Keats had been once more "burning through" *King Lear*. I have little doubt that *King Lear* played an important part in Keats' evolution.—J. M. M.

All's Well I, ii, 41.—The speech concerning Bertram's father is in Shakespeare's mature manner, with difficulties to correspond, *e.g.*,

> Who were below him
> He used as creatures of another place
> And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
> Making them proud of his humility
> In their poor praise he humbled.

For a long time I found it hard to get a convincing sense out of the last two lines, yet felt there *was* a sense, and that the words were authentic, though they are usually marked as corrupt. Lately light seemed to dawn on me in reading Bossuet's eulogy of Madame :

> On ne s'aperçevait presque pas qu'on parlât à une personne si élevée ; on sentait seulement au fond de son cœur qu'on eut voulu lûi, rendre au centuple la grandeur dont elle se dépouillait si obligeamment.

The Bossuet supplies, of course, a hint, not a paraphrase, and I am still uncertain whether the words should be read "proud of his humility," in the ordinary sense, or "proud, of his humility," *i.e.*, in virtue of. This is comparatively unimportant. Taking the second sense, to which I incline, a paraphrase would run : "Making them proud by his humility in receiving the poor praise from those he humbled by his eminence."

Note also, part and parcel of the same style, Bertram's words (I, ii, 48) :

> His good remembrance, sir,
> Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb ;
> So in approof lives not his epitaph
> As in your royal speech.

There is a sense to be had from this : nevertheless, I think it should run : "So his approof lives not in epitaph."—H.K.

# SPIRITUAL VISION

OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS. (Second Series.) By William Ralph Inge. (Longmans.) 8s. 6d. net each.

REALITY. By B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan.) 8s. 6d. net.

PLATONISM AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By George Santayana. (Constable.) 5s. net.

HOLISM AND EVOLUTION. By the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts. (Macmillan.) 18s. net.

BENEDETTO CROCE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Translated by R. G. Collingwoo With a Preface by J. A. Smith. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) 5s. net.

To each of these five books might appropriately be given the title of th first and most important essay in Dean Inge's—*Confessio Fidei.* All ar confessions of faith; and all aspire towards, and some achieve, the perfec condition of faith—faith that is co-extensive with knowledge. Interna evidence suggests that Canon Streeter has been deeply influenced by Dea Inge; certainly, for the purposes of criticism, as distinct from those of history his book is subsumed under the Dean's essay, and might almost be regarde (in the good French sense) as a *vulgarisation* thereof. Mr. Santayana' "Platonism and the Spiritual Life" is genuinely original; so, and eve more significantly, is General Smuts's "Holism and Evolution." Signo Croce's spiritual autobiography, in spite of Mr. Collingwood's perfect trans lation, is flat and unprofitable. Can it be that the great philosopher spirit is sadly unspiritual?

The three original books—Dean Inge's, Mr. Santayana's, and Genera Smuts's—are all spiritual, in ascending progression. The first is in the mai religious, the second metaphysical, the third scientific. Which things are parable. All are deeply concerned with spirit, the first two consciously regarding it as matter for contemplation and vindication; the last, mor nearly than the other two, is spirit in act. All three are remarkable books worthy of close and careful study. Mr. Santayana's stands apart for th delicate distinction of its literary form. It is most evidently a masterpiece but General Smuts's is the work of genius—prophetic.

I have spoken of Spirit, because Dean Inge and Mr. Santayana speak it. It is not a word of my idiom. My word for it is generally Soul; Genera Smuts's word is Personality. There are objections to all of them. All violence at some point to common expectation. Spirit and Soul are warpe by religious ancestry; Personality has no ancestry at all. Spirit and Sou rarefy the reality they name, Personality makes it commonplace. It is or it should be, the highest aim of human endeavour; man's supreme achiev ment. Rather than that it should go nameless, let it be Spirit in this essay

What is Spirit? It can be described, I think, either in terms of its genesis or of its operation. In other pages of this number I have attempted the first What I there call Soul, Dean Inge and Mr. Santayana would call Spirit, an General Smuts Personality; but we mean essentially the same thing. I an content that we should understand each other, and I find warrant for believin that we do in this sentence from Dean Inge:

> Our translators have not dared to translate "he that wishes to save his sou shall lose it"; they have thus weakened one of the great texts of the Gospe

which means a real surrender of the Ego, not a mere willingness to face death. The soul has to die as Soul in order to live as Spirit.

That is absolutely true, and I believe its truth would be acknowledged both by Mr. Santayana and General Smuts. In my own idiom I call the reborn Ego the soul; in this I am not capricious, for evidently I have the authority of our Lord himself. And later I can appeal not only to a master of the spiritual life like Eckhart, but to one still nearer and dearer to me than Eckhart, and no less a master, namely Keats. Again, Dean Inge says: "The organ by which we know God is our whole personality unified under the primacy of the highest part of it." That truth is one which I endeavour to express by saying (after Keats) that the Soul is the created unity of Mind and Heart. What that created unity is aware of, and loves, *may* be called God. But at this point I part company with Dean Inge. I do not believe that the God, of whom spirit or soul is thus aware, exists in independence of the universe: He *is* the universe, known by the soul, or perceived by the spirit. Any separation between them becomes finally untenable, and leads to that curious hypostatisation of "values"—"absolute eternal values"—which I am unable to understand in Dean Inge's theology. Always, at the crucial moment, he eludes me as a philosopher; and, as a matter of fact, I do not believe that what is known even in a moment of rapt spiritual vision is absolute and eternal values—Truth, Beauty, Goodness. The beatific vision is not of them; it is a knowledge and incontrovertible experience of oneness. Again, I do not think it right to attach the supreme importance to this experience (a fragment of which, I believe, once fell to my lot). It is a clue, an assurance, a certainty, impossible to be denied; but the mysticism of descent, to use the phrase of Plotinus, is more important. Spirit or soul is not fully operant, nor wholly itself, save in its comprehension of the here and now.

As Mr. Santayana puts it:

> The spirit is not a tale-bearer having a mock world of its own to substitute for the humble circumstances of this life; it is only the faculty—the disenchanting and re-enchanting faculty—of seeing this world in its simple truth.

The beatific vision is but a bathing of the soul in the waters of eternity; it is renewed, reborn, now it *must live*. And its life is to understand the universe in its truth, its goodness, and its beauty. These aspects are the same aspect. Its goodness, therefore, includes both good and bad, its beauty both beauty and ugliness, and in their unity these aspects may be called the eternal aspect of things. This eternal aspect of things is extraordinarily simple; it is what things really *are*.

At this point, I find myself in continual agreement with Mr. Santayana. Such a metaphysical statement as the following seems to me accurate, complete, and beautiful:

> The spiritual life, then, is distinguished from worldly morality and intelligence not so much by knowledge as by disillusion: however humble may be its career, it lifts those few and common adventures into the light of eternity. This eternal aspect of things summons spirit out of its initial immersion in sensation and in animal faith, and clarifies it into pure spirit. This eternal aspect of things is also their immediate aspect, the dimension in which they are not things but pure essences; for if belief and anxiety be banished from the experience of any object, only its pure essence remains present to the mind. And this aspect of things, which is immediate psychologically, ontologically is ultimate, since evidently the existence of anything is a temporary accident, while its essence is an indelible variation of necessary Being, an eternal form.

To readers unaccustomed to the language of high philosophy, some exposition—more than I have space to give—is probably necessary. Above all, I fear, to many the language will seem cold. I can only remark that "disillusion" is not used in the common passive and emotional sense, but actively, of the process by which we disengage things from the veils which our never wholly eradicable beliefs and anxieties cast upon them; and that the process by which the eternal aspect of things summons spirit from its initial immersion in sensation and in animal faith may be understood by reference to the creative perceptions of poetry. The revelation that poetry brings is a revelation of the real—at first fitful and merely disturbing—which if truly pursued creates in us the faculty by which reality is perceived. This spiritual perception of the poet is immediate psychologically, both to him, and to us who receive it. As Matthew Arnold put the same truth—for truth which is true has many aspects—"magic of style is creative."

In another place, Mr. Santayana describes spirit in words which must again be difficult. "Spirit is a hypostatic unity which makes actual and emotional the merely formal unities and harmonies of bodily life." This definition brings us, by a natural transition, to General Smuts's positions; for Mr. Santayana means by it that spirit is the mind's serene and delighted awareness of itself become an organic unity transcending and completing the merely animal organic unity of the body. The spiritual life is therefore the culmination of the evolutionary process as we know it; it is the consciousness which accompanies a man's having become completely organic. Therefore, it is life indeed.

Of this truth, which is fundamental, General Smuts is deeply possessed; and I find myself more exactly in sympathy with his statements than with the more strictly metaphysical statements of Mr. Santayana. It is necessary for me to translate Mr. Santayana's dicta, which are couched in the philosophical language of Aristotle and Aquinas, into my own natural idiom; which is, I know, less effective for the philosophical discourse of which Mr. Santayana is the great modern master. My own idiom, for all its clumsiness and obscurity, is perhaps a little nearer to the immediacy of experience. The idiom of General Smuts assuredly is. What Dean Inge and Mr. Santayana call Spirit, what I call Soul, General Smuts calls Personality. Of it, he writes in the summary preceding his chapter "Personality as a Whole":

> Mind is its most important and conspicuous constituent. But the body is also very important and gives the intimate flavour of humanity to Personality. The view which degrades the body as unworthy of the Soul or Spirit is unnatural and owes its origin to morbid religious sentiments. . . . The ideal Personality only arises where Mind irradiates Body and Body nourishes Mind, and the two are one in their mutual transfigurement.

Statements completely congruous with this will be found scattered through my essays in the old *Adelphi*; and one in this issue. Personality, which is the flower of the evolutionary process, is active in creative synthesis. As General Smuts puts it: "Personality . . . is a supreme spiritual metaboliser; it absorbs for its growth a vast variety of experience which it creatively transmutes and assimilates for its own spiritual nourishment." The language may appear awkward, but it is extraordinarily suggestive; for it indicates, as it is meant to indicate, that Personality can be precisely regarded as the pinnacle of the hierarchy of organisms, or as General Smuts for good reasons prefers to call them, of Wholes.

In *The Adelphi* for July, 1926, on the subject of individual reintegration, I wrote:

> And—it may seem miraculous—the more harmony and rhythm the human being achieves within himself, the more harmony and rhythm he discovers in the world of his experience. It is not really miraculous. He is merely an infinitesimal portion of the life-process, and it is not to be wondered at that to the degree to which he achieves his evident goal of full organic function, he should be able to perceive "the purpose of existence." In the process of fulfilling his own true purpose, his mind has become truly adjusted to the real. He achieves a conscious co-partnery in the life-process.

This makes explicit a concomitant of achieved Personality which remains implicit in General Smuts's statements: for if, as he asserts and as I believe, the universe is fundamentally organic,* then the achievement of organic Personality is *necessarily* accompanied by that sense of at-home-ness in the universe which is the veritable "note" of the true spiritual life. We feel as exiles returned to our own country, because for the first time we see and know it as our own.

The view of an organic universe which General Smuts elaborates in "Holism and Evolution" is the vision of an achieved personality. It is, appropriately enough, obscure in detail, but luminous as a whole. Here is the harmony apparent to the spiritual vision of the saint or poet rendered in terms of science—a vision such as Faraday or Clerk-Maxwell would have thrilled to encounter. There are the same difficulties of terminology which made Faraday, with his "lines of force," the despair of the mathematical physicist; General Smuts's use of the concept of the "field" will likewise distress the orthodox mechanical mind. This was inevitable. Whether or not science can immediately assimilate the direct vision of General Smuts, it is impossible to say: that it must sooner or later assimilate it, is inevitable. And that will be revolutionary for science. For the vision of General Smuts is the spiritual vision in the true sense: it is a direct perception of the universe in its simple truth. I know it is very difficult for the scientist to restrain a shudder at the word "spiritual." That is because he does not know what it means. The scientist wants facts; spiritual perception deals in nothing but facts, but its facts are real facts, complete facts, not facts that are abstracted from the real to make a measurable diagram of the universe. General Smuts is a scientist after the manner of Goethe. The scientists of Goethe's day could not understand what he was driving at. The scientists of to-day, with a century of striking achievement and a century of still more striking failure behind them, may be more inclined to listen to General Smuts. They will be well-advised to do so: for it is one of the most pregnant attempts at scientific synthesis made in this generation.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Canon Streeter's "Reality" is its very considerable sale. Eight impressions of such a book within a year

* Obviously such a phrase as an 'organic universe' is liable to misconception and abuse. That is why General Smuts uses the word 'holistic.' But I think we may legitimately conceive of the universe, metaphorically, as a vast 'body,' growing and decaying, manifesting an unbroken 'life.' What is meant by 'life' in the universe may be imagined, analogically, by the degrees of life revealed in the human body ranging from the life in a scrap of finger-nail about to be cut off to the life in Shakespeare's soul in the act of writing *Antony and Cleopatra*. If we can grasp the organic interdependence of Shakespeare's finger-nail and his soul, we shall not be misled by an 'organic universe'.

show that it satisfies a spiritual hunger. It is sincere and courageous, and I am reluctant to criticize it. Nevertheless, I am bound in honour to indicate what seems to me its essential weakness.

It is an attempt to reconcile science and the Christian religion. Canon Streeter begins with the now familiar distinction between quantitatively known and qualitatively known reality. The latter is then narrowed down to "the creative life which is partially expressed in all living organisms." (But what of the shape of a hill, or the qualitative aspect of the inorganic universe?) Then comes the *salto mortale*. "To personify the power behind things is not, as so many fear, 'a pathetic illusion'; it is a necessity of thought."

That is the crucial statement. Everything depends upon it. Here is the argument on which it is based:

> I have argued that individuality is the synthetic focus of the living organism, and that in the ascending scale of evolution individuality and freedom increase as life reveals itself in forms ever intenser and more highly organized. Analogy suggests that this principle applies also to the life in the Universe. The Universe is a coherent system—otherwise Science could not interpret it in terms of Law, and it is the expression of a Living Power; then is it not of living organisms the most highly organized of all? Unless, then, we are to conceive that Life as less vital than our own, we must ascribe to it that element in personality which makes it a focus of synthetic activity, originative, directive, co-ordinative. We must not think of It as an "ocean of life," or even as "a stream of consciousness," but as a closely knit, highly centralized, self-consistent, fully self-conscious, eternally creative Unity. That is, we must not regard the Ultimate Reality as merely in a vague way personal; we must ascribe to It what, for want of a richer word, we can only call Individuality.

To this argument my mind is impenetrable. There are, for me, very obvious limits to the legitimate use of the word personality. The upward limit is set by the highest and fullest development of personality historically known. We may perhaps, while remaining within the category of personality, imagine completer personalities than these, though I doubt whether this is really possible. (Try, for example, to imagine a Jesus without any illusion; he would not be completer than Jesus: to complete his knowledge would be to take away his creative power.) In any case the margin for genuine imagination is extremely small. If we pass beyond it, we pass outside the category of personality, into nothingness—words without meaning.

To attribute personality to "the living power behind things" seems thus to be not a necessity, but an impossibility of thought. And, of course, long before this, a main question has been begged by the attribution of "life" to the universe. As metaphor, it will serve. But metaphors are not necessities of thought, at any rate in the sense in which Canon Streeter uses the phrase "necessity of thought." They are, I believe, necessities of thinking, on certain subjects, and necessities of expression for such thinking; but that is not at all the same thing as a logical "necessity of thought." Moreover, the condition of using metaphors safely is to be aware all the time that they are metaphors. I cannot tell from Canon Streeter's book whether he is aware that his use of "life" and "personality" is wholly metaphorical. Certainly, he never draws our attention to the fact. I cannot help thinking that he has deceived himself, for if he were aware of his metaphors, he would also be aware that the reconciliation of Science and Religion had failed.

Reality is not alive. Neither is it dead. It eludes both these simple unifications. Safest perhaps to say that it *is*. What it is, is given perhaps

only at two moments; either in an apprehension of concrete reality so immediate and satisfying that sense of self is lost, or in an awareness of self so ultimate and satisfying that sense of outward reality is lost. These are the poles of knowledge; at neither is there any problem of science and religion. At either of these poles God has meaning, so much meaning that it is unnecessary to employ the name. From all the intervening territory where once a rational God was supreme, he has been driven by science. That was right and inevitable: he did not belong there. He is either immediate or inconceivable. He is not a necessary postulate of scientific thought; he is totally alien to scientific thinking: because he is the mode in which the subject-object distinction is transcended. When it is transcended on the side of the subject it is called Religion, when on the side of the object, it is called Art. With neither of these can Science be "reconciled"; but it can perfectly well co-exist with them. For reconciliation is impossible, precisely because conflict is impossible. What conflict are science and theology, because what is generally called theology is what remains of an old attempt to reconcile immediate knowledge with mediate knowledge. Here theology has had to give way. It will not gain anything by the attempt to appropriate for itself the various corners of the scientific scheme into which mechanism has not been able to penetrate. God is everything or he is nothing. He is not the life in the body, but the living body; not the power behind things, but things as they are. Therefore theology may still be *scientia scientarium*: for that did not and does not mean the chief of many branches of knowledge, but a knowledge which subsumes them all. But that will be a new theology, not to be distinguished from a psychology, also new.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE FATHER IN PRIMITIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By B. Malinowski. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

The generalized title is rather too heavy for the substance of this interesting little book, which is an account of the beliefs concerning paternity held by the natives of the Trobriand Islands (N.E. of New Guinea). Readers of Sir James Frazer's "Totemism" will remember the evidence there brought forward to show that some of the Australian aborigines have no notion of the part played by the father in the creation of children. Mr. Malinowski shows that there is the same ignorance among the matrilineal Trobrianders; and he notices the same curious phenomenon, mentioned by Frazer, among them also, namely, the comparative rarity of "illegitimate" births, although, as is natural where such beliefs are held, intercourse with unmarried girls is unrestrained. Strangely, too, the Trobrianders resent any notion of facial resemblance between a child and its mother, or its maternal kin. The function of the "father" is to "mould" his yet unborn child after his own likeness. Conception is due to the entry of a spirit, generally through the head; but there seems to be no link between this belief and the general practical knowledge that a virgin cannot conceive. Mr. Malinowski concludes by asserting "his firm conviction that the ignorance of paternity is an original feature of primitive psychology." But such a conviction, though interesting, can hardly be regarded as itself scientific. It goes beyond the evidence.

# NOVELS AND STORIES

To the Lighthouse. By Virginia Woolf. (The Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Luck, and Other Stories. By Mary Arden. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardi. (Ernest Benn.) 6s. net.

Max Havelaar. By "Multatuli." Translated by W. Siebenhaar. (Alfred A. Knopf.) 10s. 6d. net.

What makes a novelist? "We shall never learn to respect our real calling and destiny," said Scott, "unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." If that is true of life, it is equally true of novel-writing; and yet that knowledge of the human heart is only half the novelist's equipment. Without it he will never be a serious writer; but with it alone he will be nothing *but* a serious writer. He must have the power so to absorb that knowledge into his very being that when it issues for[illegible]gain it does so in independent, original forms. And that power is a [illegible] lack of which, since no pains will enable a writer to acquir[illegible]. [illegible] Woolf's latest novel, like all her others, remains the limpid reflec[illegible] her own exquisite and [illegible]ptive mind, but not a piece of creative writ[illegible].

She is a master analyst, [illegible]es to create by taking the elements which her analysis has separated o[illegible]d combining them to build something new; but you can never, in that w[illegible], make the kind of homogeneous whole which alone is creatively new. That must be done by the rapid sureness of instinct, not the hesitant uncertainty of conscious thought. Contrast her method with that of Miss Mary Arden, who instinctively withdraws herself from the polished surface at which impressions are received, in order to write out of those subtler depths in which they are assimilated and fused together. Her materials are in consequence exactly blended into a self-existent whole, while Mrs. Woolf's pudding is sent to the table half-cooked, and indigestible.

But let me make my point clear by examining Mrs. Woolf's method in a particular direction, choosing one in which, owing to an organic defect, her initial impressions are imperfect. It happens that she is, as far as I can see, completely tone-deaf to colour. But since colour and sound are not things in themselves, but merely mediums by means of which the same thing may be expressed in different dimensions, it follows that anyone who is deaf to sound in colour, or blind to colour in sound, must express that thing in one dimension only—as a plane surface, and not in the round. And this incomplete colour sense of Mrs. Woolf makes the faulty cohesions of her method glaringly conspicuous:—

> ". . . in the middle a yellow and purple dish of fruit. . . . Rose's arrangement of the grapes and pears, of the horny, pink-lined shell, of the bananas, made her think of a trophy fetched from the bottom of the sea, of Neptune's banquet, of the bunch that hangs with vine leaves over the shoulder of Bacchus (in some picture) among the leopard skins and the torches lolloping red and gold."

Contrast that with the effortless accuracy of a master of colour such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence, for whom it is his natural element, in which he moves free and sure. It is flat, opaque, inert; no depth, no changing lights, no

warmth, no vibration. You feel that for her colour is simply paint, without life or rhythm. And presently Lily is caught thinking to herself: "Beneath the colour there was the shape." It recurs: "One colour melting into another like the colours on a butterfly's wing; but *beneath* the fabric must be clamped together with bolts of iron." You cannot paint a picture, or write a novel with form and colour separated in this violent way; they are interpenetrative. And it is noteworthy that Mrs. Woolf is at her best in such descriptions as that of the empty house, all twilight shadows and whispers; where there is no occasion for distinct form or decided colour; where, since the whole is quite rightly one continuous slight tremolo, inaccuracy of pitch is not noticeable as it is when a clear note, long and full, must be struck, and any departure from the exact middle of the note is discordantly apparent. And so with her human characters; she can portray their half-lights, too; but definite individuality, whole, not half thoughts, completeness—these are beyond her. And so her characters are all indeterminate; not *alike*, and yet indistinguishable, merging into each other in a fluid, unstable way, so that you are never sure where one ends and another begins.

If Mrs. Woolf is not a writer of creative fiction, Mr. Gerhardi, like Miss Arden, decidedly is; though his new book may not show an advance. "There is an anxiety, a curiosity, in what one feels for Emma. I wonder what will become of her. . . . It would not be a bad thing for her to be very much in love with a proper object. I should like to see Emma in love, and in some doubt of a return; it would do her good." I feel that Mr. Knightley's remarks would apply equally well to Mr. Gerhardi. He had the misfortune to make a hit with *Futility*, which was a brilliant and unusual book, and showed him to have a brilliant and unusual mind. His success has provided him with a label; he is now "the pet of the Intelligentsia"; a distinction which no doubt he values about as much as Emma valued Mr. Elton's declaration of love. At least, it seems unlikely that anyone who has the true and active admiration which he feels for Goethe and Tchehov will be led to attach any false importance to it. A "clever" writer might have his head turned; but Mr. Gerhardi, if "clever" enough, is a good deal more, and it must irritate his instinctive and accurate sense of values. He knows better than those who want to make a pet of him what his writing is worth; and a man does not read, and know, as Mr. Gerhardi does know, Goethe and Tchehov, without acquiring a definite standard for his own writing; compared with which standard this sort of thing is—what its name and dedication indicate: a frivolous trifle, thrown at the Intelligentsia by its slightly petulant pet. One hopes that, having worked it off, Mr. Gerhardi will settle down to his real job. But it is not fair to complain that the book is slight, and to regret that he wasted his time on it. I think Mr. Gerhardi, whether by instinct or conscious choice, knows what he is about. There is more in him of the young Goethe—the real one, not M. Maurois's clever but inaccurate sketch—than of the young Tchehov. He is one who must live himself into a philosophy of life, not one who writes himself in. It is far safer for him to mark time with a book like this, or even like that queer, formless *Polyglots*, than to attempt a serious *Werther*. The one story, *A Bad End*, which is "different" in the book, corroborates this view. It is not a good story; it is inconsistent, full of holes, and a monstrosity of composition; and yet there is that about it which shows that Mr. Gerhardi *is* living himself into a philosophy of life,

and that if and when he finally shakes out of his present *Sturm und Drang* condition (which he can't conceal, be as frivolous as he may) into the stable security of such a philosophy, it will be a true one; for there is that in him which in the event must take up, try, and ultimately reject, all imitations, however natural and deceptive.

About Miss Arden one feels curiosity, but not much anxiety. Her book is better one than *Pretty Creatures*, chiefly because she herself is more nearly homogeneous person than Mr. Gerhardi, if she is on a smaller scale. She knows already, not so much by reason as by instinct, what she has to do, and she is not to be led aside far into irrelevancies. She makes her mistakes —this is her first book—and at times her touch is uncertain, and, feeling her way, she tentatively strikes a definitely false note. But as long as she is in her depth, she is completely mistress of her art; and when she is out of it, she gives a vivid and satisfying glimpse of what she will be doing as time goes on.

The authors of these three books are genuine people, moved by the necessary singleness of purpose. The last on the list, "Multatuli" (Edward Douwes Dekker), whose book, *Max Havelaar*, first published in 1860, has now been translated (exceedingly well) from the Dutch, is something more. It is difficult to give an idea of the scope or of the force of the book; it must be read. For Dekker was one of those dynamic personalities who break clean through their writing and stand before us as sudden, startling presences long after they are dead. There is in him something of Samuel Butler; and a good deal of Heine—Heine's clear-cut intellect and bitter irony, but not his cynicism nor his sentimentality. He has the dead sincerity and strength which Heine lacked, but with Heine's gift for making you see the things he does not say, and all Heine's understanding of colour, luminous light and darkness, living atmosphere.

The book is curiously formless. It is begun, in the first person, by Drystubble, an Amsterdam coffee broker. The Butler side of Dekker is uppermost here; listen to Drystubble:—

> "And then I asked him how he was getting on, which I regretted afterwards, for he appeared to be in any but flourishing circumstances, and I am not keen on poor people, as there is usually some fault of their own at the back of it, for the Lord would not desert anyone who had served him faithfully."

We come to know him inside out, blind, self-interested, toadying little grub that he is; and one can't hate him, because he is very human; one must forgive him, though Dekker cannot, if one hopes oneself to be forgiven. Then we abruptly leave Amsterdam for Java; a new story about new people. And the odd thing is that, whereas Drystubble is living, breathing flesh and blood, Max Havelaar is not. He is a kind of self-portrait; and Dekker cannot regard himself objectively. Dekker, like Havelaar, as an official in Java, protested against the maladministration of the colony; like Havelaar he was duly broken, resigned, and returned to Holland in poverty. But the minor characters live; in a sentence they reveal their complete and actual selves. And here in Java, Dekker has his opportunity for making a tropic landscape live, as Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who writes an introduction to the book, might do. His hot, unearthly dawn is flung on the sky; his dark, gentle Javanese move with their buffaloes about the moist green ricefields, roam through the night-shadowed jungle with its heavy scents and burning flowers.

Mr. Lawrence points out that what Dekker was really up against was not

so much actual official abuses as authority in the abstract. Perhaps he saw so far because he also is a rebel against authority; at all events it is odd that, having gone so far, he went no further. What roused Dekker to a white heat of indignation was not authority, but humbug; that authority by which art is tongue-tied, that complacency which sees, with Laodicean indifference, desert a beggar born. His cause is Shakespeare's.

But there is something else in him, which sets him above Butler and Heine; reading him, one is strongly reminded of Spengler; he has, on a smaller scale, the same comprehensiveness of mind. All arts, all sciences, interest him equally, and he sees them in their unseverable relation to each other, in a way that is new in our day, and must have seemed unheard of in his :—

> "... studies and essays on :—
> *The difference between the conceptions of Infinite time and Eternity.*
> *The gravity of light.*
> *The existence of an impersonal God in the minds of men.*
> *Electricity as a motive power without soft iron.*
> *The connection between poetry and the mathematical sciences.*
> *Architecture as an expression of ideas.*"
>
> And so on.

Were contemporary readers puzzled by this abrupt interpolation of apparent irrelevancies? I believe Dekker deliberately inserted them, in extremity of loneliness: that he found himself moving about in a spiritually tangible universe which to those about him was impossible of apprehension. He could not try to convince them of realities which lay beyond them in time; that might well have landed him in the madhouse. But for those to follow him he left his gipsy *patteran* at the cross-roads, faint but unmistakable, to show which way he had gone.

M. Robinson.

Glad Ghosts. By D. H. Lawrence. (Benn.) 1s. net.—"Most people," remarks Mr. Lawrence, "are just another species to me. They might as well be turkeys." So one can imagine; he makes his characters live, but it is clear that he does not understand them, and cannot like them. Like Shelley, he is a noble savage; "most people" irritate and puzzle him, since they lack the capacity, not, as he suspects, for nobility, but for straightforward primitiveness. To him, as to many serious moderns, the universe appears to be two-fold only; but whereas they try to ignore the spiritual side, retaining body and mind without soul, he sees it as body and soul without mind. Truly to live, we must achieve our souls; and that, he thinks, we might do through the medium of our bodies, if we would but discard our self-invented minds. That is his message here, as in *The Plumed Serpent*; and if one can hardly believe in its completeness, there is enough truth in it to make it valuable, as corrective of certain current and false views of life. But if a man can create beauty, as Mr. Lawrence can, does his philosophy matter greatly? He has shown before that, painting in oils or watercolours, he can be masterly; now he offers us a spare, delicate, faithful, fantastic colour-print in the Japanese manner. It will be a glad day when he realises that such beauty *is* truth, and leaves philosophy to the philosophers.—M. R.

# DUBIOUS APPROACHES

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE. By Max Plowman. (Dent.) 4s. 6d. net.

FRANCIS THOMPSON: THE POET OF EARTH IN HEAVEN. By R. L. Mégroz. (Faber & Gwyer.) 12s. 6d. net.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By J. B. Priestley. ("English Men of Letters" Series.) (Macmillan.) 5s. net.

ROBERT EYRES LANDOR. By Eric Partridge. (Fanfrolico Press.) 10s. 6d. net.

SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT LANDOR. Ed. by Eric Partridge. (Fanfrolico Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE ROAD TO XANADU. By John Livingston Lowes. (Constable.) 31s. 6d. net.

It is the unpardonable, though not an extinct, crime to reprove a writer for not doing what he does not pretend to do. But one poor individual reader, trying to extract some coherent view of high matters from this collection of books, cannot but envy the more venial illogicality of the Irish innkeeper who concluded his complex guidance of a parting traveller with the happy reservation: "It's a nasty, boggy country, your Honour, and if it was Oi that had to go there, it's not from here Oi'd be startin'." There are affinities, either of time or temperament, between the subjects of several of these studies; but the starting-points and the paths which the authors adopt are so curious, and curious with such great differences, that it is impossible to make any valuable comparison or synthesis. The fact is symptomatic of our contemporary confusion of critical with other activities. The writer of this article once ventured mildly to deplore the absence nowadays of what might roughly be called "the English mind"; and was duly chastised. But the wider the circumference grows, surely, the more desirable it is to have some idea of the whereabouts of the centre.

Let us turn to Blake, the first in date and assuredly the second in importance of the group. Mr. Plowman has a subtlety of mind uncommon among interpreters of Blake, he writes with a pleasant touch, and gives indications that he might, had his bent lain that way, have become something of a literary critic. He is a Blakian spirit *par excellence:* his only regret, and our only consolation, is that the prophet cannot be wholly understanded of any mortal. His "Introduction" is at first glance a most innocuous-seeming, a most attractive, piece of persuasion; but it soon becomes clear that he is a very Jesuit of an Introducer. In fact, he has probably gone beyond his present intention. To Blake the artist, to Blake the poet, he reveals an unconscious indifference. In the Prophetic books, in the recondite symbolism of the great mystic, he has found nothing less than a complete religion. To all appearances he has "found grace," and is sincerely fixing upon the religious unease of our age the eye of a proselytizer. His veneration for Blake is so extraordinarily exclusive; his sole idea of "joy" so superhuman; the strain of "all taps is vanities" so unmistakable, that we can only conclude this reasonable (even humorous) disciple is an evangelist *malgré lui*. Disciples he will not find: the faith is too genuinely esoteric and not novel enough for converts in these days.

It is barely conceivable that Mr. Plowman is just an extreme case of hero-worship; that he would be pained and surprised by the only interpretation

we can put on his book. But how could a man of his intelligence avow a mystical philosophy which he admits to be incomprehensible, to the utter subdual of all other art, thought and religion, even of ordinary humanity, unless he finds through Blake the *sole* "vision of God"? Assuredly Blake was a remarkable artist, a noble man, and a sincere Christian mystic; but it is something more than admiration of these qualities that can find *The Book of Thel* "perhaps the most beautiful narrative poem ever written," can gravely hold up to our consideration

> "When the Male and Female
> Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death:
> Hermophroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty and law."

Mr. Plowman's gift of interpretation is at the mercy of self-contradictions and uncertain terminology. He praises Milton's "sublime thought": he could hardly have said anything more inconsistent with his whole position. Again, what means "Conformity, alike to good or evil, is abhorrent alike to divine and human love"? But our present objection is that here is a book whose approach to its theme can lead only to a purely subjective satisfaction.

Mr. Mégroz is a critic of whom we once had high hopes and have since lost them, so we are glad that he has now put forth his full powers in a work both thoughtful and widely scholarly. In common with our discordant group, he over-estimates his subject. But what is of much more importance is that, being an expert in poetry, he approaches Thompson as primarily a poet, and then in effect wholly loses the standpoint of the literary critic. To us, this is not surprising, and seems on the whole a good thing for a study of Thompson, whose *poiesis* is more interesting than any poem he wrote; and who is by no means so great a poet as Mr. Mégroz supposes. Without going so far as to call Thompson a poet of genius who wrote no poetry, we think he should be considered less in the light of triumphant success than of comparative failure. A far more cultivated and more fertile religious seer than Blake, he never approached the masterly simplicity, the finality, the absolute loveliness of Blake's best lyrics. It is enough, perhaps, to say that Thompson could not be simple, that his imagery was never spontaneous, and that contact with humanity was virtually impossible to him. Mr. Mégroz is too visionary a critic, as Mr. Plowman is too uncritical a visionary.

It is a little difficult to account for the great vogue of Thompson's poetry, both among the literary-minded and the devout others. To Mr. Mégroz it is natural, for he holds Thompson the greatest poet of Catholicism since Dante. (We dislike the implication, as we dislike the qualification of Donne and Wordsworth as "mystics.") Thompson *was* a mystic; he was an unconscious intellectualist; his verse is extremely idiosyncratic and difficult, and surely he was a very odd Catholic. He seems never to have warmed in the glow of the Church: the faith that exalted him was the faith of his own creation, and had his spiritual heroism failed him, one would have said that he was born out-of-time for a mystical Catholic saint, and have looked for an inevitable submission to the more comforting ways. It did not fail him. In fact he *was* born out of his time: his relation to his fellow-men—and women—was abnormally uninspiring, and even his knowledge of the humanities stopped at, and did not fertilize, his æsthetic quest of the Christian God. That the expression of his mysticism is far less satisfying than that of Vaughan or Crashaw is partly due to his greater remoteness from the mediæval idea of God. The *human* strength of modern Catholicism, so apparent in Patmore

and Alice Meynell, is scarcely traceable in the expression of his stronger and more lofty spirit.

Mr. Mégroz's account of his ideas and of his moods and experiments in work is admirable; and we would not venture to condense or cite from it—it must be *read*. His summary of the extraordinary essay on Shelley is singularly detached and just. His elaborate genesis of Thompson's thought, filling ten studious chapters, is stimulating, apart from a few critical lapses. It is unfortunate that we still retain our suspicion that poetry and complex mysticism are ill bedfellows; and that we gain no poetic "delight" from any line of Thompson he quotes. Our respect for Thompson rests on other grounds. To say that he is a lesser poet than Tennyson or Swinburne is, we know, to state an indubitable fact which is also an irrelevant one. He failed, on the whole, to communicate: but he had in him that which was incommunicable.

With Peacock and Robert Landor we enter a very different world, one in which "the English mind" is a less fantastic conception. It is part of the remarkable resemblances between men so different outwardly, that they partook of a common tradition and deferred (so far as a Landor or a Peacock was capable of deferring to anything) to the habits of thought bred of classic prose and of the ironic remoteness of the gentry.

Mr. Priestley, so well poised as a light essayist, seems less sure of himself here. We imagine that Peacock is a man and writer greatly to his liking, and that he would have been perfectly happy in knocking-off an informal and slightly frivolous study of him. But to set gravely about Peacock, to confirm for him the carefully-balanced immortality of an "English Man of Letters," is a different undertaking, and we readily sympathise with some dubious consequences. It is too bad of Mr. Squire. To include Peacock in a famous series which has as yet no place for (to mention a few) Marlowe, Webster, Donne, Dennis, Charlotte Brontë, Emily Brontë, Christina Rossetti, or Mark Rutherford, is to prejudice the reader and perplex the author from the beginning. Mr. Priestley has done less valiantly with Peacock than with Peacock's son-in-law; for whereas he deliberately avoided a philosophic treatment of Meredith (thereby saving himself and his readers some doubts), he has uneasily imposed on Peacock a dubious philosophic interpretation, where his natural course would have been to "push about the bottle." It has proved easier to discuss a writer of the second order in terms of the first, than a writer of the third order in terms of the second.

Mr. Priestley's book has, besides its inconsistencies and mistaken emphases, many delightful patches; but we feel that Peacock is "translated" indeed. We have not, we fear, been competent readers; for such are those who share with Peacock "a certain baffled idealism." (This is the driving power of all humourists; including, must we take it, Mr. Priestley?) That Peacock was at the same time a Whig and a Tory, a näif and a sophisticated man-of-the-world, a wilful eccentric and the perfect civil servant, is the kind of postulate we have learned to accept. The baffled anarchist who is yet "sunny and genial" as his good old wines, puts a slight strain on us. That the "ideal world" for which this anarchist yearns is "the Republic of his beloved Plato" is rather more difficult, and compels one to ask if a political institution is quite a "world" to cure thwarted idealists? What, again, has the drawing of Arcadian countrysides and idyllic backgrounds to do with being an "idealist"?

We agree with Mr. Priestley that Peacock was a sceptic, that his scepticism grew more and more comprehensive, and so he grew to be less the satirist and more the humourist. But—

> "If he is the most intellectual of our comic writers, he is also the most kindly of our satirists."

Recalling to Mr. Priestley the names of Johnson and Addison, we would question further if Peacock is ever, precisely, *comic* as apart from satirical or humorous? Your baffled idealist, we imagine, is often satirical and sometimes comic, but never a pure humourist.

Is it critical to speak of "the blazing spendours" of Byron, or to say that Dickens's Skimpole is very like Leigh Hunt? Again:

> "Peacock, so unlike the great original novelists in almost every particular, at least resembles them in this, that he has created a world of his own."

Has Fielding, or George Eliot?

> "Peacock hated everything the Radicals hated and hated everything they liked. As much might be said of his attitude towards the Tories. He was both Radical and Tory negatively."

This is not a statement of incongruities, it is itself an incongruity, meaningless and incomprehensible. It must be jolly to write like this; but even definite incongruities must be related to some underlying unity or necessity else we go hungry away.

Robert Landor, whom Mr. Partridge introduces modestly and capably, if with a shade too much enthusiasm, is very near to Peacock at heart: more decorous, more serious, less piquant. But the *Courier* letters especially display the similar irony, and each man everywhere reveals the classical learning that was their common centre. Roberts' works are singularly like those of his illustrious brother: he could not have written, indeed, *Imaginary Conversations*, *Rose Aylmer*, or parts of *Hellenics*; but he has fewer descents, and presents no *greater* difficulties. We hope Mr. Partridge will have success with his complete edition.

With Coleridge we had still hoped to synthesize all these writers a little; but "The Road to Xanadu" is built for travelling, not for reaching a destination. A learned and silver-tongued Professor is amusing himself. He utilizes Coleridge's "Gutch" note-book (inaccessible in English!) to open an examination of the flora and fauna, so to speak, of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*; and the research, and the results, and the voluminous notes are astonishing fun for the leisured. He shows everywhere a genuine subtlety of mind, and, fixing on Coleridge's "uncanny" power of association and expounding "the strange and fantastic shapes" which lay hidden in "that shadowy half-being . . . in the twilight of imagination and just on the vestibule of consciousness" (Coleridge's phrase) he does much to show how *The Ancient Mariner* became a "new and integrated whole." His is an interesting demonstration of how varied mental phenomena, gained largely from reading, have a dynamic existence in the "twilight realms of consciousness" *before* being "marshalled into shapes of ordered beauty." He is nearly always impregnable, but can only claim to have added to *criticism* if he is prepared to invert his subject's view of the creative Imagination. So we remain his obliged but, *ad hoc*, unprofitable servants.

H. P. Collins.

# VERBIAGE, DICTION, POETRY

THE CYDER FEAST AND OTHER POEMS. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (Duckworth.) 5s. net.

REQUIEM. By Humbert Wolfe. (Benn.) 5s. net.

THE LAND. By V. Sackville-West. (Heinemann.) 5s. net.

The revolt against banality which is characteristic of much modern verse frequently presses forward to freakishness of taste. Most apparent in poetic phrasing, this eccentricity has led to a new euphuism for which we find it difficult to conjure up any enthusiasm. Knowing that every word is the symbol of an idea, we are equally aware that great collections of words reveal either an explosion of ideas or a total lack of them. Donne, whose phrasing is often as strange as can be found anywhere, put the language on the rack to make it confess what he wished it to say; our young elegants put the language on the rack. Andrew Marvell's

> And like Antipodes in shoes
> They shod their heads in their canoes

is charming enough—yes, *quaint*, if you will—to engage our attention when there is danger of its flagging; the conceits in "To His Coy Mistress" punctuate the sense; but had he never written in other vein we should have dismissed him centuries ago. So much the poetic vanguard, for all its sophistication, has yet to learn. We all, I think, welcome an occasional unicorn in our park, but should we find no other animal we should miss the coneys—and the unicorn would become banal.

In this manner, much of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's work wearies us. In speaking of his most recent book, let us make instant exception of "Three Torsos"—particularly "The Hermes"—for in this poem his mannerisms are subdued, and beginning with the passage, "It was death unless you lived upon the bread of words," we enter upon a really magnificent climax. The rest of the book too elegantly avoids the commonplace for the patience of the commonplace reader. We would not, perhaps, suggest that our poets follow the example of Po C'hui and destroy all verses not instantly understood by the charwoman, yet there is certainly a danger, artistically, in addressing oneself to a very small group unless, like the Mystical group, its membership be renewed from age to age.

Any one of Mr. Sitwell's hard little "New Poems for Hortus Conclusus" is charming by itself. An echo from John Lyly, from *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, from Marvell, from Donne, from Herrick, we recognize with satisfaction both at our own reading and the author's. Yet when we consider a series of such pieces, we seek something further, that something being Mr. Sitwell's own mode of expression. And we find a meticulous eccentricity of phrasing. The poet's virtuosity, as so often happens, has made him the victim rather than the master of his instrument. His indefatigable cadenzas on the harmonics of the language are keyed so high that he cannot rise to a climax. The fourth strophe of "Doctor Donne and Gargantua" (Canto the Third) is typical:

The spoils of Africa,
Sand from green rivers sieved and fired for gold
Must load his horns of plenty;
It will lie like honey but far heavier,
For sand, bitter sand, and never honey fills the hour-glass
Dropping in rhythm to the hours of honeyed light,
That are matched in their cells of sun with this falling sad grain of sea;
Skins striped with sunfire,
And monkeys, comic mirrors of our own bald shapes,
Are borne at the chariot wheel
With black prisoners, dead coals of hate.

Any one of these brilliant images would have illuminated a long passage devoted—as all poetry must be devoted—to the expression of an idea or emotion; the succession of images leads us to believe that the poet either has nothing to express, or that he considers his idea of secondary importance. The felicities are strained. Our sensory imagination is overcrowded; neither our mind nor our heart is approached.

Our estimate of this poet would be very different were we given but one lyric from the "Hortus Conclusus," a song from "The Cyder Feast," or, better yet, a single stanza such as

> Your bow-like body bent with toil
> Let rest, and your fine limbs uncoil,
> While apple-branches, soft as sighs,
> Wall in the world before your eyes.

If we read much of his work we cannot fall into the deception which poetry must practise upon its readers; we are unable to effect that "suspension of disbelief" necessary to its enjoyment. Mr. Sitwell himself will not permit us! He is too self-conscious and, as always in the presence of such a person, we become self-conscious ourselves. His conspiring adjectives clatter and jest in the shadows; his images flash off and on with the mechanical regularity of indifferent stagecraft. And when his adjectives and his images fail him, he is denuded.

Better poets than Mr. Sitwell show traces of extravagant phrasing—Mr. Humbert Wolfe, for example. Yet the fault has been progressively less in Mr. Wolfe's work, and in his latest volume is hardly noticeable. He is too much the humanist, too keen a technician, to fall into the lovely snare in which our language delights to entrap those who think more of her than of the thoughts which alone can stimulate her full powers.

"Requiem" is a series of lyrics and sonnets devoted to the great types of humanity, considered as the Losers and the Winners. Idealized portraits they must necessarily be, symbols rather than actualities, yet only a critic wholly bound to the modern method would deplore the romantic intensity of the work as long as it is successful. The best poems treat of the Common Man, the Common Woman, the Soldier, the Nun, the Anarchist, and the Respectable Woman. The second section of the book is not so successful, for Mr. Wolfe, like most writers, seems better equipped to deal with the losers than with the winners. An interesting study could be made of this phenomenon: the superiority of *Paradise Lost* over *Paradise Regained*, of the *Inferno* over the *Paradiso*, of *Jude the Obscure* over *The Hand of Ethelberta*, of (no comparison implied) *Losers* over *Winners*.

Since Mr. Wolfe is not an original or profound thinker, his success depends on the elements which put a check to his emotion: his figures, his irony, his

technique. The irony of "The Respectable Woman" commands our attention and focuses it in two memorable stanzas, the seventh and the last:

> But death comes suddenly with a great wind,
> stripping the spirit naked to the light,
> and I must suffer not less than those who sinned
> the exposure that I gave my life to fight,
> and yet I know
> I did not err though God Himself should tell me so.

The first lyric of "The Nun" (one of the finest of the lyrics) records in cool imagery an emotion which would have been lost had the device been amplified. But whenever art fails him, the poet indulges in verbiage, or, as in "The Harlot," unwarrantable sentimentalism. The strict measure of the sonnet, therefore, has inspired some of his best work. There are two frankly bad sonnets in the book, "I do not ask God's purpose" in "The Soldier"—a painfully sentimental thing—and "Where in the mountains in their shining ranks." Of the others, all are interesting and some five or six excellent. "The Nun," II, has a grave beauty comparable to Santayana's best.

His technique fails when it becomes conscious; when the so shadowy line between art and artifice is crossed. We are pleased with the imperfect rhymes in "A Thrush in the Trenches," but many of the experiments in rhyming would have astonished even Browning. A "South full of love" necessitated by a "mouthful of words" does as much violence to the reader's ear as to the poet's theme. Nor is verbiage lacking in "Requiem"—the too, too clever word. I doubt if the author of this book or even the Author of all things could elucidate

> the shade of things mortal, a
> butterfly's trace on
> God's inconceivable
> diapason.

Certainly no dictionary will have any suggestion to offer. Inconceivable, unquestionable, unimaginable—these are some of Mr. Wolfe's "fillers." No one should know better than he that the poet's function is to conceive, question, and imagine. That he has done all these things, that he is indeed a poet, will not deter criticism from pointing out his shortcomings.

Mr. Wolfe, then, is the descendant of the Romantic Movement.

Miss Sackville-West goes back to a yet older tradition, "the cycle of my country's year." "The Land" is written with a knowledge Tusser would have admired, and an enthusiasm Drayton would have shared. This is a fine poem of patriotism, the patriotism for acres, not for leagues; for soil, not for any foolish "far-flung" abstraction. In this long work there are "flats between elevations," yet the whole is welded together by an intensity of feeling. And here we may say farewell to the horrid contemporary trait of self-consciousness, for the poet has abandoned self-hood in the contemplation of the beloved.

There has always been strife between "pastoral" and "realistic" writers, most of whom have lived in cities and known nothing at first hand about the subject of discussion. Men of the soil know, as men of the quill do not, that there is no reason for such strife; the soil is indeed stubborn of harvest; like every province of life it has obstacles which wear the soul away; yet it is nearer to us than any element but the sea, kin to our growth and decay, companion of our summer dream of immortality. "The Land" truly has

the country in its phrases; it bends poetry to a rustic problem, and in turn takes from the harvest the measure of its songs. The technique is neither flashy nor dull; the broken blank verse and the modulated rhymed verse are sufficient vehicle for all needs except for the lyric moods which appropriately take wing between the furrows of the longer verses. Having parted from self-consciousness we may, with almost equal relief, take leave of images. This poem has descriptive passages of great beauty, but they are part of the work itself, not an ornament merely.

So it is that my average mind, somewhat reluctantly attuned to the thrills of our age, has explored three volumes of contemporary poetry, been jaded by that which should fatigue it least, and stimulated by the least fashionable of the three.

ROBERT HILLYER.

# UNPROFESSIONAL PHILOSOPHY

THE THEORY OF POLARITY. By Geoffrey Sainsbury. (Putnam's.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a genuinely original book—the product of an acute and a responsible mind; and it is the more welcome in that it belongs to a genre rare in England —unprofessional philosophy. Germany is rich in unprofessional philosophers: Goethe, Nietzsche, Weininger, Vaihinger, Spengler, and even Keyserling come to mind at once. Russia has its Solovyov and its Shestov; France, de Gaultier, Valéry, Baruzi, "Alain." In England one can think only of Samuel Butler, perhaps Havelock Ellis; we can hardly claim Santayana for ourselves. We need men like Mr. Sainsbury badly, if we are to find that firm middle ground between academism and esoterics where active and actual thought must now inhabit.

Mr. Sainsbury's thinking is actual: that is to say, he is neither afraid of, nor deceived by, metaphor. The "theory of polarity" might be described as the working out of a pregnant metaphor, which is the only way of making the dynamic of all experience amenable to thought. Other, and more traditional, methods ignore the dynamic and leave themselves with insoluble problems, and intolerable dichotomies; and us with the onus of restoring the banished element by interpreting their systems as history.

With most of the unprofessional philosophers who have been mentioned Mr. Sainsbury has affinities; inevitably, because unprofessional philosophy arises precisely from the determination to think about real problems—questions that directly affect one's living. This is what makes them unprofessional. And every significant philosophy was originally unprofessional, because its significance lay in the philosopher's attempt to put order into his actual beliefs. From this point of view, orthodox religion caused philosophical professionalism, by separating out from experience most of the dynamic elements and assigning them to the mysteries of faith. The desiccated residue was, and still very largely is, philosophy.

But for Mr. Sainsbury, as for any genuine philosopher, philosophy must be the science of life, of that which includes all so-called philosophy as a single, and not particularly valuable, element of experience. We have no space

to do more than thus indicate his position, and give one quotation to show his quality.

> Modern science and philosophy seem to be in the throes of a double process, the development of rational certainty and the concurrent advancement of anthropomorphic doubt. The more man's experiments teach him to believe in his environment, the less inclined he seems to be to believe in himself. It is not easy to predict what the result of this conflict will be. If the disruption of emotional faith proceeds quickly enough, it is conceivable that the whole structure of science will soon be reduced to chaos. For rationalism can never really "create" a foundation. And the exploitation of rational powers depends on whether sufficient axiomatic faith can be retained to afford a basis. If the last foundations are eroded while the superstructure is still far from completion then the more ideal values proper to late civilization will probably never be known. If, however, science develops quickly enough, the axioms may yet be saved. For these same axioms, which to-day have no support other than our feelings, may come to be regarded as *indisputable biological facts*—facts which are experimentally demonstrable. The man who would decline to make a postulate on the grounds that he "believed" it, may yet be persuaded to make it if the biologist is there to assure him that such an assumption is inevitably present in an organic mind. Then no doubt he will "inevitably" believe it, only too pleased at being spared the choice.

There is something to meditate upon. "If science develops quickly enough": perhaps the crux is indeed really there. Mr. Sainsbury has done his part to speed the process.

## KATHERINE MANSFIELD

THE JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Constable. 6s. net.

When I heard that Katherine Mansfield's journal was to be published I felt I ought not to read it. She might not like it. (I do not know a single authentic ghost; but carefully refrain from presuming on my ignorance). Then I learned that the book was out, and determined to avoid it in case I should want to look at it. A morning later, when I was thinking that the light on the hill was early and innocent, as though it had come soon because it wanted to see a hill and now meant to explore every patch of bracken because it liked this hill, K.M.'s journal arrived for review. I had to take it in my hand. Naturally, I looked up to the hill for help, but the morning made no sign. It was the sort of still and luminous morning that was in accord with one of her own preludes. It left me with the book in my hand.

A reviewer can speak but for himself; and a book has arrived for me which I prefer to Butler's "Note-Books." That is saying very much, yet I am well aware of it. I shall always feel more at home when reading K.M.'s notes and reflections—her book is more that than a journal, though the jottings are dated, and so we get an unfolding—than when reading Butler's She was a finer soul than Butler, less convinced of the value of her contribution, with no belief that she was generously adding to the wisdom of the world; with no worldly wisdom at all, in fact. Only a fair number of the less important worldly things which clearly she did not know, and did not even guess were to be known, and over which she would have shown no more than a polite curiosity if they had been demonstrated by a persuasive superior person, would ensure success for an investor or a journalist with what is called the "news instinct." They did not matter to her. They did not belong to her world. Much that interested Butler, and made

[illegible], had been left far behind in vacuity in her swift sub-lunar [illegible]; they concerned a stage of life through which she had soon passed. And perhaps they really do not matter, when you have got past them. That is the persuasion, dangerous if he cares to attend, which her private reflections induce in a reader. He gains more than a suspicion that she has learned what he is not in the mind to receive; and her knowledge, or divination—a name for it is not easily found—at least makes the shrewdness of the worldly wise appear no better than the defence of timorous and uncertain souls who are still afraid of life. K.M. had seen her destiny and had made her humble acceptance. She could face with calmness what so often fills us with helpless indignation; the inherent injustice of the world. She could sit down and make a thing of beauty out of what would have made us angry and afraid.

It is some time since I went off Butler, though his notes only recently afforded me amusement and added to my information. K.M.'s journal suggests a reason for the alienation—though that helpful consequence of her jottings would surely have surprised her. While reading her journal I was sometimes reminded of another reading experience, without being able to name it. Presently she gave me a clue. Butler! One could not help chuckling over that girl's admiring reference to the great man. It was amusing because, at last, one had come to the reason for an old dubiety over Butler. He was cruel; so are the rest of us. Yet too often Butler was deliberately and craftily cruel in play. He was glad to get an unfair advantage; and made a use of it which he thoroughly relished, working it all out. There was a refined edge to his cruelty because he had been unfairly treated. He was not above revenge. And to show what there is to be known but which he never knew was there to be known—though in truth he made some clever notes about those very realities, as *subjects*—let us remember that once, so he confessed, he gave, to the lady who had been very nice to him, a sewing-machine. (And it was worth it, Mr. Butler).

Now, I am cruel when I relate that little story; but K.M., in her last phase, would have been only faintly amused by it. For she was not cruel. She had rapidly passed through all the darkening dross of the mind, and had become a clear soul, taking reflections of light from directions which to us are still dark. How do we know any light is there? I know of no other evidence for the existence of what is beyond us except in the rare pages of such a book as this. So no apology for the publication of these intimate notes is necessary; they increase our light.

I have sometimes wondered how Katherine Mansfield got her effects. Consider her story "The Fly." How did she manage, in a few paragraphs, to reveal so much that was hidden in the war? That story has the effect of The Parables, and for the same reason. Before you know what has happened, a few words, apparently at random, have gone through the darkness of the mind. You were not aware of any opacity there, but you are suddenly surprised by a clear understanding of a reality which had not existed till then, or at most had been of little consequence. It is now there, and it has become highly significant. The reality is not only shown starkly—that might have been done by a lengthy argument or a willing intelligence; but now there is no more to be said about it. It and its nature are beyond argument and cannot be in dispute. Something is settled, for those who have ears to hear.

This journal has some indirect suggestions of the way by which she got her effects, as a writer; though if any student of the art of writing short stories desires to learn K.M.'s method then they had better know at once that there is no method. A writer is a servant, it appears, who just faces a formidable task without hope of reward; with the conviction that one is not worthy of reward. Such a destiny is presently accepted because its relative unimportance is understood. Destiny does not matter; but the way you see it does matter. K.M. early learns that she is under sentence. She is not sure that the sentence is irrevocable, but hopes, now and then, that it may not be so. There came a time when she knew that, whatever dismay, desperation, and horror she might feel, and however brief the period set for the performance of the task which she saw was ordained for her, no appeal would be heard. It does not seem fair to treat willing servants so. She submits; she even concludes that "All is well." So it is certain that the ordinary technique of literary criticism won't do here; there is the body of K.M.'s work to prove it, should one prove puzzled and restless by her journal. And naturally one is puzzled by a devotion so exclusive to the art of writing, as though it were somehow concerned with the mystery of the purpose of life. Towards the end she says: "Truth is the only thing worth having."

What truth? *Well, not The Truth, as we call it, which is but an* abstraction, and so need not bother us any more than the Zodiac. "Honesty is the only thing one seems to prize beyond life, love, death, everything. It alone remaineth . . . At the end truth is the only thing *worth having*: it's more thrilling than love, more joyful and passionate. It simply cannot fail. All else fails."

A purely personal matter; she was not going to deceive herself. No saint ever more ruthlessly handled his body, to let it know its place, than K.M. did her mind. She might have been a woman whose body was already dead, and was calmly using, to aid our understanding of the life through which she had passed, her clear spirit, which had not yet departed.

Yet it is true to say that this journal is a celebration of life. She makes fun of herself:

> "Oh, *the times when she had walked upside down on the ceiling, run up* glittering panes, floated on a lake of light, flashed through a shining beam!
>
> "And God looked upon the fly fallen into the jug of milk and saw that it was good. And the smallest Cherubim and Seraphim of all, who delight in misfortune, struck their silver harps and shrilled:
>
> "How is the fly fallen, fallen!"

Religion for her was the practice of her art. It was her testimony. It had to be genuine. One would not call that a method for writing with excellence. It is certain, all the same, that it had something to do with K.M.'s style—that is, with the permanence of her contribution. Then without righteousness, no style, no value? The way she indicates is not easy. One may not take things; instead, one must give them up. You don't get style through faith, but you don't get it without. Nor is this submission a sad surrender of life. Life seems to begin then. Take any page of this journal and see that, whenever she makes a note of the look of the earth, it is with vivacious fun; it is a delightful earth she sees, for like a lover she notes the little things which other people always miss.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

# THE NEW ADELPHI

VOL. I. No. 2. DECEMBER, 1927


## NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE "HERESY" OF DR. BARNES.—It is not easy to disentangle the real issue in the confused controversy which has followed the sham mediæval denunciation of Dr. Barnes for heresy during a service in St. Paul's Cathedral. But one thing is immediately obvious: accusations of "heresy" are preposterous in the Church of England to-day. Heresy can exist only where there is orthodoxy, and no one, not even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, knows what is Anglican orthodoxy. If adherence to the 39 Articles in their "literal and grammatical sense" were rigorously required of all Anglican priests, nobody would be left in the Church at all. Every party in the Church has some one or other of the Articles which it cannot stomach. The only principle of Anglicanism that is still accepted by all parties is not directly theological at all: it is that the King is the spiritual head of the Church. In other words, the ultimate appeal lies to a Parliament of which we imagine more than half the members do not belong, even nominally, to the Church of England.

Dr. Barnes has declared that the traditional sacramental doctrine of the Church of England denies that a change of any sort or kind, physical, substantial, or spiritual, occurs to the Bread and Wine in Holy Communion. What he should have said, we think, was something simpler: namely, that such a denial is completely consonant with the 39 Articles, the Catechism and the Communion rubrics. His sacramental doctrine is perfectly legitimate; some other sacramental doctrines are also legitimate: and it would be harder for Dr. Barnes to prove that the extremest Anglo-Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence is unlawful, than it would be for an Anglo-Catholic to prove that Dr. Barnes's doctrines on other points of theology (original sin, for example) are non-Christian.

There is, in short, a characteristic confusion. There are no standards by which Dr. Barnes's doctrines can be judged. And even though all are agreed that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is illegal—we cannot say heretical—in the Church of England, the doctrine itself is so subtle that it would be quite beyond the powers of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to decide whether it was being inculcated or not by any particular practice or formula. Nor, on the other side,

can any finality be reached by Dr. Barnes's attempt positively to defin Anglican sacramental doctrine. Apart from the difficulties inheren in the attempt, it is scarcely one to be made by a Bishop who migh reasonably be charged with being shaky on the Apostles' Creed. A that Dr. Barnes can reasonably hope to establish by his actions is tha his theological views are permissible in an Anglican bishop. That i of course, very much worth while to establish; but it is unfortunat that Dr. Barnes should have embarrassed even his friends by the ton of his language. He seems doomed by his own temperament to le drop, in utterances of which he says he has weighed every word wit anxiety, such expressions as "a *string* of scholars and saints." The are bound to offend, and the offence is unnecessary.

But since Dr. Barnes has taken his ground in this way we hope h will stand to it. By the very fact that he is an insecure and uncongenia theologian, he is become the embodiment of a principle. He stands fc Protestantism.

THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM.—Now the question is: What Protestantism?

It sometimes appears to us that the greatest disaster which ha overtaken Europe in the last thousand years was the Reformation an its complement, the Counter-Reformation. Then the Church ha before it, and was ready to take, the road of humanism; it might easil have become truly reasonable, as Erasmus would have had it, that to say sceptical towards its own dogmas as objective truths, yet consciou of their value as poetic statements of the moral nature of man. Instea of this, fanaticism was countered with fanaticism. Protestantisı parted company immediately with humanism, and became fantasticall dogmatic; and the Church, in self-defence, hardened, and itself, mor reluctantly, turned its back on humanism. A great opportunity w lost. We must console ourselves with the thought that humanit was not ripe for it.

But dogmatic Protestantism, though only Melancthon among tl Reformers was really aware of it, is a contradiction in terms. " would be easy to write in a satirical vein," says Mr. Santayana in *T. Life of Reason*, "the history of Protestant dogma. Its history w foreseen from the beginning by intelligent observers. It consiste in a gradual and inevitable descent into a pious scepticism. The attem to cling to various intermediate positions on the inclined plane th slopes down from ancient revelation to private experience can succee only for a time and where local influences limit speculative freedon You must slide smilingly down to the bottom, or, in horror at th eventuality, creep up again and reach out pathetically for a resting-plac on top. To insist upon this rather obvious situation, as exhibited fc instance in the Anglican Church, would be to thrash straw and to stuc in Protestantism only its feeble and accidental side." This is tru

and admirably expressed; and for this reason the Dr. Barnes controversy is, essentially, parochial and anachronistic. Only the pale ghost of a real principle is involved—the kind of thing that could be left to be fought out between those ghostly corporations—the English Church Union and the Evangelical Alliance.

But the controversy has, at the same time, a symbolical significance in a country where the Church is Established. It is neither possible nor right to ignore it. Theologically, Dr. Barnes's position is impossible and absurd: he is engaged, as Protestantism has been always engaged, in trying to square a mythological presentment of human life with scientific fact, which is like trying to make a salad of square roots. Like a great many other Protestants, he has shown himself blind to the beauty of the mythology he is endeavouring to rationalize. (If he were not, he would not try to rationalize it.) He is too serious, too earnest, insufficiently detached: he quarrels with a mythology because it is not fact.

Now the end of Protestantism is, as Mr. Santayana says, "to slide smilingly down to the bottom," though it is, perhaps, easier for Mr. Santayana than for others to smile during the descent. And the end is, relatively to the Christian religion, to see that each and all of its dogmas are mythology—a beautiful and in some senses a morally efficacious mythology, because it has an immense amount of psychological truth embedded in it. But though we may admire, and at moments even envy, this mythology, it is no good hoping or trying to rescue any part of it. Our business is to explore, and make friends with, the country at the bottom of the slippery slope. We are there, whether we like it or not: and a little honest familiarity will convince us that it is not so bad.

The Fallacy of Pantheism.—Nevertheless, it is hard at first to strip oneself entirely of the old habits of thought. It is easy, for example, to be tempted to declare that there is still a God, simply because we find ourselves stronger for the loss of our illusions: that result seems evidently a part of a divine economy, and we are tempted to call all our evil good. Whereby we easily fall into Pantheism, which, as Mr. Santayana says, is the last stage of a religion become critical of its own metaphors, but not yet fully aware that they are metaphors. For what is good—in man's progress—is not the evil he has suffered during it, but the will he finds in himself to accept it for what it is. The evil remains evil, but he has used it to create good. That such a transmutation is possible may seem, in the first flash of realization, an evidence of deity; it is in reality an evidence that we are leaving behind us the region where religion is possible. If we fail to realize that, we shall find ourselves giving the name of God to a metaphysical deity who is the indifferent ground of good and evil. Such a God is simply not a God.

Pantheism is a necessary stage in the evolution of religion—the last of the successive projections of the moral struggle of the individual into cosmic mythology which are religions. Pantheism is the last of our metaphors, and therefore the hardest of all to surrender; but to linger with it long invites the temptation, as it makes easy the understanding, of Orthodoxy. For when Pantheism ceases, as it must, to be the poetic statement of immediate experience and is made to justify itself at the bar of reason, it is seen to invalidate the moral will which alone brings men to the point of experiencing it. (The purely conceptual Pantheism that appears in Absolute idealism and some modern physical theories is without moral cogency or religious relevance.) Certainly, no true Pantheist ever believed that his moral will was thus invalidated: nor was it. On the contrary, it received an immense accession of strength. But if that accession of strength is not to be dissipated (as it was notoriously in the case of romantic Pantheists like Wordsworth and Coleridge) the profession of a religion in which one does not in fact believe must be eventually eschewed: we must face up to the fact that the universe does not really endorse our individual integrations. That we should have felt that it did is good: evidence that there was indeed a happening—a true liberation. But the birth of a soul is not the birth of a God.

We seem to have travelled far from Dr. Barnes; but indeed we have only been tracing summarily what seems to us is the inevitable evolution of Protestantism. Once the religion of experience is pitted against the religion of authority, the question must inevitably arise: What *is* the experience? And every assertion that the experience is of God will be found to beg the question. That the experience is real, is important, is capable of mythological presentation—all this may easily be granted: but the assertion still hangs in empty air. And if on the other hand Protestantism seeks help in science, and seeks surreptitiously to replace God by the pan-psychic substrate which may or may not underlie reality, its God can arouse no reverence and warrant no ideal. The strength of Protestantism lies in its "experience" alone: that is, in its mysticism and its individualism, in its stubborn determination that its eyes shall see its salvation. Those eager eyes have been, and will be yet, deceived by many a mirage; but the moral effort involved in the question is not a waste but a gain. The salvation will have come, not from God, but from resolute, enlightened, harmonious and spiritual man.

Art as Sacrament.—Constable, the painter, once said to a lady who, looking at an engraving of a house, called the house "ugly thing": "No, madam, there is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life: for let the form of an object be what it may—light, shade and perspective will always make it beautiful." It is the same thought and conviction as that of Keats: "I have loved the principle—of beauty

in all things," and of Flaubert: "You have only to look at a thing long enough to find it interesting." Baudelaire took it only a little further when he said: "There are certain almost supernatural states of mind in which the profound meaning of all life is revealed in the spectacle before one's eyes, however commonplace."

Strange or not strange at all, that these four men, roughly contemporaries, the two purest artists of England and France respectively in their time, should have reached this conviction in complete independence of one another. Mr. T. S. Eliot has lately quoted against me an apposite observation of the late Jacques Rivière:

> In the seventeenth century, if it had occurred to anyone to ask Molière or Racine why they wrote, they would surely have only been able to reply by saying: "To amuse the better sort." It was only with Romanticism that the literary act began to be conceived as a sort of approach towards the absolute, and its result as a revelation; at that moment literature gathered the inheritance of religion, and organized itself on the model of that which it replaced; the writer became the priest; the purpose of all his gestures was solely to induce the descent of the Real Presence into the consecrated Host.

The interesting and important point is that this statement of the Romantic artist's claim is legitimate, and the claim itself thus stated manifestly absurd, on one assumption only: namely, that the Roman doctrine of the Mass is true. Further, and still more important, no one has the right so to represent "the unexpressed philosophy" of Romantic art, unless he himself believes in the Roman doctrine. To use the values of Orthodoxy against others without being Orthodox oneself is dishonest. Rivière was not dishonest, neither is Mr. Eliot. I therefore conclude that Rivière in making the statement was, and Mr. Eliot in approving of it, is, Orthodox. It is now almost two years since I pointed out that Mr. Eliot must change either his criticism or his creed.

Yet Rivière was right in this. The artist, the true, the pure artist, is a priest—but not of the old religion. What is more, he, with more certainty than a consecrated bishop, can trace his succession from Christ. Flaubert's unemphatic word reaches back to "Consider the lilies of the field . . . " It is not the incantation of the Mass that the Romantic artist inherited from religion, but the simple verity that lies buried under its circumstance of miracle. "One has only to look long enough at a thing to find it interesting." How good it is! How perfect in its bare simplicity! How sufficient for those who understand its wisdom!

And this—mark well!—is not for the artist only, but for the man of science, too; and for every man who cares to understand. The priest of the future is simply he who can reveal the interestingness of the things that are. "Il n'y a pas de surnaturel," said Renan; but that will seem obvious and sufficing only to those who have begun to glimpse the wonder of the natural.

Supernatural religion is the refuge of those who cannot rest in things

natural. It is not easy to find this rest; nor easy to abide in it. But once it has been tasted, all other rests are a weariness.

WHAT IS RELIGION?—The recent discussion in *The Monthly Criterion* has been interesting, but chiefly in a negative way. The real issue has not clearly emerged. That issue is not logical at all, but psychological. I deny that the old Catholic psychological synthesis, by which the soul possessed two faculties—Intelligence and Faith—can be revived without moral retrogression and spiritual disaster: my real opponents, Father Darcy and Mr. Eliot, assert that it can. Both are quiet about Faith; they keep it in the background. Ostensibly the battle is between intelligence and intuition; really the battle is between Supernaturalism and Naturalism, between Dualism and Monism, between Orthodoxy and Protestantism *à outrance*. I did not, of course, deny the actual existence of Faith. I simply asserted that it becomes less and less possible to an educated and an honest mind; that, in fact, Faith for the educated and honest mind which professes it, is more and more a name for the effort to achieve Faith, for the will to convince oneself of what one cannot believe.

This is the real issue between our critics and ourselves. It is not easy to expound: first, because people who are in some sense genuinely religious seem to have lost the habit of thinking things out. They live in a world of watertight compartments. And, secondly, because there are very real difficulties of terminology which those who are resolved to think things out will quickly encounter. For instance, the word Religion.

In her recent book, *Man and the Supernatural* (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net), Miss Evelyn Underhill quotes a sentence from von Hügel: "Religion has no subtler, yet also no deadlier, enemy in the region of the mind than any and all Monism." The assumption underlying that dictum is that Religion depends upon the separation of Creator and Creature. This assumption I deny. I admit that that which is generally understood by the name of Religion does depend upon such a separation; but assert that all that is *true* in Religion remains when such a separation is denied. Further, I maintain that it is the duty of intellectual integrity to deny such a separation, as unproven, undemonstrable, *given* in no experience. The question then arises whether this completely "disintoxicated" religion is or is not Religion. If we admit, as we are inclined to do, that it is not Religion in the accepted sense of the word, the many who care more for words than things, for victory than truth, will make capital out of the admission. "Ah," they will say, "*The New Adelphi* is irreligious: it has said so." It is fatally easy to score points by asking certain questions and demanding "Yes" or "No" for answer. There is no question of ultimate importance for human life that can be truly answered in this fashion. "Is there a God?" "Is there a life after death?" "Is Christianity

true?" To all these Rationalism says "No" and Faith says "Yes": but who will wait to listen to those who would explain that such questions cannot be answered in such a way?

THE DUTY OF INTELLIGENCE.—"Being on the side of the Intelligence," says Mr. Eliot, in the most illuminating phrase of the whole discussion, "means keeping philosophy, religion and poetry each in its proper place, or else doing away with one or another of them altogether." Mr. Eliot would do the former, I the latter. It should follow that we are both on the side of the Intelligence; and no doubt we are. But there is a difference. For it is not possible that Intelligence can freely choose between these two alternatives and yet remain, in either choice, wholly intelligent. If those three things are *really* separate, how can any one of them be abolished? If they are not really separate, but separated by Intelligence for its own legitimate purposes—as I maintain—then, of course, it is possible to do away with one or another of them simply by ceasing to regard them as separate. Then it will follow that there are two kinds of Intelligence, one which regards itself as absolute, the other conscious of its own instrumentality. In other words, Mr. Eliot believes that it is the whole duty of intelligence to separate things and keep them in their proper places; while I, admitting that this is the duty of Intelligence, maintain that it has a more important duty still—to keep itself in its proper place. This is the duty of Intelligence which some sensitive minds neglect too long, until the maltreated soul, of which Intelligence that should have been the servant has become the lord, takes its revenge. From tyrannized it changes to tyrant, and Intelligence, which shrank from keeping itself in its proper place, is at last kept in place—but not its proper one—by a cruder master—Faith.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS AND RELIGION.—To precisely this point Mr. Wyndham Lewis addresses himself in some of the best pages of his brilliant book *Time and the Western Man* (Chatto & Windus: 21s. net). Not least because we are fundamentally opposed to Mr. Lewis, we find his book very valuable. He is a champion of the Intelligence who does not keep Faith up his sleeve; and for that (among other things) we are grateful to him. He realizes the position clearly. No statement could be more timely than this.

> The dispute between the Thomist and the average Idealist or Absolutist is not at all a dispute between, on the one hand, a "religious" man, and, upon the other, an "irreligious" man. In a sense it is quite the opposite. As things stand to-day, it is not a paradox to say that the Catholic is much the less "religious" of the two. Indeed, it would not be at all a paradox to say that the Catholic position (making abstraction of . . . extremist and mystical converts . . .) is that of the *irreligious* or *non-religious* mind in contrast to the God-hungry mysticism of the James type.

On this very clear understanding Mr. Lewis makes an *ad hoc* alliance with Thomism. He declares himself anti-religious. "Religion," he

says, "is primitivism." "The recrudescence of superstitious emotion (envisaged as 'religious experience') . . . is part of the great pseudo-revolutionary movement back to the primitive world." Our criticism of this is that Mr. Lewis fails (like William James) to make a most necessary distinction.

To call the mysticism of Plato and Plotinus, of Goethe and Coleridge, of Keats and Shelley, "superstitious emotion" is extravagant. There is a distinction, which is well-nigh absolute, between such mysticism, subjected by the individual to intellectual criticism, and superstitious emotion. Indeed, what distinguishes such mysticism from religion generally is that all superstition is refined out of it. Mr. Lewis may not like it, certainly he does not understand it; but he cannot abolish it by identifying it with what it is not. And if he still insists that mysticism and superstitious emotion are the same he will be guilty of what in his eyes is the cardinal sin—the nullification of consciousness. The mystics whom I have mentioned were at least as conscious as Mr. Lewis himself, and their judgment on the value of their own experience is as valuable as his—more valuable, indeed, since by his own admission he is talking of an experience of which he knows nothing, while they were trying to render an account of what had actually happened to them. We are not surprised that at the critical point Mr. Lewis becomes inconsistent, when—in a rare moment—he forsakes his negative position.

> Without going at all in the direction of the pantheist, or believing in an immanent deity in Time, it is possible still to leave God to His necessary solitude, and yet to believe in a first-hand experience of the divine in human life, or so, at least, it seems to us.

At this—from Mr. Lewis!—we prick up our ears, and read on with eagerness. Here is what follows:

> As an epigraph to this book, I have used a passage from the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle. In it he says that if all we had to make up our idea of God with was what we possess in our own experience (what we could take from the highest reaches of our own contemplative states), then that God would "be worthy of our admiration." What we are suggesting here is that that is exactly all that we have, indeed, with which to construct our God; and that, further than that, it is completely adequate. To at once be perfectly concrete, we can assert that a God that swam in such an atmosphere as is produced by the music of a Bach fugue, or the stormy grandeur of the genii in the Sistine Ceiling . . . —anyone may for himself accumulate such comparisons from the greatest forms of art—such a God would be the highest we could imagine; that God would be so perfect in power and beauty that, however much people may assert that they find it possible to experience a greater God (to whom all human experience would be relatively imperfect) or analogically to posit one, we are entirely justified in not believing them.

At this critical point, we grieve to say, Mr. Lewis becomes a sentimentalist, in the useful sense assigned by himself to the word in *The Enemy No. 2*: he is not thinking things *out*. For what relevance would this constructed God possess to the fundamental religious problem —the problem of evil? If Mr. Lewis simply wants an ideal for contemplation, why call it God? And why go so very much further than this

and declare that through these supreme æsthetic experiences we have "a first-hand experience of the divine"? Such a statement is absolutely irreconcilable with the whole of Mr. Lewis's position: it is the same sentimental "religion" of values to which, in other contexts, Mr. Lewis himself would be the first to object. If it were accompanied by a rigorous analysis of the æsthetic experience, it might be acceptable: but then only because the æsthetic experience falls outside the "intellectualist" categories which Mr. Lewis employs in his destructive criticism.

In other words, it is high time that Mr. Lewis produced his philosophy of art. He may have forgotten, but we have not, that the reason he gave for occupying himself with an analysis of "the modern mind" was that he was primarily an artist who, finding the contemporary climate of opinion—the phrase is Nietzsche's, not Whitehead's—completely inimical to art, must reluctantly turn aside from creation and clear the air. He seems to have found the occupation so congenial that he has forgotten the end in the means. We may be mistaken—if we are, we shall hasten to acknowledge it—but at present we think that Mr. Lewis has cleared the air of more things than he meant to—chief among them the validity of art itself. The figure that rises before us is that of a man who fumigates a room so thoroughly that he ends by suffocating himself. In the meantime we note Mr. Lewis's parting assurance. "To specify further or even to outline the particular beliefs that are explicit (*sic*: but it should surely be "implicit") in my criticism would require another book. That I propose soon to publish." It is a book we shall await with eagerness, for so far the only indications of Mr. Lewis's positive attitude are such as seem to us to make his negative criticism untenable.

Mysticism and Contemplation.—M. Jules de Gaultier, in the essay which appears in this number, raises questions of extreme importance for a true understanding of Religion. This note treats, from a slightly different angle, of the relation between the mystical and the æsthetic experience, to which, for certain important reasons, we give the name of the contemplative experience.

What the mystical experience has to tell us is not, as is generally averred, the reality of God. That proposition is only an *interpretation* of the mystical experience, an interpretation which, it is true, is often given by the mystics themselves, because many of them were religious before they were mystics. But a non-religious mystic—and these are really just as frequent as the religious kind—will use quite different terms. A philosophic mystic like Plato or Plotinus, a poetic mystic, like Keats or Shelley, even a heretical mystic like Meister Eckhart, will describe the content of the mystical experience in terms quite irreconcilable with Orthodox Christianity or even with Theism. The essential content of the mystical experience can only be ascertained

by a diligent comparison of these various evidences. To say, as Miss Evelyn Underhill has lately done, that Orthodoxy alone is entitled to give an authoritative interpretation of the mystical experience, is to beg the question.

Now there is, and can be, no intellectual content to the mystical experience. Such content is given only in the relation of a subject to an object. What distinguishes the mystical experience is that this relation does not exist; it is "transcended." Generally, therefore, we may say that the mystical experience tells us simply that there is a condition of experience attainable by the human consciousness in which the subject-object relation no longer exists. But this is not enough: it might include narcotic states and sexual ecstasies, which the awakened intellectual consciousness recognizes as insignificant or otherwise significant. The mystical experience, on the contrary, is recognized as possessing an extreme and ultimate significance, as an immediate and unchallengeable answer to the metaphysical riddle, and this by men of the highest order of intellectual attainment. It profoundly changes the lives of some of the noblest human beings. That is to say, for any observer not blinded by rationalism, there are two main characteristics of the mystical experience: (1) an overcoming of the limitations of the subject-object relation, and (2) an immediately apprehended ultimate significance in this overcoming.

Whether that justifies us in holding that the mystical experience gives metaphysical truth may, of course, be doubted, but only—and this is the point—by a really radical scepticism. We might say, for instance, that the mystical experience is a kind of psychological "compensation" supervening on a period of intense intellectual and moral stress, against which the sorely tried organism reasserts itself in a sublime euphoria. (This conception is implicit in Tchehov's story of "The Black Monk.") But in reality, this euphoria becomes in some degree or other permanent; a new richness of perception is added to the faculties. And in any case, if we are to indulge in this complete psychological relativism, man's intellectual capacities are equally suspect. A thorough-going relativism brings us back to the starting point. A world without values is too empty even to be a nightmare. If we try to "devaluate" human life by a radical scepticism, we get ourselves into the intolerable position of holding a philosophy which our every moral choice denies. Unless we are to hold that metaphysical truth is a contradiction in terms, we must accept, under the safeguards of the most rigorous criticism that intellectualism can apply, the notion that the mystical experience is of ultimate significance.

To be distinguished from the mystical experience is something often confused with it, which M. de Gaultier calls the "æsthetic" and we the "contemplative" experience. Let us take, for instance, the classical Christian example. A prolonged meditation upon the life and death of Jesus will eventually induce in a sensitive mind—and no other will

be capable of it—a condition first of pain, then of wonder, then of understanding, then of peace. This experience cannot be translated into words, but it carries with it an immediate sense of "the beauty in all things," or to use a familiar phrase, that "all is not in vain." But what is important to understand is that this experience is not peculiar to a contemplation of the life and death of Jesus (though that for obvious reasons may be the nearest and quickest means to it), and far less to a contemplation of that life and death on certain initial assumptions, as Orthodoxy would assert: it is to be had no less from all great tragedy. But neither is it peculiar to the tragic contemplation. Any human life, if we *could* contemplate it, would yield the same effect: and not merely any human life, but any reality whatsoever. Art is the means by which this contemplation is generally attained. But obviously a true scientific contemplation would be equally efficacious. The Darwinian vision, for example, which, because it was genuine vision, led to contradictions and obscurities in formulation.

This contemplative experience appears to be the polar opposite of the mystical experience. Whereas the mystical experience essentially consists in the overcoming of the subject-object distinction, the contemplative experience essentially consists in carrying the subject-object distinction to perfection; it is the highest possible state of awareness of the object as object. This involves a diminution, even to the point of abeyance, of the perceiver's consciousness of himself as subject.

> As to the poetical character itself—I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member; that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian or egotistical sublime . . . it is not itself—it has no self. . . . It is everything and nothing. . . A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity—he is continually in for and filling some other body. (*Keats: Letter to Woodhouse, October* 27, 1818.)

If we regard the contemplative experience as the highest possible state of awareness of the object *per se*, it is indicated that we should regard the mystical experience in complementary fashion as the highest possible self-awareness of the subject. And that is, in fact, what mystical practice, when it is reduced to a practice, aims at achieving. The practice consists, as students of mysticism know, in eliminating the object from the content of consciousness. Conversely, the practice of the contemplative consists in eliminating the subject from the content of consciousness.

It would not be difficult to show, by an examination of the experience of the purer types of poetic or religious mystics how closely this polar logical relation corresponds to the actual psychological reality. So, for example, Shelley wrote:

> Those who are subject to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were dissolved into the surrounding universe, or as if the surrounding universe were absorbed into their being. They are conscious of no distinction. And these are states which precede, or accompany, or follow, an unusually intense and vivid apprehension of life.

There the intimate psychological connection between the mystical experience (Shelley's "reverie") and the contemplative (Shelley's "unusually vivid apprehension of life") is unequivocally asserted; and the statement could easily be supported from the experience of Keats or Eckhart or Plotinus. Psychologically considered, the conditions represent the systole and diastole of the intensest living; logically they are the poles between which all that is specifically "knowledge" resides. As distinct from the mediateness of knowledge, these experiences are immediate; "psychologically immediate and ontologically ultimate," to use Santayana's pregnant phrase. In themselves they are pure; they are not amenable to intellectual criticism. But their false interpretations are.

Orthodoxy and Responsibility.—Nothing more profound concerning Orthodoxy has been written than Dostoevsky's story of *The Grand Inquisitor*. It is *just*: for it contains at once the final criticism and the final praise of Orthodoxy. The criticism is that Orthodoxy saves men from the burden of responsibility; the praise is that men want (perhaps even need) to be saved from the burden. Orthodoxy is therefore beneficent: it is not a conspiracy against the human race, it is not even a conspiracy against human freedom, it is not a conspiracy at all. It is an expression of the desire of humanity to rid itself of the freedom which Jesus would have imposed upon it. The best way to make Jesus innocuous is to make him God.

Psychologically, Protestantism represents a determination that man should take a certain amount—if only a little—of responsibility for himself. He gives himself a certain freedom—if only a little—to decide for himself what his God shall be. He has reached the point where he will not allow his God to have Hell. He has not reached the point of discovering that, if God is without Hell, man is without sin. The worst of wanting a God who will comfort but not punish is that such a God is obviously not responsible for the universe that is. The condition of having a God we like is that we should like his universe. I have never met a man who *liked* the universe. It is easy to like a calm sea, not so easy to like a hurricane; it is easy to like living, not so easy to like dying; it is easy to like a beautiful woman, not so easy to like the cancer that strikes her down. We conclude therefore that men can have a God they like only at the cost of their own integrity. And that is the position into which Protestantism is allowing itself to slide, because it will not face its own implications: it is becoming a sort of Christian Science. The people who like that kind of thing naturally prefer it neat. Protestantism is therefore losing to Christian Science; and, on the other side, to Orthodoxy, which if it gives a hard God, gives also the means of getting round him.

The Editor.

# HARVEST

ON most evenings between April and September she had chosen this walk for her children, choosing it because from the top of the lane the colours of the surrounding land, from the time of fresh greens and yellows to the time of harvest, were soft and pleasant to her eyes.

This evening, as on all others, she rested her arms on the gate while regaining her breath after the journey. It was later than usual, though not yet dusk, and sultrily warm with the true oppressiveness of autumn. The air was so still she fancied now and then she could hear the rustle of her children's feet in the grass of the adjoining field. Even if they had never spoken, had never occasionally called to her, "Mother! Mother! here we are!" she would have been aware of their presence because of this sound, heavy and swishing, like the sea.

In the middle of the summer she had often played with the children in this field. It had not once seemed childish or beneath her dignity to lie in the grass and let them hide their faces in her skirts, then scream in her ears and half-suffocate her with hay. She had never been able to reproach them for these things, had never been able to look into any one of their young smiling faces and utter an angry word. She remembered this had been so from the very spring of the year, through the time of daisies, celandines, buttercups and hay, thyme and clover. She remembered looking forward with a naïve eagerness, as if she had been a child herself, to this time, each day, of irresponsible joys, of absurd laughter. Sometimes, on the journey back again, she remembered she had shut her eyes and simply followed the voices before her in her great joy.

They had not once failed to refresh her in spirit. Now, for some days, for a reason she dare not let intrude upon her too often, she had not played with them. Not understanding this the children had showered uneasy questions upon her.

"But why? Why won't you come? Mother! Mother!—come now!"

But each time, with heaviness of heart, she had refused them without ever giving her reason.

These refusals, the emptiness they made in her daily life, hurt her deeply. This evening, more than all others, she felt the lack of their companionship, their soft voices, their faces hiding in her skirts. They had come to gather mushrooms. They had talked excitedly about it since morning. To miss such a simple thing as this and to feel sad about it seemed absurd, she knew, yet she was disappointed and depressed by it, without being able to explain, even to understand why.

From the gate her eyes roamed over the field where the children

were. Their four little figures wandered tirelessly among the grass, searching diligently. Behind them, and on all sides, extended cornfields, sloping upon the single dark square of pasture like the sides of a golden frame, enclosing it securely there like a painting worth much to her.

On these slopes she could see figures too. Now and then reached her the sound of a reaper working very late—the low rumble of wagons up and down the hill. The sounds came through the air heavily, as if of another world. Sometimes, as with the dark, still trees above her, it seemed that the wagons and the reaper laboured under a great burden, too heavy for them, which made them groan.

About her it began to grow twilight. Across the field one of the children came running to her.

"The basket! Mother—please—quickly! We've found something!"

He ran off again, hugging it to his breast. It was too big for him.

"Don't be long—come back soon, remember—soon!" she called after him.

He did not answer. It seemed to her most likely he had not even heard her. It was foolish—but she had not the heart to call him again.

She slipped back into a mood of reflection when he had gone. Now, as the twilight took a stronger possession of the trees, of the distant slopes and of the sky, where there would soon be stars, she began to think more and more of the reason why now she never played with her children. She hugged herself for a long time silently, with closed eyes. This reason hurt her even to think about—it seemed cruel, unfair, imposing upon her so much.

For a moment she had a fleeting illusion that it did not exist. She opened her eyes and looked up. This illusion became suddenly replaced by a second: it seemed to her that there was another child in the field with the rest. She counted them feverishly: in her haste she counted five, then only four, then five again.

Suddenly it was immaterial to her whether there were four or five. The presence of this fifth one, a presence that had been for so long like a shadow, a burden, and a blessing by turns, was no longer part of an illusion. It was a presence grown so intimate as never to leave her. In a week or two she knew that the other children would be saying among themselves, with simple, incredulous delight: "We have a little baby!" She saw them being led into her bedroom to peer at it against her breast.

In a day or two she would no longer be able to bring the children up the lane in the evening. Before long she would be forced to move about quietly, to live through a horror of expectation, an oppression of fears, to deny herself, yet to appear calm and fearless, as if nothing were about to happen. She knew this perfectly, with an unclouded understanding. For her it was an experience to be dreaded not because

unprecedented, because unknown, but for the simple reason that it had happened to her before. She was aware so certainly what fears it brought, what remembrances, the exact kind of pain, even the sounds, the silences—every detail, even to the smell of the drugs in the room. Sometimes the thing more awful than all these, the inevitability of it all, made her cold with fear. It would be as if the night dew had fallen with unnatural heaviness on her alone, so that she felt cold in a world of sultry airs, of luxurious scents, of warm fruits and leaves. It became so that she was never deceived—that there were no illusions of miraculous escape from this new presence.

Dusk began to cover everything, like an oppressive and too luxuriant bloom. The trees weighed down heavily beneath it, the grasses shone dimly with wetness. From a great distance came the sound of the wagons rumbling uphill. The reaper ceased. Clouds with a dim amber light behind them had risen from beyond the hill, and in a little while the moon would be up.

Suddenly she recalled some words spoken to her long ago.

"My little one, I promise you—no burdens, no troubles—only happiness."

She remembered also the speaker's face with the same clearness. It seemed that if she had said in return, "I promise you, I will keep a perfect image of you." She could not have been more faithful. Now it seemed to her changed: in those days it had been not merely a face but the embodiment of all her tenderest, most feminine ideals. She remembered not only this, but that she had believed in his kindness, his trust, his magnanimity, and when she had even, in this rapturous faith, invented for him fresh and more wonderful virtues.

And this was so no longer: she thought of him now as her husband, a being from whom she no longer expected promises and assurances.

Dusk kept falling about her, the trees hung like dark curtains against the sky. The heart of the evening gave up its sounds: the cries of her children, the rumble of wagons, sometimes the stir of leaves and the late voice of a grasshopper.

She began to whisper to herself, "No burdens, no troubles."

She got no further. It seemed to her suddenly that both this thought and the promise which had given rise to it were futile and unnatural. Not all these wishes, she thought, could upset the inevitability of what was about to happen her. Dreamily, as if she had begun to wander in her mind, she thought of the orchards she had passed in the lane, the damson trees, the apples, the long ropes of pears, the plums she had seen in the grass.

The weight of these on the uncomplaining arms of the trees made her think slowly, "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter."

What was it that didn't matter, she asked herself. She did not know. She bent her head on the gate.

Suddenly, knowing how late it was, she aroused herself. The dusk

had grown heavier and heavier. An orange light pervaded the east minute by minute there were more stars.

She raised her voice and called her children. She thought that o no other night had she stayed so long.

" It's late !—quickly, quickly ! "

Their indistinct figures seemed to move with strained slowness acro the darkened field. She remembered suddenly the things she must d before bedtime : little George had torn his shirt, a button had come o Edith's chemise. She must see that each of the children washed them selves and ate something and went to bed.

Out of the gloom, with the luminous glow from the east spreadin through it, she saw them coming slowly. She called half frantically

" Quickly ! Quickly ! Where have you been ? "

The excitement caused a pain in her side. For a moment she hel herself quite still, watching the children advance just as before. Sh felt weak. Everything about her seemed heavy and still, a worl unexpectedly overburdened with its own luxuriance and fruitfulness.

Suddenly the children paused not far off. Something showed whit on the ground between them. It was the basket, she thought.

" It's too heavy ! " they called to her. " It's full—we can't carr it ! "

She hurried to them and lifted the basket with its burden of wil apples and blackberries and mushrooms. The children seized her skirt her free hand and the handle of the basket.

" You carry it, mother ! "

Their voices fell loudly into the world of autumnal softness an gloom, disturbing echoes that ran from the heavy trees to the corn fields afar off. " You carry it, Mother, you carry it ! you carry it ! "

H. E. Bates.

# ENGLISH AND THE WORD-WORLD

LEIGH HUNT, writing in 1844, could speak wistfully of the great early poets, such as Homer and Chaucer, "who flourished before the existence of a 'literary world,' and were not perplexed by a heap of notions and opinions, or by doubts how emotion ought to be expressed." Happy our race and its potential poets if those doubts are solved by 1944. At this writing, it is a question whether they should be expressed at all; for "that which the palmer worm (psychoanalysis) hath left hath the locust (behaviorism) eaten." One turns with relief from contemplation of the "libido" only to find the emotions described by a behaviorist, with more force than sympathy, as "gut-reactions." One recalls, to be sure, such expressions as "bowels of compassion," used in authorized biblical English, as if the language used by the forty-seven famous masters, provosts and deans, King James' translators, itself embodied sound behavioristic views. However that may be, one must credit to the American champion of the newest vandal psychology an inkling, however crude, of the truth about language: in a recent writing * Dr. Watson alludes to a *word-world* which makes the man who achieves it "to some extent the master of his own destiny, independent of the world of sights, sounds, smells and tastes." He pleads for a better education of every developing child, with a view to such mastery. The "unconscious" of the Freudians he re-christens the unverbalized, and pays high tribute (one is tempted to say unconscious tribute) to the worth of words.

It is possible that in re-education and re-consideration of words lies our hope of salvation in a too literary world. Homer, it cannot be gainsaid, could write with power and freshness because each word came to him with all the potency a word can possess. No adjective, for him, was faded. Phrases were still felicitous and epithets could be lovingly repeated with assurance that they carried to all hearers the evocative power of the dawn or the "wine-dark" deep. This power we have to recover by some new mode all our own. We have to do it despite all decrepitude that can overtake a language which, for Chaucer as well as Homer, was new-made. We who love letters, then, shall not let casual crudities of speech come between us and any new light we may gain on the dilemma in which the age finds us, any clear ray that may be brought to focus on the world of words.

But words do not mean to a behaviorist what they mean to those who have loved Homer, Chaucer, Coleridge and Keats. Our behaviorist desires at the outset to dislodge what he calls "an age-old belief that there is some peculiar essence in words as such." He asserts

---

* "The Myth of the Unconscious," in *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1927.

that "a word is just an explosive clutter of sounds made by expelli the breath over the tongue, teeth and lips whenever we get arou objects." If the use of this definition during adolescent educati will help toward mastery in the world of language we shall doubtle acquiesce in it. But with an equal zeal for real liberation we sh be more likely to recommend that young persons be permitted to he both Greek and English read aloud to them, and, so far as may wonderfully read. We shall then take a chance on those "age- beliefs." As for Latin, let them learn the *Dies Iræ* by heart and repe it sometimes to themselves. They will be proof against much bli and canker in the world of words.

Words do, as a matter of poetic experience, waken or evoke realiti far beyond ordinary linguistic identification. There is not, the never will be, a dictionary of poetic values in English. There is on a tradition, luminous but unsubstantial, that pervades the mind those who write and those who read. The "peculiar essence" to whi our behaviorist objects can be only that quality in language which perceived by a few, comparable to qualities in tone which, in musi make all the difference between dullness and delight. They were mea for all, they belong to all, but the many remain tragically unaw of them. In all good nature we may challenge the dour psychologi to find "an explosive clutter of sound" in Chaucer's line :

To ferne halwes couthe in sondry londes

—a line carrying such powers of evocation and enchantment th unless one discerns them, it is useless to assert that they are the Here is a power of direct enjoyment that comes, not altogether nature: partly by training, but that training of such a sort that may better be called experience than discipline—in the world of wor We have not, to date, learned how to impart the essentials of deli (more often called "appreciation") in English. The many are s moved by contortionists in words. They have not had that elementa experience in language which makes a wand of a word : a direct poe experience of sound married to meaning, each enhancing the other, if with erotic delight.

For a score or more of years English composition—as a sch discipline—has hinged on correct grammar and clearness. There h not been time, technic or courage to hint that writing is the best entran into an understanding of what is written. A boy may be an initia in the school of magic which is called literature. If in adolescen he has no hint of the wealth of the word-world, he will never have it so far behaviorism is right! English, as literature, is a high hum experience; an exercise of powers not needed by angels, not possess by apes.

These powers die in a smother of "notions, opinions, doubts generated by criticism and the schools, as Hunt, in the essay quot

complained. But literature, and therefore English insofar as it lives, is not notions about anything in God's world or any other world. It is the thing itself. It is experience, seemingly indeed unique and privileged, but in essence universal and belonging to man. Thus, Chateaubriand could pay unstinted tribute to Milton, not primarily as a master of English, but as a master of words. Only the lesser craftsmen can be counted insular and aloof; and this by their misfortune rather than by their will.

Form-frost comes early upon the garden of words. Vigor is like deep perennial roots. The speech called English is a hardy and militant stock that survives all winters and perpetually renews its leaves. There is sufficient cause for delight in its vernal restorations, and no need for mountebanks to make garlands of its green blades. We get, here and there, some etiolated foliage, but it passes. The English stock is secure: secure but hardly articulate, since there are so few that notice its true qualities as they occur. It is, one sees, the age of journalism; and journalism makes no demands upon these qualities that have made English great. "Literary" English, it is sometimes assumed, is the language of self-centred souls. This merely means that a few have tired of making market-English and have retired for a reprieve and a rest. Only that deserves to be called literary which has in it the leaven of a universal life. If these men be monkish, it is not the first time in history that their sort has been cloistered for the sake of sanity and peace. They are aware of the heaven-hunger of other men, and will not give them stones who ask for bread. The immortal loveliness which they themselves experience and would express becomes an immortal loneliness, because of the noisiness of the world.

It is needless to ask that their case be amended. They are odd pieces and, since they are consoled by ghost-fires, must carry their light as they can. It would be more pertinent to hope that some day, soon, those to whom we commit this work of re-education in words, which mind-science now begins to demand, shall themselves have written a single line that will live. We might then hope that by a subtle contagion, if not an absolute reflective knowledge, the good will be distinguished from the bad. We might hope that language having in it life and distinction will not so commonly go unheeded while banality and buncombe fill the well-paid-for syndicated page. But this also is a transcendental hope. Selection, by and large, seems inclined to follow lines Darwinian rather than celestial, in all that affects current demand or vogue. Those who order things in the world of publication must be Romans in discipline, Americans in enterprise —but the true English spirit, which is concerned with enduring values, has yet to conquer the domain of purchase and sales.

If we rule out nine-tenths of all that is printed, as unworthy of consideration as literature, we shall still be obliged to cope with a Darwinian factor which may be called fashion or vogue. A very little

experience with those who edit and choose will convince one that the shadow of censure falls heaviest on that which does not conform to a current feeling in words. If the current liking is for sophistication, any sincere or simple utterance that may be offered will appear (by contrast) either archaic or naïve. A reader, it is confidently assumed, brings his dinner coat and cravat to the literary board and will be offended by any informality of dress. The author who risks such a contribution is in the plight of a fisherman who might dine out, still wearing his water-side weeds. This is reasonable—or logical, at least—and yet we would not wish Walton to change. Why this intrusion of an ephemeral formalism into the experiential world of words? Why if not for this real reason, that English has already yielded a point to industrial-commercial convention, to modernity of one sort or another, and will not have intrusions from volatile spirits bearing forgotten aromas or a foretaste of future worlds.

Fashion is never on the side of freedom. The age does not distinguish between formalism that cramps us (and all the more because it is unconscious) and form that releases, because it is the very mode and spirit of power—does not wait upon *convention of form*. Thus the current idiom is mistaken for a value in literature. It is nothing more than a sales value, and dated. Five years time will render it as obsolete as a model in motors of the same date. But living English cannot be made as motors are, a new model each year. Those who try this trick do, it is true, very frequently make money ; but they do not make English, and must see their work wither. There is, Sainte-Beuve said, no receipt for making a classic ; but there is ample evidence that we sacrifice the final or form-making, when we accept the form-made.

Lyly's *Euphues* may be called a classic, not because it fell in with a vogue but because it made one. It had the intensive virtue ; the power not to imitate but to compel imitation. This power is what gave colour to the old French academic definition of classical authors : " those who have become models." With much excuse, it is still a pernicious definition. Lyly is not a good model, yet he is classic. But for this idea of models we should not have so censured the style of his *Euphues* as if men were invited to mould their English upon its parallelisms and conceits. Lyly himself was under no compulsion to write in this style, as can be seen from the preface to the book itself, done in terse and mordant prose :—

" I am not he that seeketh prayse for his labour, but pardon for his offense, neither do I set forth this deuotion in print, but for dutie which I owe to my Patrone. If one write neuer so well, he cannot please all, and write he neuer so ill hee shall please some. Fine heads will pick a quarrel with me if I be not curious, and flatterers a thanke, if anything be currant. But this is my mynde, let him that findeth fault amende it, and him that liketh it use it."

William Morris was under no compulsion to write in the style he chose for his prose romances. I am under no compulsion to write in any style I may use. "It is my mynde", at least for the moment; and a "moment" in letters, like one in music, well out-calipers one in any market vogue. So long as men are trimming thoughts for a carping and capricious market they must consider the market-moment and its styles. I will not be confused by these. I will not, with Leigh Hunt, be wistful of Homer and Chaucer. I will push forth my venturing keel and sail those same unharvested seas, I will explore lost and future worlds of words. Between the Scylla of precious style and the Charybdis of banal modernity I will push my keel as quickly as I can. It is my experience that makes me, and my words are myself in the making. They cannot be pruned and trimmed by Procrustean rules.

Your real writer is ever being born into his words, and if you would re-make him you must re-make the moments that are pregnant at the birth. These mother-moments may be guilty of every maternal stupidity, but such as they are, they are. It is a living business and not one of machine-manipulation. No doubt the page, the paragraph is often still-born, the poem born blind. You will not cure the one by bleeding it, the other by throwing salt into its eyes. Such practice the ancient mid-wives used, but we look to the making of better babes. We will live deeper, fare farther, scan wider if we can—but what is born of our experience that we will write.

We will read endlessly, not neglecting the old, remembering that the many are to language as the grass is to the dew. What they have of it they receive quickly, and it dries soon. This grass knows nothing of sap-pressure from ancient roots that have lain long in the ground, outlived earthquakes, and still lift moisture to the topmost twig of their tree and to its lightest leaf. This leaf is not scissor-clipped. It is not fabricoid, and stained with arsenical green. The thing is alive. So is every word that springeth from the heart.

H. C. Tracy.

## THE EAGLE AND THE PHŒNIX

WITH Love entwined around my heart,
And Reason rooted in my brain,
I left our snarling northern clime,
I passed the planes of tropic rain.

On shafts of brittle sun I walked
O'er azure slabs of ocean air;
I came to the Antipodes,
And found two palms exalted there.

On top of one an eagle sat,
Crimson of eye and white of plume—
The sea of Time had crusted him
With Unattainment's bitter spume.

A phœnix on the other crouched,
The soiled vermilion of whose wings
Was crushed like apples in decay
In orchards where no reaper sings.

Her head lay hidden in her breast;
Her plumage fell on dust and grass—
Self-generated waves of Time
In her sank down to graves of glass.

I stood beneath these perching trees
With Reason rooted in my brain:
The eagle swept me with his eye
And forked the Reason out with pain.

I stood beneath these perching trees
With Love entwined round my heart:
The phœnix burst through sudden flames
And tore the twining Love apart.

Into the wide sun-bearing skies
The eagle towered on crystal wheels;
Beneath him hills and vapours plunged,
Steep shelving shores 'neath flying keels.

Above the lofty clouds of ice
That flash upon the rugged sun
He could not rise. No Reason yet
From earthly Time hath freedom won.

But love, that in the phœnix burns,
From earthly Time can wander free.
Lo! fast upon the eagle's wake
I saw the phœnix rush from me!

The eagle could not follow her
Nor cast forth envy like a spear
To bring her youth to ashes down—
His life is woven of earth's year.

The eagle could not hear the song
That burning bird ascending sang,
Beneath whose feet earth's swinging ball
Awoke the cymbal sunlight's clang!

On vans majestic from his perch
Aerial the eagle slid
Unto his palm-tree nest again;
And once again brown Reason hid

His roots within my bleeding brain . . .
But onward to the sun's eye prest
The phœnix-arrow, and white Love
Returned no more to gird my breast.

WILLIAM JEFFREY.

## APARTMENTS

Now the forgiving sun, with beams aslope,
He who, in clear-eyed sky no town besmokes,
Rose over green, umbrageous, rooted oaks,
Enters the city room that has no pride
Goldenly, with fresh morning airs allied,
And to the blistered washing-stand, says: Hope.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

# THE LIMITS OF INTELLIGENCE AND FAITH

SOME contemporary minds expect great things from the confusion of categories in literature. To others this seems highly dangerous, a subject for critical dissertations. The literature itself alone will show.

A like confusion has long existed in the domain of philosophic ideas. It has been brought to a head by rationalism, which is a confusion of the categories of intelligence and of faith.

This essay is an attempt to disentangle the confused elements and to restore to each its proper value.

Faith, in its pure form, is mysticism. It excludes the logical elements which are the highest modes of intellectual activity. Men are convinced by it, and, without demanding any proof, they accept its promptings for truth. In this pure form it has an importance which cannot be overrated. It is the expression in terms of humanity of that metaphysical experience, of which the concept, in philosophy, implies that nothing exists outside it and that all the forms of reality are its creations. Appearing at the origin of human societies, in the pre-logical epochs, it is a creative force. To the birth of its creations (all the human modes of reality) there are, then, no serious obstacles. It is only later that the feeling that they should not be inconsistent with one another comes as a check upon their free development. Where they are born, considerations of absurdity have as yet no force.

It is true that from the beginning there is a certain order, recurrence, stability, in nature. It is true that there are laws. But the improvisations of mysticism ignore them from the outset and can therefore, in a measure, defy them. They are supported by the unanimity of belief which, in pre-logical periods, gives to the fictitious causality devised by mysticism precedence over natural causality.

§

Thus, at the origin of society, mystical experience is sovereign. It contains the germ of all the distinct modes which will subsequently develop. So long as its creations do not conflict with the objectivity of already formed natural laws, it is free to create in the space for free play allowed by those laws all the strictly human reality, everything which, compared with the preceding reality, is an innovation. But in proportion as metaphysical experience reflects upon itself and develops, and appears in the human psyche as knowledge, the power of mystical belief wanes and is compelled to retire from many provinces which universal ignorance allowed it to occupy.

§

Is there a province where it is still free to produce itself in the present state of knowledge, supposing that all the perspectives through which the knowable may appear have already been fixed in the mind?

What is the value of these perspectives? And before we can answer this question must we not ask: How far can we trust them, and what are they?

In the monistic conception which alone embraces the philosophical problem as a whole, it appears, by the Kantian analysis, that there is but one single experience and that this experience has given itself these perspectives or "forms" (as they are called in the *Critiques*) through which, when it reflects upon itself, it knows itself in an act of knowledge. What constitutes the "formal" character of certain acts of experience is the fact that they recur constantly the same, whereas other acts, inserted among the perspectives of this incessant repetition, make up the infinite variety of phenomena. In this way the "forms" of knowledge are created in experience itself. The word *forms* simply means those conditions under which all the creations of experience must produce themselves in order to be comprehended in a single universe. The totality of these conditions constitutes reason. In this general sense, "reason" is in things before it is in the mind. It is ontological before it is logical. It is—in things—that element of recurrence that we have noted in them. In the mind, it is the reflection and impress of that constant element.

This method of deducing knowledge and reason, which eliminates any alien intermediary between experience and the knowledge wherein it knows itself, likewise eliminates the doubts both of the veracity of knowledge and of the trust we can put in it, which were raised by Leibnitz, Berkeley or Malebranche according to whom God intervened as the clock-maker or the eternal abiding-place of objects. God, said Descartes, could not wish to deceive men. But Pascal did not share this optimism, and his doubt opened the abyss where dizziness overwhelms the mind.

We have no longer the same reasons for anxiety. But, first of all, it is necessary for us to make up our minds and to understand that we can know, see and apprehend the universe only through those "forms" of knowledge which metaphysical experience, by reflecting upon itself at any logical moment of its development, has arranged for itself—through those windows which the experience has opened in our minds to enable us to view its workings. After that, and in order to know the nature of this knowledge, it remains for us to inquire into those "forms" of which it has been said that they are distinguished by this: namely, that they are common to every psychological experience that can be conceived, and that they owe their formal character and their great importance solely to the fact that they are elements con-

stantly present in every psychological datum, whereas all the other elements are variable and unstable.

In order to identify them, then, we have simply to inquire what are the conditions common to all experiences and without which the various elements that go to form each given experience would not be part of our universe. These conditions are but few, and it is as serious to exaggerate as to diminish their number.

First of all is the condition that makes existence dependent upon the knowledge of itself. The second, which might be deduced from the first, lays down that there can be no knowledge except through the opposition of object and subject. From these two principles it follows that existence—the "reality" that all philosophic thought aspires to possess—is given in an insuperable incompleteness, which rules out every kind of absolute. The necessity for existence to know itself and, in order to know itself, to derive from itself the objective and subjective elements of every state of possible knowledge, implies that in all imaginable cases the part of itself which plays the role of subject will be excluded from the state of knowledge, just as in every group taken by a camera the photographer himself is excluded.

For man, there is no more self-evident or important conclusion concerning the legitimate use of his intellectual faculties. But, as though this logical process, this act of deduction, were not sufficient to inform him of such an important condition of his intellectual activity, the other "forms" which equally condition the appearance of reality and without which it is not to be apprehended, namely time, space and causality, are also given among the "forms" of the indefinite. Just as it is impossible for the mind to form a psychological representation without excluding from it that subjective part which is necessarily detached by its own intervention, so it is equally impossible for it to imagine a phenomenon which is not derived from an antecedent phenomenon, both in its origin and thence indefinitely through the infinity of time and space. The principle of contradiction completes and gives effective force to this little group of canons which are by no means *a priori*, but are all implied in any imaginable psychological datum. Taken together, they form the entire content of reason, and they signify to us that the world, which cannot be apprehended in its entirety, is presented to us in the indefinite relation of other to other, which relation is, for reason, the essence of its reality. In referring to this group of principles which together form the content of pure reason we shall use the term, *principle of relativity*.

## II.

The principle of relativity provides us with a criterion which enables us in all circumstances to decide how far an idea or a proposition is legitimate and entitled to a place in the domain of knowledge, and how far it is illegitimate and therefore to be rejected. Now it seems there

is a singular contrariety which causes Man's *sensibility* to revolt against the consequences of the principle of relativity, to which his *intelligence* is subject. For this revolt there is a valid reason: existence, given by knowledge in the sphere of relativity, is given by feeling in the sphere of sensibility. A hedonistic point of view, it will be objected, and therefore of no philosophical value as a criterion. Angelic pretension of philosophers, I reply, that they can escape the hedonistic principle! Hedonism is the "form" of sensation. Now, it is in sensation that the fact of consciousness first arises, and it is through sensation, among the various modes of quality, that the whole objective world of common sense and of science is revealed.

All the attempts of dialectics to eliminate hedonism merely transpose it. Stoicism is only an attitude to overcome pain. Pain is the sole preoccupation and justification of the doctrine. The "Will to Power" merely makes power the condition of pleasure, in other words, identifies pleasure with power. When I opposed "spectacular sensibility" to "messianic sensibility" in my *Sensibilité Métaphysique*, my aim was none other than to propose, in terms of hedonism and in the province of relativity, the equivalent of a "messianic" justification of life. The aesthetic sense reconciles in a single sensation of beauty the antagonism of the elementary sensations of pleasure and pain, using the relation between them as a focussing-point, and converts them both into a higher form of happiness. With this solution I had, of course, no thought of rejecting either hedonism or Epicurus. My aim was simply to show that, in the immediate domain of relativity, existence contains a justificatory principle in virtue of which it ceases to be involved with elements such as evil and pain, and that there is a point of view, inherent within every psychology, by which each man may discover in himself this principle of aesthetic justification.

But if we suppose that existence can be justified in this way among the strictly intellectual perspectives of the principle of relativity, may it not seem superfluous to seek any further justification for it, and are there not grounds for pronouncing all the aspirations of mysticism to be null and void? What is this discontent that drives men to appeal from imperfect and painful reality to a future reality of perfect happiness? Of what avail is this messianic faith? And are not the actual objects of its aspirations definitely to be condemned if, on the one hand, those aspirations are capable of being satisfied in the light of a different conception of reality, or if, on the other hand, this faculty for discontent is, as set forth in the chapter on the *Spirit of Knowledge* * in my *Bovarysme*, the motive force of the mechanism of existence, a principle of action which, although illusory as regards its ultimate aim, is perfectly efficacious as *deus absconditus* behind the phenomena of human existence?

* *Mercure de France*, 1 vol.

Nevertheless, these arguments do not warrant an indifference faith in its mystical forms. In strict logic the fact that an action an aspiration is the means towards an end of which it is unconscious does not exclude the possibility of its attaining the en which it has in view. And, moreover, mystical faith may be factor where the aesthetic sense does not enter, or, in a profounde sense, it may be one of the modes of the æsthetic sense itsel and a more essential one because on the biological and not t mental level.

On our own assumptions, then, we are not justified in remainin within the limits of a strict intellectualism and excluding from realit the mystical fact, as one without an object. But if, after this, w find that the religious sense, in its mystic forms, requires the unio of desire with the object of desire, we shall have to recognize that can never be realized within the perspectives of the principle of relativity since this principle only admits existence on the condition that it inwardly divided and, through this division, derives from itself th objective part of that self-knowledge which is its conditioning state Therefore, the question of the legitimacy of the religious sense is reduce to the inquiry whether some other state is possible beyond the limit of intellectualism as defined by the principle of relativity.

Now, although the hypothesis of an existence without knowledge itself is absolutely inconceivable to the mind within the realm relativity, relativity has no authority to decree the impossibility states outside its own limits, which may differ, *toto genere*, from thos to which itself gives rise.

Intellectualism is based upon the sole authority of experience, up an act of empirical improvisation anterior logically to all the categorie of mind, and which is the author of those categories. It expressl places itself in dependence upon experience which, in the course evolution, has provided itself, as with windows to look upon its ow activities, with those perspectives of relativity (in which intellectualism consists), categories through which experience continues to evolv and to be visible to itself. Now, two things are impossible from thi point of view: one is to see anything through these perspectives excep what they themselves show, in other words, the indefinite of relativity the other is to assert that outside these categories of relativity whic experience has provided for itself at a logical moment of its develo ment, there exists no other possible state of experience.

Here, then, is a domain, beyond the limits of relativity, whe intellectualism has no principle upon which to declare the impossibilit of mystic activity. To assert that there is a domain where it is no impossible is to admit the possibility, but not the reality, of its existenc And that is as much as intellectualism can concede to faith, whose pa it is to be self-sufficient and to affirm itself by its own activity in t province conceded to it.

I

If, however, we wish to form, from the intellectual point of view and without affirming the reality of mystic faith, some approximate idea of what this faith may be, it appears that three methods are open to us:

(a) We may define what it is not.

(b) We may inquire what the mystics themselves say it is, and in so far as their conception does not clash with our findings as to what it can *not* be, we may accept it as being *possibly* true.

(c) Finally, we may get an idea of it through analogy with some state, if any there be, which is met with in phenomenal life, and which pursues, by the methods of relativity, the same end as that to which the mystics seem to aspire.

(a) We have already observed that the mainspring of activity in human life is the fact of unappeasable discontent, which is the creator of religions, moralities and sciences. These three categories of psychic activity are (with reserves in the case of science which I have made elsewhere) tokens of the judgment man has passed upon existence. He judges it imperfect, painful and evil. He desires to change it. Religions, moralities and sciences are the three methods by which man strives towards a single end; to make life different from what it is. If the mystic sense has a special meaning, then, it seems that we could only look for it as the inverse of that attitude which is produced in the human mind by the consideration of life through the perspectives of relativity. Thus mysticism, contrary to the discontent which gives rise to the desire to change what is, will be the sense of the perfection of existence. To promote and develop in consciousness by peculiar means the certainty of this perfection, to convert this certainty into a vital psychic reality, such will accordingly be its essential activity. And that activity will result in reconciling man with his destiny, promoting in his mind a state of tranquillity and content and an absolute confidence, dispensing with all need for evidence, in the goodness and harmony of the universe of which he is part.

(b) Mysticism as sense of the perfection of existence, such is the definition at which we arrive by the *a contrario* method just employed. A very important indication, and one which will prove rich in consequences.

If after this we turn to mystic experience as manifested in a Ruysbroeck, St. Francis, St. Theresa or St. John of the Cross, it appears that the state described by these mystics as realising the aspiration towards which they strive is one of perfect *euphoria*, both in their ecstacies and in the intellectual modes of their inner lives, carrying with it a general approbation of existence, an adherence to the course of things, such as it is and whatever it may be. Moreover, it is in the quietism of a Molinos or a Mme. Guyon, it is when it incurs the reproach of heresy that mysticism shines forth in its greatest purity. For then

it becomes distinct from morality, which is, as we shall see, its direct opposite, and from positive religions in so far as they are identified with morality.

(c) The third means by which we may form some idea of the mystic sense is through the æsthetic sense, which is subjective in origin but objectifies itself in the production of works of art, in which it reveals its activity and its reality.

It was in the name of the æsthetic sense that I endeavoured, in my *Sensibilité Métaphysique*, to set forth as an alternative to the "messianic" attitude in morals, and within the perspectives of relativity, a justification of existence in its entirety. And indeed it is through the æsthetic sense that a point of view can be attained by which is revealed the metamorphosis, as of the bread and wine into divine flesh and blood, of joy and sorrow into a single sensation of beauty. In such a point of view, events and phenomena can be rescued from the play of causality which previously swept them along in incoherent flux, and evil and pain let fall their masks and stand confessed as figments. From this point of view, existence appears—as Spinoza has it—*sub specie perfectionis*, or, to quote Flaubert's view which is as beautiful as Spinoza's own, as if all the objects and events and feelings and thoughts which go to make the universe had no other purpose than to provide a model for a description of reality, which is thus renewed and transfigured and appears as the reality of beauty.

Is not the true and only legitimate object of religious faith attained through this conception, which makes it possible to consign to the void all the reality which is born of the principle of relativity so soon as it has fulfilled its role of posing like the model for an artist? Is not the mind thus delivered from that principle of "divine" discontent which can only see the world as illusion, and thereby perpetuates its own suffering? It does indeed seem that here the æsthetic sense almost becomes one with religious sentiment, for it appears as a great master of mysticism. It creates in us a faith which is the precise opposite of that which persuades us in the normal state of the reality of the external world. Transforming pleasure and pain into a sensation of beauty, it gives us a glimpse of what the essential activity of the religious sentiment might be, giving fresh vision to eyes dazed by the prism of relativity and revealing a new aspect of things as through a *grille* which, without changing the object, changes its meaning.

## III.

It was necessary to reach this point in order to show how an æsthetic idealism can bridge the gap between pure mysticism and pure intellectualism. But let there be no mistake, these doctrines are no earthly panaceas. Positive religions are concerned with man as a social animal. But the religious sentiment concerns only the individual,

he individual identifying himself with the essence of things and assuming responsibility for existence as if he were the creator and pronouncing that his work was good. Mysticism, like intellectualism when it arrives at the creation of the æsthetic sense, is the power of seeing things in the light of perfection. "Theology at its most sublime," said in a recent book*, "describes the beatitude of its elect in the formula: *to see God*. 'Spectacular' sensibility has a corresponding formula of happiness: *to see reality*. That is, to raise oneself, in relation to reality, from the exploiting, utilitarian, advantage-seeking attitude to the attitude of contemplation, in other words, from the 'messianic' to the 'spectacular' attitude."

One of the most trenchant consequences of this analysis is that religious sentiment, in its pure form of mysticism, recognizes morality as its sheer antipodes. Morality is the sense of the imperfection of existence. Mysticism is the sense of the perfection of existence. Morality desires to change that which is into something else, to transform evil into good. Mysticism desires to change nothing. It must sanctify with its approbation things-as-they-are. If the mystic makes a single move to change the wolf into a lamb, if he strives to dissuade the murderer from his crime, he has failed, he has fallen from the rank of mystic, and by showing that he believes it possible to change that which is, he betrays that he has exhausted, or that he never possessed, the power to sanctify and transfigure it. This is the heart of the matter. Identified with the totality of the world, it is the world in its totality that the mystic exalts and magnifies; the world in its totality, including the drama which presents and unfolds itself through the principle of relativity. The world in its totality, with no extenuation, cruel and revolting to our sensibility, outrageous to our reason, thus and not otherwise, such is the world which is lovely and good, such is the world which is perfection for the mystic, and if it is not this very world, with no extenuation, that is vindicated through the mystic radiance, if a single cry of pain is suppressed, if a single crime is prevented, it is a sign that the grace of religion is inoperative and that the world is delivered over again to the sinister play of causality.

To sum up: nothing of that which is revealed to the mystic outside the principle of relativity may enter or act upon the world which is governed by the principle of relativity.

What good, then, is faith? will cry the majority of the faithful. But this very cry will prove that they have no faith. The artist who has created something with the means proper to his art is not disappointed with his work because it fails to alter the working of cause and effect in men's hearts, or in events. But while filled with the æsthetic emotion he exults at having transfigured reality in his work, at having robbed it of its banefulness and revealed its radiant aspect.

* *La Sensibilité Métaphysique*, Editions du Siècle, p. 246.

Such also is mystic faith. It is the power to transfigure reality, not to change it. There is in the Gospels a Jesus who refuses to work miracles, who will not consent to throw himself from the top of the mountain or to turn the stones of the desert into bread. It is the same Jesus who refuses to promise men future happiness in another life, but says to them : The kingdom of God is within you, you yourselves possess your happiness. To change evil into good, to make or even to wish things different from what they are, is to concede the existence of evil; it is, for the possessor of mystic faith, to throw himself from the top of the mountain, to renounce his power of transfiguring reality, of forcing it, through the sole virtue of an inner fire, to appear in its true colours, and of delivering it from evil. Thus mysticism, or faith in its pure form, is allied to pure intellectualism. The pure mystic, like the pure intellectual, denies liberty, the power bestowed upon men, with that egregious free will, of changing themselves and of altering the course of things. The intellectualist knows that through the perspectives of the principle of relativity no solution can be reached whereby all things will be reconciled in perfect harmony. The mystic also knows it. His psychological mechanism is not that of cause and effect, but of dream and awakening. In the dream everything is disordered, nothing can be resolved so long as the mind is caught up by causality in the play of an inextricable confusion. But the awakening breaks the spell and dissipates the anguish.

The activity of the mystic works outside relativity; intellectual activity works within it. They are separated by a barrier that neither can cross. But both are equally opposed, by virtue of their particular disciplines, to rationalism in all its forms; whether in the form of faith, seeking in reason a foothold which can only precipitate its fall, or of philosophy, fraudulently introducing into the realm of relativity, under the mask of reason, postulates promulgated by faith, such as justice, equality, finality, happiness, for which faith had carefully prepared a world to order outside the principle of relativity.

## IV.

Where shall we find in the world known to us, through the principle of relativity, examples of this mystic faith which emanates from a source situated outside the principle ?

In *La Vie Mystique de la Nature** I drew attention to certain states in which the activity of existence is adapted to its purpose in a way that involves less self-knowledge and in which the principle of relativity plays less part, where there is less separation of the self into two, and where there is a beatitude more akin to that of the mystic state. So it is with the life of animals and the life of nature which, when he contemplates them, draw man towards the confines of the principle

* Paris: Crès.

of relativity. Nevertheless, this frontier is never crossed. Man participates in the mysterious and deeper life of nature and the animals by brooding over it, but also by adding to it a state of consciousness borrowed from the principle of relativity, by which he remains rooted in an intellectual subsoil.

Must we then go for examples to the religious mystics? The study which for some years past has been devoted to the mysterious life of the "unconscious" has given fresh vitality to researches of this kind, and those who are interested in the problem will read with enthusiasm the admirable work of M. Jean Baruzi on St. John of the Cross and of M. Louis Massignon on Arabian Mysticism, as well as the masterly analyses of M. Henri Delacroix. In the religious mystics, however, we meet only with exceptional, subjective, incommunicable states; and their most serious defect, in my opinion, is that they are usually sought by physiological or intellectual means which are too methodically intentional. Much more interesting, I think, is the effort of thinkers who have not aimed at experiencing the mystic state but who, through constant intellectual meditation, have given evidence that mystic preoccupations formed the heart of their inner life.

Among these latter must be included, as well as Pascal, writers like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and also a living thinker who may comprise them all for us since he has passionately studied the mystical essence of their thought, finding in it the elements of his own preoccupation. I mean M. Léon Shestov, whom the Russian tempest has driven to our shore and whom we shall guard jealously, as the most eminent and original representative of Russian philosophic thought.

M. Shestov has this particular interest, that, as I see it, he has arrived at conclusions very near my own, by an opposite road. In so far as it is possible to know the motives by which one is guided, I believe that it was a purely intellectual interest that led me to occupy myself with mysticism, that is, with the pure form of the religious sentiment. Having admitted, as I have described, that the categories of knowledge were created in the course of evolution by metaphysical experience, like windows through which it might see itself, I conformed my own attitude to the principle which has been presented in the foregoing analysis as a general law of intellectualism. In the first place, I did not believe that it was possible for me to see through those windows other regions than those upon which they open, and for the sake of which they were constructed, but neither did I believe that I was entitled to assert that no state of metaphysical experience is possible outside the principle of relativity. M. Shestov, on the other hand, seems to have been dominated by a purely mystical need and to have been anxious above all to discover a domain for the religious sentiment where it could not encounter any logical contradiction—to place the object of faith beyond the reach of every objection against which it might be shattered.

Now these two points of view meet in conclusions which are equally valuable to intellectualism and to the religious sentiment.

M. Shestov, like myself, places mysticism beyond the principle of relativity. Like myself, he will not allow that that which is situated outside the principle of relativity can have any effect upon that which is subject to the principle. He supposes the partition to be water-tight. He is as irrationalist, as anti-rationalist, in the name of mysticism as I myself am in the name of intellectualism. No more than I will he admit that it is possible to attain, through the categories of relativity, to Goodness or Truth or Justice—ideas which the various religions have realized in the domain of faith and which rationalism has presumed to introduce, without the faith that supported them, into the domain of reason, which rejects them.

§

These conclusions seem to me so important that I should not dare, on my sole authority, to attribute them to M. Shestov, for I should be considered an interested party in the debate. Moreover, this essay would become unwieldy were I to collect from M. Shestov's works all the statements which show the accord between the pure forms of faith and pure intellectualism. I will therefore borrow from M. Boris de Schloezer, the authoritative exponent of his thought, an interpretation which I know meets with the entire approval of the philosopher himself.

Comparing and contrasting him with the "enthusiastic rationalist and moralist" Socrates, M. Boris de Schloezer presents Shestov as "irrationalist and immoralist, but equally enthusiastic, an essentially religious spirit." * Even in this broad outline we can discern the characteristics common to the intellectual and the mystic as they have been deduced by our own analysis of the two doctrines. *Immoralist and religious*, the critic insists upon this double character. He includes Nietzsche and Dostoevsky with Shestov, and asserts that "the war waged by them against morality is religious in its essence."† For Shestov the crime of morality is that it sets something above God. For intellectualists the flaw in morality is that it sets something above experience, that instead of seeking morality within experience it makes experience subject to an idea outside experience. And pure faith is here perfectly in accord with pure intellectualism in disallowing the various forms of realism which appear, first, in the Platonic Idea, and then in a large part of mediæval theology, which made God subservient to the Ideas and subordinated him to Laws, and finally in contemporary rationalism which, having surreptitiously filched from the religious dogmas their moral imperatives, now carves out of pure

* *Les Méditations de la Mort.* (Plon et Nourrit.) Preface, p. xxviii.
† *Loc cit.*, p. xxx.

upon false categories, like secret cupboards for the receipt of these stolen goods—a proceeding equally fatal to faith and to reason.

The common ground between intellectualism and faith is perfectly definite. It lies in the very fact of the opposing nature of the domains in which they originate: in their common refusal to allow what is proper to one domain to operate in the other. "It is not a question of knowing whether such and such a thing is holy, but whether what is holy for us is indeed holy in the sight of God, in the sight of a God who is beyond Good and Evil and beyond Truth and Error." *

"Having disposed of human morality," says M. de Schloezer, "Shestov next turns to science, and attacks the foundations of logic. He by no means denies their practical utility, but will not admit that they comprehend all reality. He looks further."† As with the category of morality, so now with the category of logic it is a question of discriminating provinces. Shestov confirms this attitude in these terms: "No organizing activity can be said to be *for* God or *against* God; all organization and all arrangement are meaningless in relation to God. Excellent things in themselves, but essentially human and mundane, and indifferent for both religion and metaphysics."‡

Such declarations are invaluable. M. de Schloezer, who has read all Shestov's works in the original, and who, in the course of a long personal friendship, has attained to a perfect understanding of his thought, puts forward as containing the essence of his thought the formula already quoted: "No organizing activity can be said to be for God or against God; all organization, all arrangement are meaningless in relation to God." Is not this the precise counterpart of the maxim of pure intellectualism that: "Between what is within the principle of relativity and what is outside it there is an impassable barrier."

Thus are harmoniously defined, from the standpoints of mysticism and intellectualism respectively, the limits of intelligence and of faith.

JULES DE GAULTIER.

(*Translated by Richard Rees*)

* *Loc cit.*, p. xli. † *Loc cit.*, p. li. ‡ *Loc cit.*, p. 50.

# THREE CHILDREN

*(The following are fragments of unfinished stories written by Katherine Mansfield in* 1921-1922.)

## LITTLE JEAN.

THERE are certain human beings on this earth who do not care a safety-pin whether their loved one is beautiful or pretty or youthful or rich. One thing only they ask of her and that one is that she should smile.

"Smile! Smile now!" their eyes, their fingers, their toes and even their tiny jackets say. In fact, the tassel of little Jean's cap, which was much too big for him and hung down over one eye with a drunken effect, said it loudest of all.

Every time his mother swooped forward to put it straight it was all she could do not to lift him out of the pram and press him—squeeze him to her shoulder while she rubbed her cheek against his white cheek and told him what she thought of him.

Jean's cheeks were white because he lived in a basement. He was, however, according to his mother, a perfectly healthy child and good, lovely. He had merry, almost cunning little eyes.

"Smile!" said Jean's eyebrows, which were just beginning to show.

On a perfect spring afternoon he and his mother set off for the Jardins Publiques together. It was his first spring. A year ago he had been, of course, much too young—six months only!—to be in the open air for any length of time. Even now his mother wheeled him out in the teeth of his grandmother's awful prophecies and the neighbours' solemn warnings. The open air is so weakening for a baby and the sun, as everyone knows, is very, very dangerous. One catches fever from sitting in the sun, colds in the head, weeping eyes. Jean's Gran, before daring to face its rays, plugged her ears with wool, wrapped herself round in an extra black shawl, gave a final twist which hid her mouth and her pale beak-like nose, and pulled black woollen mitts over her cotton ones. Thus attired, with a moan of horror, she scuttled away to the bread shop, and having scuttled back she drank something blue out of a bottle as an extra precaution.

But there was a wicked recklessness about Jean's mother. First she had made up her mind to buy a pram and she had bought one second-hand. Then she had set her heart on taking Jean to the Jardins Publiques. And here they were!

It is lovely in the public gardens, it is full spring. The lilac is in flower, the new grass quivers in the light, and the trees, their delicate leaves gold in the sun, stand with branches outspread as if in blessing.

Up the path go Jean and his mother. She is extremely proud of

him and the pram and of herself for having managed to bring him there. The wheel of the pram squeaks and this delights her, too, for she thinks everybody will notice it and look at Jean. But nobody does. Mothers, nurses, babies, lovers, students go by in a stream. A little boy tugs his grandfather's hand. "Run," he says—"run!" And they stagger off together. It is hard to say which will fall down first.

But all this is absolutely mysterious to little Jean. First he looks one side, then he looks the other. Then he stares at his mother, who nods and says "Cuckoo!" But how does "Cuckoo" explain anything? For a moment he wonders if he ought to cry. But there seems to be nothing to cry about—so he jumps up and down instead and tries to burst out of some of the tight hot little coats and shawls that are half smothering him. The heat in the pram is terrible. He is sitting on a blanket, a broad strap cuts across his legs and on either side, at his feet and behind his head, there are large newspaper parcels which contain his mother's mending.

"Are you hungry? Are you hungry? Hungry? Hungry?" asks his mother as she wheels the pram over to a bench and sits down. Jean is never hungry. But he takes the biscuit that she shows to him, nibbles it and stares at the grass on the other side of the low railing..

(1922)

## LUCIEN.

Lucien's mother was a dressmaker. They lived in the village with the big church down in the valley. It was a very big church, it was enormous; it had two towers like horns. On misty days, when you climbed the hill and looked down and you heard the great bell jangle, it reminded you of a large pale cow. Lucien was nine years old. He was not like other boys. For one thing he had no father, and for another he did not go to school, but stayed at home all day with his mother. He was delicate. When he was very small his head had gone so soft, so soft, like a jelly, that his mother had had to clap two boards to it to prevent it from shaking. It was quite hard now, but the shape was a little bit queer, and his hair was fine, like down rather than real hair. But he was a good child, gentle, quiet, giving no trouble and handy with his needle as a girl of twelve. The customers did not mind him. The big, blousy peasant women who came to his mother's room to try on, unhooked their bodices and stood in their stays, scratching their red arms and shouting at his mother, without so much as a glance at him. And he could be trusted to go to shop. (With what a sigh his mother rummaged in the folds of her petticoat, brought out her shabby purse with a clasp, and counted and thumbed the coins before she dropped them into his little claw!) He could be trusted to leave at the right houses large bulky newspaper parcels held together with long rusty pins. On these excursions Lucien talked to nobody and seldom stopped to look. He trotted along like a little cat out-of-doors,

keeping close to the fences, darting into the shop and out again, and only revealing himself fully when he had to stand tip-toe on the top step of the house and reach up for the high knocker. This moment was terrifying to him . . . . (1921)

## THE NEW BABY.

As the little steamer rounded the point and came into the next bay, they noticed the flag was flying from Putnam's Pier. That meant there were passengers to bring off. The Captain swore. They were half an hour late already and he couldn't bear not to be up to time. But Putnam's Flag, cherry-red against the green bush on this brilliant morning, jigged gaily, to show it didn't care a flick for the Captain's feelings.

There were three people and an old sheep dog waiting. One was a little old woman, nearing seventy perhaps, very spry, with a piece of lilac in her bonnet and pale lilac strings. She carried a bundle wrapped in a long shawl, white as a waterfall. Beside her stood the young parents. He was tall, broad, awkward, in a stiff black suit with banana yellow shoes and a light blue tie. She looked soft and formless in a woollen coat; her hat was like a child's with its wreath of daisies, and she carried a bag like a child's schoolkit, stuffed very full and covered with a cloth. As the steamer drew near the old sheep dog ran forward and made a sound that was like the beginning of a bark, but he turned it off into an old dog's cough as though he'd decided that little steamer wasn't worth barking about. The coil of rope was thrown, was looped, the old plank gangway was spanned across and over it tripped the old woman, running and bridling like a girl of eighteen.

"Thank you, Captain!" said she, giving the Captain a bird-like inpudent little nod.

"That's all right, Mrs. Putnam," said old Captain Reid, who had known her for the last forty years.

After her came the sheep dog, then the young woman looking lost, and she was followed by the young man who seemed terribly ashamed about something. He kept his head bent. He walked stiff as wood in his creaking shoes, and the long brown hand twisted away at his fair moustache.

*Unruffled sea: the gulls moved like the lights within a pearl.*

Old Captain Reid winked broadly at the passengers. He slipped his old hands in his short jacket pocket, drew in a breath as if he was going to sing. "Morning, Putnam!" he roared. And the young man straightened himself with an immense effort and shot a terrified glance at the Captain. "Morning, Capt'n," he mumbled. Captain Reid considered him, shaking his head. "It's all right, my lad," he said, "we've all been through it—Jim here," and he jerked his head at the man at the wheel, "had twins last time, hadn't you, Jim." "That's ri', Cap'n," said Jim, grinning broadly at the passenger.

The little steamer quivered, throbbed, started on her way again.
e young man in an agony, not greeting any one, creaked off to the
ws, and the two women (they were the only women on board) sat
emselves down on a green bench against the white deck-rail.

As soon as they had sat down, "There, Mother, let me take him,"
id the young woman, anxiously, quietly. She tossed the kit away.

But Gran didn't want to give him up.

"Now, don't you go tiring yourself," said she. "He's as nice as
an be where he is."

Torture! The young woman gave a gasp like a sob.

"Give him to me!" she said, and she actually twitched at her
iother-in-law's sleeve.

The old woman was perfectly aware what she was feeling. Little
hannels for laughter showed in her cheeks. "My goodness gracious
ne!" she pretended to scold, "there's impatience for you." But
ven while she spoke she swung the baby gently, gently into its mother's
arms. "There now!" said Gran, and she sat up sharp and gave the
ow of her bonnet strings a tweak as though she was glad to have her
ands free after all.

It was an exquisite day. It was one of those days so clear, so still,
so silent you almost felt the earth itself had stopped in astonishment
at its own beauty. . . . (1922)

## DIRGE (1915)

We who must grow old and staid,
Full of caution and afraid,
In our hearts, like flowers, keep
The love of you, until we sleep.

You the courageous, you the young,
You of the thousand songs unsung—
The burning brain—the ardent word—
You the lovely and absurd.

Surely on that Galician plain
Your ghost is arguing again?
Ruined trench and riven tree
Hear your: "O, I *don't* agree!"

We, who must grow staid and old,
Full of caution, worn and cold,
Will in our hearts, like flowers, keep
Your image, till we also sleep.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

# PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DRAMA

## II.—TRAGEDY

ABOUT the figure of the scapegoat there hangs a mysterious ambiguity, the study of which will lead us from Comedy to Tragedy.

In Comedy, as we have seen, the good and evil principles are incarnate in two distinct figures; there is an open contest between them, with a double ending that is happy—the triumph of the good, the defeat and expulsion of the evil. We have now to consider another type of ritual, in which the good and evil are combined in a single figure: the burden of evil is transferred to the good principle itself; the spirit of life and fertility is itself the scapegoat. I do not pretend to understand in what the essence of Tragedy consists; but I am convinced that this figure of the innocent sin-bearer, the suffering God, stands in the direct ancestry of the tragic hero.

Let us glance first at the Russian festivals which enact the death of the Vegetation-Spirit called Kostroma or Yarilo.

> In the Murom district Kostroma was represented by a straw figure dressed in woman's clothes and flowers. This was laid in a trough and carried with songs to the banks of a lake or river. Here the crowd divided into two sides, of which the one attacked and the other defended the figure. At last the assailants gained the day, stripped the figure of its dress and ornaments, tore it in pieces, trod the straw of which it was made under foot, and flung it into the stream; while the defenders of the figure hid their faces in their hands and pretended to bewail the death of Kostroma.
>
> In Little Russia the figure of Yarilo was laid in a coffin and carried through the streets after sunset surrounded by drunken women, who kept repeating mournfully, "He is dead! He is dead!" The men lifted and shook the figure as if they were trying to recall the dead man to life. Then they said to the women, "Women, weep not. I know what is sweeter than honey." But the women continued to lament and chant as they do at funerals. "Of what was he guilty? He was so good. He will arise no more. O how shall we part from thee? What is life without thee? Arise, if only for a brief hour. But he rises not, he rises not." At last Yarilo was buried in a grave.

A comparison of these ceremonies with the "Carrying out Death" practised in Austria and Germany leaves no doubt that the figure stands for the good spirit of fertility, which must be slain and buried or utterly destroyed. As Frazer remarks, the solemn funeral and lamentations are appropriate at the death of the beneficent spirit. But in other cases the effigy is carried out with glee, assailed with sticks and stones, and reviled with taunts. "We must therefore recognise," says Frazer, "two distinct and seemingly opposite features in these ceremonies: on the one hand, sorrow for the death and affection and respect for the dead; on the other hand, fear and hatred of the dead and rejoicings at his death."*

---

*J. G. Frazer, *The Dying God* (1911), pp. 262-4.

"These features," he observes elsewhere, "become at once intelligible if we suppose that the Death" (in the carrying out of Death) "was not merely the dying god of vegetation, but also a public scapegoat, upon whom were laid all the evils that had afflicted the people during the past year. Joy on such an occasion is natural and appropriate; and if the dying god appears to be the object of that fear and abhorrence which are properly due not to himself but to the sins and misfortunes with which he is laden, this arises merely from the difficulty of distinguishing, or at least of marking the distinction, between the bearer and the burden."*

Since this was written, a more searching light has been thrown upon the union of clashing and discordant feelings towards the same object, or what is now called an *ambivalent emotion.*† Take, by way of illustration, the well-known fact that in some languages the word for "sacred" combines the seemingly opposite meanings "holy" and "accursed." Or take the tradition, in ancient Comedy, of the travesty of heroic figures like Heracles, the suffering friend of man, and even of the unbridled derision of the gods. This occasional lifting of the taboo upon the mockery of sacred things betrays the nature of the impulse which that taboo exists to suppress. It found a similar expression in the mediæval Feast of Fools. In 1445 the theologians of Paris described the customs of this feast as follows:

> "Priests and clerks may be seen wearing masks and monstrous visages at the hours of office. They dance in the choir dressed as women, panders, or minstrels. They eat black puddings at the horn of the altar while the celebrant is saying mass. . . . They cense with stinking smoke from the soles of old shoes. . . . Finally they drive about the town and its theatres in shabby traps and carts; and rouse the laughter of their fellows and the bystanders in infamous performances, with indecent gestures and verses scurrilous and unchaste."‡

The Paris theologians rejected the plea of the unbent bow, and ascribed the outbursts to original sin and the snares of devils. Whichever description we prefer, an earlier age had sanctioned these customs, and thereby provided a regular outlet for the blasphemous element in the ambivalent emotion towards holy things.

Discordant feeling of this kind seems to be excited especially by anything endowed with exceptional or super-natural power—anything that is regarded with awe. The child's feeling towards his father is compounded of fear and love—a love seldom perfect enough to cast out the fear. From the evidence of dreams we are assured that the unacknowledged desire to kill a revered parent is common, if not universal, in the childish mind. Thus, when we find the dying god or the spirit of fertility simultaneously loved and execrated, torn to

---

**The Scapegoat* (1913), p. 228.

†S. Freud, *Totem and Taboo*, trans. Brill (1919), Chap. II.

‡E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage* (1903), I., p. 294.

pieces and mourned, we need not seek the explanation in any confusion of thought, or accidental difficulty of distinguishing two aspects or capacities. If the sacred figure was always *awful*—both "holy" and "accursed," loved and feared, reverenced and hated—that means that from the first and always the corresponding qualities were projected into it. It was always both lovable and hateful, both good and evil. We may suspect that the good scapegoat, the innocent sin-bearer, is older than the differentiation of good and evil into two separate impersonations—indeed a conception as primitive as any that we know.

Now, in the tradition of the tragic drama, the hero bears the traces of this ambiguous character. He must, according to Aristotle, be neither a pattern of virtue nor a monster of vice. His fate must not be brought upon him by any vice or depravity. It must be undeserved, or it will not move us to pity; yet it must arise from some "fault" or "mistake" on his part, so that the cause may lie within him. No gratuitous stroke from without, whether of destiny or accident, can ever be tragic.

This is the central paradox of the tragic plot. I venture to say that the literary criticism which limits its views to the products of mature art and despises inquiry into origins has failed to shed a single ray of light upon the problem why this mysterious form of drama should ever have come into existence. There is some hope that the notion of the scapegoat, the innocent bearer of another's sin, may help us a little way along the path to understanding.

Here, following the lead given by Freud,* I will ask this question: Is there any sense in which the tragic hero can be seen as bearing the sin and evil that belong to *us*, the spectators of his suffering? Is it *our* burden that he takes from our shoulders? Is his death a vicarious death, justified not by his sin but by ours? Is that why we feel his death to be right, though he has not deserved it?

The question may seem fantastic; but let me ask you to consider yet another type of ritual, akin to those we have had in mind, but more awful and mysterious than they.

Robertson Smith, in his masterly analysis of the Semitic idea of sacrifice, carried back his inquiry to "a state of society much more primitive than that of the agricultural Semites or Greeks." He studied the sacrificial feast, the sacramental meal, the seal of that primitive kinship which unites gods, men, and animals in a single continuous group.

> "Ultimately the only thing that is sacred is the common tribal life, or the common blood which is identified with the life. Whatever being partakes in this life is holy, and its holiness may be described indifferently either as participation in the divine life and nature, or as participation in the kindred blood."†

---

**Totem and Taboo* (1919), Chap. IV. That part of Freud's theory which I adopt is independent of his identification of the primal sin with the murder of the prehistoric father by his sons.

†W. Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites* (1889), p. 271.

Now among totem peoples, at certain festivals, this ultimate sanctity solemnly and deliberately violated. The sacred animal, an embodiment of the common life of the group, is killed—murdered—and its flesh, which at all other times is taboo, is eaten by the group as a mystic sacrament. There are clear traces in Greece of rites of this class, in which the divine animal, the god incarnate, is ceremonially slain, mourned, and eaten in communion by the worshippers. In the Orphic rite known as the Eating of the Raw Flesh, the death of the divine child, Zagreus, was commemorated by the killing of a bull, the animal form of the god, which was torn in pieces and eaten raw. The legend was that the divine child had suffered a similar death at the hands of the wicked Titans. The child was restored to life or reborn; but the guilty Titans were blasted to ashes, and from these ashes mankind was made. Hence the double nature of man—good and evil—for though the Titans were evil, they had partaken of the divine life; and so man, who springs from their ashes, contains a spark of divinity.

The rite of Eating the Raw Flesh not only commemorates but re-enacts the awful deed, the primal sin; yet it is also the means of salvation, a renewal of communion with the divine being whose flesh eaten, and whose blood is drunk.

Here, if anywhere, there must surely be a terrible clash of conflicting emotions. Communion with the god can only be effected by sacrificing him. He must die and be torn in pieces that our life may be renewed; and it is we, his worshippers, who are guilty of his death. The need must be felt to rid ourselves, by whatever means, of the consciousness of this guilt. This form of riddance may be illustrated from an Athenian rite called the Ox-murder (*Bouphonia*). The victim on this occasion was a bull, and its death was followed by a solemn inquiry as to who was responsible for the deed. "The maidens who drew water to sharpen the axe and knife threw the blame on the sharpeners, they put it on the man who handed the axe, he on the man who struck down the victim, and he again on the one who cut its throat, who finally fixed the responsibility on the knife, which was accordingly found guilty of murder and cast into the sea."* By this naïve device the evil was transferred from the congregation to a lifeless tool, which suffered as a scapegoat for the worshippers' crime.

There are other ways of finding relief from the tension of ambivalent emotion. The internal conflict may be externalised by splitting the participants into two parties, the friends and enemies of the god. We have seen this in the Russian ceremony where Kostroma is attacked and defended, slain by his assailants and mourned by his defenders. So in the Orphic myth Zagreus has his defenders, the armed youths called *Kouretes*, and his assailants, the wicked Titans. The struggle, the *agon*, between the two parties is nothing but a dramatisation of the

*W. Robertson Smith, *ibid.* p. 286.

inward struggle in the worshippers; for, after all, it is they, and alone, who are enacting the whole performance and killing their Relief is obtained by projecting the guilt into the mythical figure the Titan.* We can now plead that it is not we who desire the go death; it is the Titan, whose part we are merely acting in a dra By this expedient we find a scapegoat in the mythical figure— villain of the piece, who acquires an independent reality in imaginati as the external depositary of the impulse we dare not recognise as ou The villain comes to a bad end: the Titan is blasted by the thunderb of God, and so the projected guilt is atoned.

It is the dramatic form that makes the mystic sacrifice tolera There is a special reason why rituals of this form should beco dramatic while still in the religious stage of development.†

This concept of projection may enable us to understand the breaki up of the original group, consisting only of the band of worshipp and its divine leader, into the three divisions we find in the theatre actors, chorus and spectators. We now see the actors in the dra as projections from the psychology of the chorus or band of worshippe Their conflicting emotions give rise to a fragmentation, in which several factors in the conflict become distinct as the actors in the pl The chorus thus transfers the burden of its mind to the antagoni on the scene and sinks into a contemplative attitude, retaining moral sentiments it can approve. Beyond the chorus again is circle of spectators, yet further removed for the scenic action, finding in the total complex of actors and chorus a complete rep sentation of every feeling, conscious and unconscious, that comes in play.

But even when we have got so far, we have not reached the conception of the tragic hero. If we throw all the guilt upon antagonist in the drama, he will be left wholly innocent, and, Aristotle saw, the spectacle of a perfectly good person cast down fr happiness to misery does not raise the tragic emotions of fear and pi but is simply "odious"—a violation of our moral feelings. To av this, the responsibility for his fate must, in some manner and measu be fixed upon *himself*. His suffering, though undeserved, must traced to some "fault" that lies within him.

The last hazardous suggestion I shall make is that the concept projection may help us again here, though used in another applicati

So far we have considered the hero's opponent, the villain, as projection from our own state of mind, giving relief to the ambival

*This psychological utility of the Titan does not exclude his possible origir historic fact as suggested, *e.g.* by Mr. A. B. Cook in *Zeus* (1914), Vol. I., p. 65

†It is a profoundly significant fact that the Christian Mass, originally a sim evening meal, developed into a ritual drama of a very elaborate kind as it ca to be regarded as a re-enactment of the sacrificial death.

emotion which lies at the root. But we have recognised that the object of this double emotion is the hero himself; the evil element of which we seek to disburden ourselves is the desire for his overthrow and death. There is an element of fear and hatred directed against him which must imply something *in him* that is to be feared and hated. In the drama this something will become the "fault" that is to cause his downfall.

Let us fix our attention, then, upon the typical psychology of the tragic hero, and see in what form this disastrous fault appears. We are familiar with this typical psychology in the drama of Æschylus. The hero is a man of high station—perilously high, bordering too closely on the perfect felicity which is the prerogative of jealous gods. He forgets the maxim: "Know thyself, that thou art mortal." Waxing proud and insolent, he provokes the divine jealousy or Nemesis. Then he is overtaken with moral blindness, infatuation; and in this state he is beset by the suggestions of Temptation (*Peitho*), the minister of *Ate*, whose name means both "blindness" and the "ruin" that overtakes the morally blind. Yielding to temptation, he commits some action—not perhaps in itself a very bad action, but having some fatal quality or aspect, of which, in his blindness, he is unaware. So the train of destruction is fired, and the end inevitably follows.

In this scheme the divine Nemesis springs from the jealousy (*phthonos*) of the *superior*, resenting the arrogance of the mere man who would make himself equal with the gods. It is the celestial counterpart of human envy—the jealousy of the *inferior*, prompt to detect the pride and insolence in those exalted above him. We have encountered this feeling in the analysis of Comedy; it appears that the fault of the tragic hero, as of the comic, may be viewed as a failure in self-knowledge. But his pride, being united with power, is formidable—an object of hatred, rather than of ridicule.* The blindness, too, that afflicts him is of a more serious kind. And while this blindness is upon him, his antagonist, the evil principle, presents itself in the guise of the tempter, the lying spirit of persuasion.

When the King of Israel desired to take Ramoth-Gilead out of the hand of the King of Syria, the prophets said to him: "Go up; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hands of the king." So also said Micaiah, until he was adjured to speak the truth. Then he said:

> "I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left. And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner.
>
> "And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him.
>
> "And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith?

---

* Plato (*Philebus*, 49E) draws this distinction between arrogance backed by power, which is hated and feared, and pretentiousness without power, which is ridiculous.

"And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophets.

"And He said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth and do so."

In the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus* the lying spirit is incarnate Clytemnestra, who tempts the king to make himself equal to the go by treading on the purple draperies and accepting oriental homa His wiser nature offers some formal protest; but he is blind. Ar one thing his blindness hides from him is that the temptation whi seems to come from without is really from within. The city wou not fall were there no traitor inside to open the gates. The spirit persuasion may be thought of as externalised or projected from own state of mind.

In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare shows us this projection in the very ac When Macbeth sees the symbol of his treacherous design, he cann tell whether it is the creature of his own imagining or not.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?—or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

In the last words Macbeth sees the truth; but he has already, the scene with the witches, "eaten on the insane root, that takes t reason prisoner."

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

And the witches themselves—are they, too, phantoms of the bra or ministers of supernatural soliciting? When they have vanishe into air, Banquo is troubled:

'Tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

---

*See Walter Headlam in *Cambridge Prælections* (1906), p. 99 ff.

The witches seem more real, more concrete and external, than the visionary dagger, though a doubt hangs over these supernatural forms, as it hangs over the ghost in *Hamlet*:

> The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil: and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
> As he is very potent with such spirits—
> Abuses me to damn me.

It is only one step from these instances to the case of Clytemnestra, where the instrument of darkness comes wearing the disguise of human shape. There are other characters in the greatest drama which seem intelligible only when we regard them as externalised embodiments of the evil in the hero's own soul. There are several such characters in the great spiritual tragedies of Dostoevsky,* and in Shakespeare. Such a one is Iago. Taken as a real man, with an independent existence, Iago is all but incredible. How could this monster of cynicism have so imposed upon Othello that he believes him "full of love and honesty"? How could this demi-devil ensnare his soul? Only because Iago is the dark shadow in that soul, the reverse of that generous nature, so deeply buried that neither Othello himself nor Desdemona can believe that it exists:

> Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
> To follow still the changes of the moon,
> With fresh suspicions?

When Emilia says: "Is he not jealous?" Desdemona answers:

> Who? He? I think the sun where he was born
> Drew all such humours from him.

Thus, finally, the antagonist of the tragic hero is revealed as a part of his own nature of which he is not conscious. The only conflict that can be tragic is a conflict fought out within the bounds of a soul whose state is not single—a soul that attains to self-knowledge too late to save the outward life from wreckage.

> Now cracks a noble heart.

Yet by self-knowledge the soul may be saved:

> Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

It is, no doubt, a far cry from the totem-feast and the sacramental eating of the dying god to the death of Hamlet or Othello; nor can I fill in the links that stretch across many thousand years of spiritual growth in religion and art.

I do not know whether the essential nature of the tragic problem has ever been fully stated. The explicit formulations that are commonly made of its solution seem too facile, flat and unprofitable. The question

*See Dr. Lavrin's admirable *Dostoevsky and his Creation* (1920).

troubles us with thoughts that still lie beyond the reaches of our souls. But, leaving this and turning back to earlier times and methods of approach, I believe that the same question has been asked and the same answer found alike in the tragic drama and in the symbolic ritual of mystical religion.

And if it be true, as we assumed at the outset, that a compendium of the millennial development from one form to the other still exists in the unconscious levels of the mind, then it may be that, when we witness a tragedy and partake, as spectators, in the tragic conflict and the solution that seems to come with the breaking light of self-knowledge, there may rise from those unknown depths feelings that once were moved by the mystical sacrament of man's redemption through the suffering of the innocent sin-bearer, and we may read, though as in a glass darkly, what is meant by the life that can be saved only by being lost.

F. M. Cornford.

# A NAVIGATOR TO HIS SOUL

*The following poem is taken from "A Voyage for the Discovering a Passage to the South Sea" by Captain James. The voyage was made in 1681 and the verses were written during a storm in the dangerous waters of Hudson's Bay. The book and the poem were rescued from oblivion by Wordsworth.*

O, my poor soul, why dost thou grieve to see
So many deaths muster to murder me?
Look to thyself, regard not me; for I
Must do for what I came, perform or die.
So may'st thou free thyself from being in
A dunghill dungeon, a mere sink of sin,
And happily be freed, if thou believe
Truly in God through Christ, and ever live.
Be therefore glad yet: ere thou go from hence
For our joint sins let's do some penitence
Unfeignedly together. When we part
I'll wish the angels joy with all my heart.
We have with confidence relied upon
A rusty wire, touched with a little stone,
Encompassed round with paper, and, alas,
To house it harmless, nothing but a glass,
And thought to shun a thousand dangers by
The blind direction of this senseless fly,
When the fierce winds shattered black nights asunder,
When pitchy clouds, spitting forth fire and thunder
Have shook the earth and made the Ocean roar
And run to hide it in the broken shore.
Now must thou steer *by faith*; a better guide.
'Twill bring thee safe to heaven against the tide
Of Satan's malice. Now let quiet gales
Of saving grace inspire thy zealous sails.

# NE FINCH, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA (1661-1720)

A NNE FINCH, Countess of Winchilsea, was born Anne Kingsmill in 1661. She belonged to the great Hampshire family of Kingsmill. Her father, Sir William Kingsmill, died in ember, 1660, four months before she was born. She had a brother sister. Her mother, a Hazlewood by birth and also an Anne, married again in October, 1662, to Sir Thomas Ogle. Lady gsmill was then thirty, and her second husband twenty-four. n 1664, when Anne Finch was three, her mother died; and seven rs later her stepfather, Sir Thomas Ogle, died also. No doubt lived with some of her many connections, who naturally brought up to be married, and little besides. There is a perceptible tinge of ntment against such an education in her poetry; and seeing that dreamland was one

> Where no dowry e'er was paid,
> Where no jointure e'er was made . . .

that none of her childhood connections, save one, have any place ier poetry, we may imagine that she was none too happy as a girl. re seem to have been no childish recollections on which she loved well, although she was precisely the kind of woman who might been expected to do so: and the very fervour of her devotion Mary of Modena, to whom she became a Maid of Honour in 1683, gests that the fatherless and motherless girl found in her royal tress an object of which her affection had previously been starved. this perhaps will explain the persistence with which her loyal er, Colonel Heneage Finch, Captain of Halberdiers and Gentleman he Bedchamber in the same Royal Household, had to woo her—ays when eligible suitors were not lightly put aside—before

> his constant passion found the art
> To win a stubborn and ungrateful heart.

ke to fancy—and fancy here may legitimately be indulged—that at least of Mary of Modena's Maids of Honour, Anne Finch and Mistress Anne Killigrew whom Dryden immortalized, formed h their Royal Mistress something of a feminine cabal. They were, iink, a little down on men, and perhaps the notorious liaison between Duke of York and yet a third Maid of Honour, Catherine Sedley—st simple and lovely names!—made them adopt, as it were in ence of their mistress, a distinctly chilly attitude to wooers. Any- Anne Finch was no heiress; and we cannot suppose that she ied higher than the son and uncle of an Earl. Besides which, it is

clean contrary to what we know of her character to suppose that she put him off in hope of something better. And what we know of Colonel Heneage Finch makes it certain that she could not have hoped for a goodlier man or a more loving husband. The probabilities are that she was, though not quite "stubborn and ungrateful," as she afterwards made out in the self-abasement of love, discouraging and superior towards his advances. Beautiful I am positive she was, but, alas! a little of the blue-stocking and a little of the man-hater, and she did not believe in making herself too agreeable. However, the Colonel persisted, and she at last relented. The flag once lowered, came down with a run, for in the register of marriage dated May 14, 1684, in which the Colonel truthfully described himself as a "bachelor aged about 27 years," Anne Kingsmill declared that she was a "spinster aged about 18 years," which was five years too little. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, will say the feminists at this shocking defection: but I, like Richard Burton in like circumstances, declare roundly that I admire her for it. There should be no half-measures in love, and if Anne Kingsmill went to extremes at the moment she first indulged in feminine arts, it was due not to misplaced enthusiasm, but lack of practice.

There can have been, in the whole history of love, few happier marriages than this one, even though it was childless. Thirty-nine years later, when Anne Finch had been dead three years, the Earl of Winchilsea (as Colonel Finch unexpectedly became) wrote against the date of his marriage in a little private diary, meant for no eyes but his own and God's, "Most blessed day." There is no gainsaying such evidence, even by the professional cynic; but it really does no more than confirm the witness of the poems themselves. If it is not real happy married love that speaks in the most intimate of them then one man's ear for the voice of true emotion is hopelessly at fault. The situation was, of course, a little unusual for an aristocratic couple in those days; though probably the fashionable literature of the time leads us to think it rather more unusual than it actually was. Certainly, Ardelia (for that was her poetical name for herself, given with an obvious, and probably just, allusion to "ardent") was whimsically aware of a certain abnormality about the whole proceeding—a husband who

by tenderest proof discovers
They err who say that husbands can't be lovers,

and a wife who positively shocks Parnassus by demanding inspiration for a love-poem to her legal lord and master. Indeed, it seems to be true that Colonel Finch found separation even harder to bear than she did. For when she was at Tunbridge Wells for the waters in the summer of 1685, in pursuit of assuagement for her melancholy or spleen, he felt so lonely that he urged her to return. It was she who had to be firm, as appears by the only decipherable stanza of her reply:

Daphnis, your wish no more repeat
For my return, nor mourn my stay,
Lest my wise purpose you defeat
And urged by love I come away.
My own desires I can resist
But blindly yield if you persist.

This was in the year after the marriage. Anne Finch had left the ervice of Mary of Modena; but the Colonel retained his posts in the uke of York's Household. So they lived at Westminster, honourably tuated, though not affluent, through the brief and troubled reign of heir master. It was, we may guess, in Westminster, while James was ill Duke of York, that she had heard "unpaid sailors, and hoarse eaders brawl." When James became King and in control of the 'reasury, the sailors had no need to clamour for their pay. He was, he declares in her elegy on his death,

Open to all; but when the seaman came,
Known by his face and greeted by his name,
Peculiar smiles and praises did impart,
To all his prowess and desert:
All had his willing hand, the seaman had his heart.
He, born an Islander, by nature knew
Her wooden walls her strength, her guard the naval crew.

'et another contrast she noted, as a member of a Royal House-old well might do, between the reigns of the Merry Monarch and his ore conscientious brother, and she gives us a glimpse of her own ast anxieties, when she writes:

Weep ye attendants who composed his train
And no observance spent in vain
Nor ever with uneasy fears
Contracted needful debts and doubted your arrears.

ut the halcyon days of paid sailors and paid salaries were soon over. 'hree brief years and all was lost. James and his queen went into xile, and the Finches, their faithful servants, into disgrace and poverty. 'hey became "gentlefolk in reduced circumstances." In some verses ommiserating with Colonel Finch upon his gout, Ardelia explains at he was

Not rich enough to soothe the bad disease
By large expenses to engage his stay,
Nor yet so poor to fright the gout away.

'or many years he refused to take the oath of allegiance to William Orange, and thus debarred himself for his honour's sake from all laces of profit and emolument under the Crown. Instead of a soldier e became perforce a student of warfare, and in "The Invitation to aphnis" we are given a glimpse of him poring over the maps Mons and Namur. Retirement was forced upon them; but they ere fit for retirement. They were dependent upon the kindness of eir family and friends; but their family and friends were kind. nd though one may easily gather from Ardelia's poems that at first e position of poor relation was trying, one gathers with no less ertainty that the young Earl of Winchilsea behaved towards them

as a sympathetic kinsman should behave. At last the unexpect happened; the young Earl died leaving no direct heir, and Colon Finch succeeded to the title. He put on flesh—the notebook recor his being weighed at sixteen stone—became one of the studious an quaries of the time, and in 1717 was elected President of their learn Society. Three years later, on August 5, 1720, the Countess Winchilsea died. In her latter years she had published anonymous her *Miscellany Poems*, and consorted with the great wits of the a Swift, Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot. It was said that either Pope Gay satirized her as a blue-stocking with the itch for scribbling "Three Hours after Marriage," and she was also said to have giv offence to Gay in particular by saying that his "Trivia" showed tha "he was more proper to walk before a chair than to ride in one. All this dubious gossip is uninteresting. What she was her poem sufficiently declare; and, if we set her poetical gift aside, we find her and her husband a very perfect example of a type which thou it grows rarer, is assuredly not yet extinct in the English aristocracy true ladies and true gentlemen who do not willingly provide paragraph for the gossip-columns, nor take up postures innumerable in th illustrated weeklies: on their estates, in town, in the Royal House hold itself, which they generally serve at some time in their lives they live sequestered; secret charities, unpaid services, flow fror them; and the love and honour of a countryside flows to them. The felicity is enviable, but not envied, because they have deserved it in word and deed, in courtesy and kindness, they remember tha "noblesse oblige."

§

Anne Finch was truly religious. She tasted early the mutabilit of human fortunes; and as Bossuet said of Queen Henrietta Maria "Elle-même a su profiter de ses malheurs et de ses disgrâces plus qu elle n'avait fait de toute sa gloire." The "Fragment" plainly record the process of her soul, and in many other of her poems are un mistakable traces of a genuine contemplative piety. The good Bisho Ken was her friend and spiritual guide. Thus, though in virtue the nature-mysticism which utters itself in "A Nocturnal Reverie" she has intelligibly been called the precursor of the English Romantics she is romantic with an essential difference. There is no trace pantheism in her attitude. That had to wait for Rousseau before declared itself. And that same "Nocturnal Reverie," which by th depth and directness of its nature-emotion so clearly anticipates th Romantic revival, contains at the end a line which makes clear th distinction between the Countess of Winchilsea's creed and that o her more famous successors. In such a moment of rapture, she says "the free soul"

> Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own.

Doubtless, the Countess wrote the line to guard herself against bein

misunderstood by other people and by herself. We have only to compare the thought of the concluding lines of the "Reverie" with that of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" to understand the distinction between orthodoxy (which we may, if we know what we are about, call classicism) and romanticism in the matter of nature-poetry. The world of nature, though she loved it deeply, was still the inferior world for the Countess; the soul did not inhabit there. Only there were moments when it could delude itself into believing that it did. In her "recovered moments" she remembered that she must wait "till heaven be known in heaven." The "ineffable recess" was not approached even in the most ecstatic of her earthly thoughts.

But she was in no real danger of sacrificing this life to the next. She was acute in her own self-knowledge, and was quite able to distinguish a mood of depression from a spiritual discontent. Her curious Pindaric poem to "The Spleen," which is said to have been judged the best account of that elusive infirmity by eighteenth-century doctors, shows that she had discovered for herself or inherited the sane psychology of the orthodox tradition. If Cowper or Smart had had her religious wisdom they would have been spared much suffering, and we might have gained much poetry.

> By thee Religion, all we know
> That should enlighten here below,
> Is veiled in darkness and perplexed,
> With anxious doubts and endless scruples vexed,
> And some restraint implied from each perverted text
> Whilst *Touch not, Taste not* what is freely given
> Is but thy niggard voice disgracing bounteous heaven.

That is religious sanity, condemning Puritanism; and the Countess's religion was so sweet and wholesome that she could on occasion, as in the last lines of "The Apology," be whimsical about it.

The genuine love of nature and the genuine Christian piety which controlled it both distinguished the Countess of Winchilsea from contemporary poets. Though it is not true that religion and the love of nature are necessarily allied (for religion can become predominantly intellectual), it probably is true that a genuine nature-emotion is in some sort religious: so that we may say that if the Countess of Winchilsea had not been pious she would have been a pantheist. It was a very good thing that she was not: for pantheism requires a stronger nature than hers to bear it out to the end. Orthodoxy remained her support, and nature her solace. Thereby she found much happiness, nor was she often tempted to overtax her poetic strength.

That was not great, but it was real. At her best she has an exquisite sense of nuance, and a simple felicity in expressing it. Such phrases as

> Silent as a midnight thought . . .

or

> Softer than love, softer than light
> When just escaping from the night . . .

linger like fragrance in the memory. They are a woman's phrases; and they have a peculiar perfection of femininity. For a slightly different and perhaps even more characteristic nuance, of beauty tinged with malice, we may admire the two astonishing lines from "The Spleen":

> Nor will in fading silks compose
> Faintly the inimitable rose.

That is the *ne plus ultra* of feminine poetry; a perfect specimen of the Countess of Winchilsea's lovely gift, quintessentially hers because it is shot with her own contempt for

> The dull manage of a servile house.

I may be wrong; but I am inclined to believe that those lovely lines had an interesting sequel. They are the jewel of "The Spleen"; but that poem contains another striking phrase:

> Now the Jonquille o'ercomes the feeble brain;
> We faint beneath the aromatic pain.

It has been already noticed, I think first by Sir Edmund Gosse, that Pope borrowed the phrase for his famous line:

> Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

But what I suspect is that Pope's line came wholly from "The Spleen"; and that he, with his notable flair for the excellent, combined in his memory the two memorable phrases—

> Faintly the inimitable rose . . .

and

> Faint beneath the aromatic pain

to make his more spectacular, but less lovely, line.

Exquisite is the word for Ardelia at her best. She had a genius for the intangible. Surely nothing, in its kind, was ever better than "A Sigh":

> Gentlest air, thou breath of lovers,
> Vapour from a secret fire,
> Which by thee itself discovers,
> Ere yet daring to aspire.
>
> Softest note of whispered anguish,
> Harmony's refinedest part,
> Striking, whilst thou seemst to languish,
> Full upon the hearer's heart.
>
> Safest messenger of passion,
> Stealing through a crowd of spies,
> Which constrain the outward fashion,
> Close the lips and guard the eyes.
>
> Shapeless sigh! we ne'er can show thee,
> Formed but to assault the ear;
> Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,
> Every nymph may read thee here.

It *is* a sigh, drawn out to a lovely, silvery music, lingering on the air, gay and tender, a song, if ever one were, for a lover to listen to his mistress singing in a shadowy candle-lighted room to the sound of a harpsichord. And the same strange, simple and impalpable gift of identifying her music with her theme shines out unmistakably in her

little poem to the nightingale. I do not think there can be any doubt that she wrote it while actually listening to the nightingale's song, or that she was speaking the simple truth when she said:

> This moment is thy time to sing,
> This moment I attend to praise
> And set my numbers to thy lays.
> Free as thine shall be my song,
> As thy music short or long.

What to me is most amazing is the simplicity with which she captures the veritable voice, the authentic thrill.

> She begins. Let all be still!
> Muse, thy promise now fulfil!
> Sweet, oh sweet, still sweeter yet!
> Can thy words such accents fit,
> Canst thou syllables refine,
> Melt a sense that shall retain,
> Still some spirit of the brain?
> 'Twill not be! then change thy note;
> Let division shake thy throat . . .

There is nothing in it? I am not sure that there is not everything. I can but leave it to the delight of others whose ear for poetry is not wholly unattuned to mine. But that the Countess of Winchilsea had a subtle and instinctive understanding of some of the rarest effects of poetical "music" seems to me indubitable: and for a sort of external corroboration of this opinion I would call in evidence the fact that for the "musical" theme of her "Nocturnal Reverie" she went unerringly to the lovely antiphon of the final scene of *The Merchant of Venice*," "On such a night . . ."

These are the pinnacles of the Countess of Winchilsea's poetic achievement. "The Sigh," and "The Nightingale" and "A Nocturnal Reverie" at least should be in every anthology. And, for yet another example of what I have called her sense of the nuance, and one that has the added interest of showing that her preoccupation with the elusive was conscious, there are the beautiful lines which Wordsworth admired and extracted from an unequal poem:

> Deep lines of honour all can hit,
> Or mark out a superior wit;
> Consummate goodness all can show
> And where such graces shine below:
> But the more tender strokes to trace,
> To express the promise of a face
> When but the dawnings of a mind
> We from an air unripened find,
> Which, altering as new moments rise,
> The pen or pencil's art defies;
> When flesh and blood in youth appears
> Polished like what our marble wears;
> Fresh as that shade of opening green
> Which first upon our groves is seen;
> Enlivened by a harmless fire
> And brightened by each gay desire;
> These nicer touches would demand
> A Cowley's or a Waller's hand . . .

But, beautiful as it is, it gives us a glimpse of the Countess of Winchilsea's weakness as a poet. She is inclined to be diffuse, to add touch after touch, forgetful of her main design. In this she reminds me of another exquisite minor poet, John Clare. That is only to say, what no one would have doubted, that the Countess of Winchilsea is a minor poet. But major poets are few, and minor poets of so delicate an individuality are not very numerous. We certainly cannot afford that a mind so gracious, and a talent so delightful, should any longer be a victim of the iniquity of oblivion.

The same self-knowledge that is apparent in the sanity of her religion is revealed also in her power of detachment from her own poetry. Sometimes, it is true, she carries self-depreciation too far, and she may be suspected rather of seeking to divert criticism than of speaking the truth from her heart when she declared of some estimable and forgotten contemporary authoress that she

> Of each sex the two best gifts employed
> The skill to write, the modesty to hide.

If anything is certain upon internal evidence it is that Ardelia did not believe that a woman ought to be ashamed of being a writer. Modesty was thrust upon her by a masculine convention. She accepted the convention, but she did not like it. And though she was glad of the fact that she had kept her poetry to herself and her intimates, she does not allow it to be thought that she was glad of the necessity.

"It is still a great satisfaction to me [she wrote in later years], that I was not so far abandoned by my prudence, as out of mistaken vanity, to let any attempts of mine in poetry show themselves while I lived in such a public place as the Court, where everyone would have made their remarks on a versifying Maid of Honour; and by far the greater number with prejudice if not contempt."

Perhaps, if her verses had been more in accord with the fashion of the day, she would not have been so reticent. Although she was witty, and although she could be quite effectively satirical, she was not particularly interested in being either. The attitude must have made her quite formidable as a young lady in the society of her day. Wit in a woman could be accepted, and returned, if possible, in kind; but to know that a woman could be witty, and yet rather despised her wit, must have been alarming. It called for all Colonel Finch's good-humoured pertinacity to fight his way past the barrier which a kind heart and an original mind had set about themselves. And she for her part was quite acutely aware that her mode in poetry was not that of the moment. She imagines the fashionable critic objecting.

> Oh, stun me not with these insipid dreams,
> The eternal hush, the lullaby of streams;
> Which still (he cries) their even measures keep
> Till both the writers and the readers sleep . . .

"Insipid dreams" is, very precisely, what the wits of town would have called her best poetry. Its tenuous, intangible beauty would have

named them. "Insipid" probably would have been the name even for those lines which I prefer to Pope's "improvement" of them. It was the age of "improvers"; and Ardelia occasionally made efforts to "improve" herself.) "Insipid," certainly, would have been the word for most of her loveliest lines: the pellucid couplet on first love—

> That oft I sighed, ere yet I knew the cause,
> And was a lover ere I dreamed I was . . .

or on a calm sea—

> For smooth it lay as if one single wave
> Made all the sea, nor winds that sea could heave.

"Insipid" above all the prayer, which she knew had been granted, of her "Petition for an Absolute Retreat":

> Give me there (since Heaven has shown
> It was not good to be alone)
> A partner suited to my mind,
> Solitary, pleased, and kind;
> Who partially may something see
> Preferred to all the world in me.

But "insipid" would have been their name for Wordsworth also, whose genius finally created the taste for the delicate emotional simplicity which he enjoyed in her work. This simplicity is the simplicity of distinctly felt emotion. The Countess of Winchilsea's contemporaries were not interested in distinct emotions, but in distinct ideas. Neither alone is sufficient to make great poetry; but great poetry was not being written in the Countess of Winchilsea's day. Here, at the best, was authentic poetry of distinct emotion; and that will keep it sweet for many years to come.

J. Middleton Murry.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BERNARD SHAW'S "BACK TO METHUSELAH!"—Many clever people nowadays claim that Nature's main objective is the production of brains. This is possible, though, as Roderigo said to Iago: "It doth not appear." Even in the case of Man, if her intentions are good, her performance leaves much to be desired. So far as we can see, Nature is never concerned with the improvement of any species except in so far as it is an aid to its preservation. Man being the sole exception to this rule he is perhaps a portent of better things. He makes himself ideals which he tries to realize. He makes himself more virtuous in relation to an Absolute Goodness which he himself has imagined, and wiser in relation to an Absolute Wisdom which he has imagined also. But this seed of greatness hidden in the heart of Man, flowers and bears fruit only in a few men who are scattered among the nations. It is these men who build up a mental civilization of which the concomitant material civilisation is only a pale reflection. For civilization is the child of culture, not its parent. The processes by which man masters the forces of Nature are discovered mostly through the disinterested pursuit of knowledge by the best men; but their application is not made by the best men, but by the powerful, the greedy, and the selfish, who use these processes primarily for their own benefit. Thus perverted, too much knowledge and too little wisdom brings civilization crashing down, and man has to commence once more.

The problem of any civilization is its maintenance; and one of the factors against it is "the survival of the fittest." If the word "fittest" often implies "the best," the biological phrase, "the survival of the fittest," requires an infinitive after it. "The survival of the fittest to survive" is what it means. The fittest, in this sense, are the greedy and cunning people who seize on every process out of which money can be made. They thus, as it were, by accident, build up a material civilization, which is only a by-product of their money-making. But the problems raised by a complex civilization become too intricate to be solved by greed, and a succession of wars destroys a large number of human beings without either solving the problems of civilization, or bringing any nearer Nature's supposed objective: brains. War, in fact, may be regarded as civilized man's suicide in despair of solving the problems raised by his own stupidity.

Bernard Shaw, in his five-night play, suggests that the solution lies in mankind willing to live longer. To achieve this end it is only necessary for us to realize its vital necessity and then to will it intensely; the miracle will happen and civilization will be saved.

It is easy enough to ridicule this idea (Shaw himself does so in the play), but the point is, not whether we could will to live longer, but whether we should become wiser by so doing. Shaw believes we

should, and makes out his case at length. Deny the validity of two postulates upon which the case for Shaw's Ancients rests: that t will become wiser as they grow older; and will keep unimpaired th vigour of mind and body to the end—and you have a case against Ancients already written out for you by Swift. Swift's descripti of the Laputans is very like a literal description of Shaw's Ancien while the Laputans' picture of the Struldbrugs, or Immortals, is such detailed ridicule of the Shavian hypothesis that I am tempted quote it. But I *must not spend space in transcribing a long passa* that the reader can easily refer to. In any case the idea at whi the satire is levelled, though a very important one in the Shav Pentateuch, is not the most important. And it should be noted th Shaw does not suggest that we should *all* become wiser by living long as he says that only the best men will begin to live three hundr years. The rest will eventually be exterminated by the long-liv The Shavian meaning of: We shall all become wiser by living long is in the sense that the extinction of the stupid will be effected by t survival of the intelligent. We should then *all* be wise. Shaw nothing if not logical.

The most important idea in this play, upon which Shaw rests t entire structure, is one which has caused more beating about of brai by theologians and philosophers than any other. It is the idea th the Universe is divisible into Substance and Spirit, and that Man composed of Body and Soul. The desire of the Shavian Ancients lose their bodies and become Pure Thought is nothing else than desire to realize the doctrine of the immortality of the soul witho the resurrection of the body. And, to me, the falsity of this doctri (upon which modern Spiritualism is based) lies not so much in the fa that this dichotomy of Body and Soul cannot be demonstrated, b that, carried, as Shaw carries it, to its logical conclusion, it proves th Life is purposeless. "For if life in its essence is eternal thought as the late A. E. Randall once said, "it has no motive for beginnin the process of sensation through matter; having begun it, it has motive for discarding the process, and returning to pure thoug again."

If, then, Shaw believes in this divisibility of Body and Soul, is logically a pessimist, not an optimist. For it leads him to the co clusion that Spirit becomes Matter and returns again to Spirit in eternal recurrence of terrifying futility. In this play Shaw deserts t Christian values which he restated with such inspiration in "Hear break House," for he seems to have passed by the inspiration and trie to explain it. He thus passed from inspired foolishness (for the wisdo of Christ seems folly to the reason alone) to intellectual foolishnes which is folly indeed.

But if I therefore consider it to be inferior to the play which precede it, the first part of "Back to Methuselah!" contains some very goo

things, and the last part has a fine piece of rhetoric in the shape of Lilith's long speech. And perhaps this theatrical monstrosity had to be written in order to rid Shaw's mind of disturbing thoughts. For it was followed by "Saint Joan," which I believe to be one of his best plays.

JOHN SHAND.

OUR BETTERS.—To a recent number of the *St. Martin's Review*, in itself an admirable little magazine, the literary editor of *The Sunday Times* contributed an article, of which the main argument and the chief phrases—in my opinion—deserve more attention than they have received. They are an interesting revelation of the quality of mind and the critical taste of the person who passes judgment on books in one of our great newspapers. My quotations are verbally exact:

> Few sensations can be so bewildering as that of the newspaper editor who is sitting at this moment in the deluge of the new books which are pouring in from the presses for our autumn and winter delight. . . Merely to survey the serried stacks of books, where novels in jackets of many colours—sometimes the best part of them—vie with serious works and ponderous tomes, must make him depressed. . . Moreover, an editor with imagination—and all true editors possess that quality—must feel some anxiety lest he may, perchance, overlook something that is really good. . . Yet it may be questioned if any book is not ultimately evaluated at its true worth, though the recognition may be delayed. . . . However come by, there can be little doubt that books which have real distinction have as good a chance as ever, if not, indeed, a better one. . . A type of book which has had a great vogue lately because it answers to every adventurous fibre in our natures. . . Adventure of a somewhat different kind, but measurable also by life, marks some recent books of a fact-*cum*-fiction type. . . Mr. Wells has made a great speciality of "topical" subjects. Thus *Meanwhile* is simply a pamphlet about the general strike. Again, a very distinguished example of this type of work will be found in Mr. Harold Nicolson's *Some People*, which, with its fine sense of prose, is a sheer delight. Another sample—*largo intervallo*—of the same school is to be found in a new Cassell book. . . But to apply the eighteenth-century Temperament and the crude legal methods of that generation to people of our own day is an unpleasant anachronism which has probably played itself out. . . On the purely artistic side of books nothing is so encouraging as the great interest which is being displayed in poetry. . . Let me end by saying that, falling in with a greater sense of applied art generally, publishers are producing, with some unfortunate exceptions, far more attractive-looking books than formerly. . . One of the most cognate features of the present publishing season is the large number of facsimile reprints of famous works. . .
>
> Taken altogether, the book world is improving all along the line, though perhaps we are not producing masterpieces. But then, that is true of all human activities at the moment. The level is high, even if the peaks are few and far between.

What *stuff!*

HENRY KING.

DEFENDING THE FAITH.—Bishop Gore has written an introduction to the "Everyman" translation of Renan's *Life of Jesus.* In his essay he brings forward two arguments now, alas, becoming familiar in up-to-date Anglican apologetic. This note is intended merely as disinterested advice to Christian apologists to drop these arguments forthwith. They do harm, not good, to their cause.

(1) The first of these arguments is directed against attempts to write a history of Jesus. Here are Bishop Gore's own words :

> The denial of the superhuman in the man Christ Jesus cuts so deep into the representation of all the Gospels, and the assumption of all the New Testament documents, that those who approach the Gospels in this spirit can only regard them . . . as substantially false—records of facts no doubt, but facts perverted by an enthusiasm which thought it saw or heard what in fact it only imagined. And it will depend upon the very fallible sense of probability in the modern critic what he will retain from the documents and what he will ignore or contradict.

The criticism *sounds* imposing because the disability is represented as peculiar to historians of the life of Jesus ; but actually this limitation is imposed upon all historical writing. The historian's "very fallible sense of probability" governs the use of Herodotus or Hansard. History that admits the supernatural as a category is simply not history : it is poetry, legend, or mythology. To argue that histories of Jesus which exclude the supernatural are to be rejected because they do violence to the documents is permissible only to those prepared to accept the documents as they stand. This Bishop Gore is not prepared to do. He admits that there are discrepancies, and he wants the discrepancies removed. This is surely unnecessary. If the supernatural is a lawful category, why not suspend the law of contradiction as well, and permit the same event to take place in two different ways ? If you are able to regard the miraculous feeding of the 5,000 as a real event, why boggle at a few relatively unimportant contradictions ? Bishop Gore should make up his mind : the choice is simple. Either he must admit a radical criticism, or reject all criticism whatsoever. There is no middle way for an honest mind.

(2) The second argument aims at representing that Natural Science nowadays admits the possibility of the New Testament miracles. Here are Bishop Gore's own words :

> Those of us who do not share the *a priori* assumption against the possibility of the miraculous or superhuman appearing in history, rejoice to acknowledge that on the side of physical science there is apparent in our days a very widespread weakening of the dogmatic repudiation of the miraculous. The Cambridge mathematician, Professor E. W. Hobson . . . has gone so far as to declare that "if the impossibility (of the occurrence of miracles) has been sometimes asserted by the exponents of Natural Science, the assertion is merely a piece of *a priori* dogmatism, quite incapable of substantiation on scientific grounds." Science is, in fact, much more open-minded than is commonly supposed.

Again, it *sounds* imposing. Professor Hobson's observation is, of course, quite true. Natural Science is avowedly based upon the observed uniformities of nature ; a miracle, being by definition a breach of those observed uniformities is, therefore, by definition, outside the universe of Natural Science. This obvious truth has no bearing at all on the question of the *possibility* of the New Testament miracles ; but it tells, with all its weight, against their probability. In short, we may begin to attach religious importance to such "admissions" on the part of Natural Science when we find it treating those miracles

as an essential part of its data. If the events really happened, as they are reported to have happened, then they are of crucial importance to Natural Science. Yet Natural Science completely ignores them. To suggest that Natural Science is now quite ready to admit that the New Testament miracles really happened, is to suggest a falsehood. Though the ordinary reader may not be able to put his finger on the fallacy in so specious an argument, he knows it is there: and he becomes contemptuous of a religion which resorts to these dubious defences.

Note on "Dusty Answer."—The American publishers announce that the book is a best seller. This is a shock to me, for I liked the book, as I like autumn, and childhood; as I like youth and walled English gardens, enchantment and summer, birds, rivers, wind and rain. These things should not be made public, especially in the United States, which might so easily have had them in heavenly symphonies, but preferred (so far as might be) to shut them out. Having no proper childhood or seclusion, perhaps it (the collective mind of the States) likes to read about them. And even though it sells I refuse to give up believing in the book.

Believing in it means experiencing it, in a peculiarly vivid way, and finding it, not *about* reality, but of the stuff of reality, and the substance under and behind dream. To maintain this fabric intact seems to me the work of a proper human person; to embody it achievement enough. Here is a book that puts to play in dramatic relation strange, appealing and faith-corroding matters that attack our humble little wondering soul. Yet, if they waste us, it is not we that are pathetic but the cleverer, quicker persons who consent to the waste: the faith-breakers. We may seem, at the end, empty, drab, frustrated, but we have not broken faith with things. What things? Autumn, if you will, and blue mist and smoke-trails; bird-song and dawn and dusk. All these, and more, are empty eggshells to those who have broken faith.

Of course, faith and loyalty (to those others) are words. The Roddys and Julians cannot afford the huge expense of converting them into realities; experiential facts. And the Jennifers who could afford it will not. There remains a forlorn and loving human psyche more than susceptible to beauty and pain. It must go through its pain-bearing as it can, happy if it can spread its perceptions on a scroll where they form a picture of one's poignant and perishing modern world. That is my experience of Miss Lehmann's book, and I yield to an inner pressure to write it down. I find there the germ of "answers" not so dusty as those in vogue.—H. C. Tracy.

# NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS AUDIENCE.—At last we have a separate reprint (Milford: 2s. 6d. net) of one of the most masterly brief criticisms of Shakespeare ever written—the essay on "The Influence of the Audience on Shakespeare's Drama" contributed by Dr. Robert Bridges to the Stratford edition of Shakespeare exactly twenty years ago. Since the main drift of the argument has long seemed to us convincing, we will resume it as briefly as we can, largely in Dr. Bridges' own words.

We cannot (he argues) account for the prevalence of bad jokes and obscenities in Shakespeare except on the supposition that he was willing to play down to his public. We may go further and argue that certain scenes, which are now offensive to our sensibility, were, in Shakespeare's time, demanded of a dramatist who would fully arouse the feelings. "To order a fellow creature to be burned alive in one's presence argues iron nerves, and the people of the sixteenth century being possessed of this sort of stupidity, Shakespeare knew that he must reckon with it." Again, apart from physical horrors and brutalities of conduct, we are shocked by the readiness with which offences of the first rank are sometimes overlooked and pardoned (*e.g.*, Angelo's in *Measure*). The explanation of this is that Shakespeare took advantage of a moral bluntness in his audience, and where his plot demanded a difficult reconciliation, he boldly accomplished it. So that we pass from "mere concession to the audience" and discover "Shakespeare taking advantage of their stupidity." This is evident in *Macbeth*: in the latter the veiled confusion of motive is so well managed that it must be regarded as a device intended to escape observation.

> That the main conception of the play is magnificent is amply proved by the effects obtained; but they are none the less procured by a deception, a liberty of treatment or a "dishonesty," which is purposely blurred. The naturalness is merely this, that in nature we cannot weigh or know all the motives and springs of action, and therefore we are not shocked at not being able to understand Macbeth; the difficulty indeed is one main source of our pleasure, and is intended to be so: but this is not nature in the sense of being susceptible of the same analysis as that by which the assumptions of science would investigate nature.
>
> The interest in a Shakespearean tragedy lies chiefly in the hero's conduct, and is greater as his conduct surprises while it satisfies: and from the constitution of things it is difficult to imagine a character or personality whose actions shall be at once consistent and surprising. The extreme of virtue may surprise; but Shakespeare never chose to depict men of whom the world was not worthy. Then there is the extreme of vice; and Shakespeare has surprised us with this in Iago and others; and he has surprised us, successfully or not, with monstrous forms of special qualities in Timon and Coriolanus: but to sustain surprise in a worthy hero he has sometimes had recourse to devices which are intended to baulk analysis. In order to attain the surprising, he will risk or even sacrifice the logical and consistent; and as such a flaw, if it were perceived, would ruin the interest, he is ready with abundant means to obscure the inconsistency.

The general scope of Dr. Bridges' argument is manifest in this passage; and naturally he is indignant with "those wretched beings who can never be forgiven their share in preventing the greatest poet and dramatist of the world from being the greatest artist." But that is, perhaps, too hard on the

Elizabethan audience. We may agree that Shakespeare lost something being compelled to write down to them; but it was, perhaps, by this compulsion that Shakespeare became the greatest *dramatist* of the world.

In an excellent and more detailed essay on "Shakespeare's Characterization" (New York: Macmillan) Professor Stoll, of Minnesota, drives home Dr. Bridges' argument; and he quotes an anonymous critic who wrote on Shakespeare as long ago as 1736:

> The more I read him, the more I am convinced that as he knew his own particular Talent well, he study'd more to work up great and moving Circumstances to place his chief Characters in, so as to affect our Passions strongly; he apply'd himself more to this than he did to the Means or Methods whereby he brought his Characters into those Circumstances.

And essentially the same judgment was passed by Remy de Gourmont: "Je crois qu'il a eu moins d'intentions profondes qu'on ne lui suppose et qu'il s'attardait moins à la vérité psychologique qu'aux surprises de l'action."

When we have such critical minds as Remy de Gourmont and Dr. Bridges in agreement, we may be sure that we are not far from the truth. Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose judgment on such matters is not to be lightly esteemed, is of the same persuasion. Professor Stoll's brilliant marshalling of the evidence clenches the argument. We may take the main fact as established. What conclusions shall we draw from it?

It might be said that Shakespeare was primarily a dramatist. But what do we mean by "primarily"? He was more essentially a poet. That is obvious; but if external corroboration is required, it is to be found in the fact that the only works which he deliberately published over his own name were the *Venus* and the *Lucrece*.

By saying that Shakespeare was essentially a poet I do not mean that if he had been a free agent, he would not have been a dramatist. Quite the contrary. Drama is the highest and fullest form of poetry. Shakespeare would have been a dramatist without a doubt, but less of a melodramatist.

But Shakespeare was not a free agent. He had made up his mind, for reasons that will be obvious to anyone who has glanced into the *bas fonds* of Elizabethan Bohemia, that he must be successful: he must put money in his purse and lift himself out of the gutter which gaped so horribly beside the plebeian man of letters in his day. The only way of escape was the popular theatre; and not to write for it merely, but to act in it, and not to act in it merely, but to own it. We have to remember that it was not until Dryden's day that it was possible—and even then barely possible—for a writer to make a living by the sale of his books. The alternatives before Shakespeare were the patronage of the aristocracy, or the popular theatre. The Sonnets seem to show pretty plainly that patronage had failed Shakespeare badly: we may guess that the bitter experience made resolute his decision.

He became a man of the Elizabethan theatre. And this he became completely: henceforward he published nothing, not, I think, because the best of his plays seemed to him unworthy, but because it was against his interest as a man who had, more completely than any other writer, identified himself with the theatre. His business now was to fill the house. That he did not trust his own powers for this is amply shown by the strange, but never sufficiently regarded, fact that he did not invent a single plot save one—

ost of the *Labour*, which there are good reasons for supposing not to have been addressed to the popular audience at all, but to belong to the period of patronage. The reason why Shakespeare did not invent any plots seems to me plain. It was not carelessness or laziness : a man of Shakespeare's powers may get careless and lazy some of the time, he is not careless and lazy all the time. The reason was that he did not feel safe in inventing plots. He did not believe that his unaided inventions would be dramatically effective enough to fill the house ; and he was taking no risks. (Probably he had taken them once or twice, as we shall see, and learned his lesson.) No matter what else, he must be dramatically effective. So he appropriated tried and fool-proof actions, and created persons and poetry. From that curious method arise nearly all the insoluble psychological problems of the Shakespeare plays.

Such a method, though necessary, must have been extremely painful to the poet. Some people will not admit that the cry in the Sonnets that he had "gored his own thoughts"—terrible phrase !—springs from this self-violation of his own genius ; I am sure it does ; nor can the plain sense of Sonnet CII be avoided.

> O for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds.

Fortunately the evidence of his inward chafing is not really precarious. The scene with the First Player in *Hamlet*—Dr. Bridges is the only critic I know who has made proper use of it—shows what he suffered in working for the Elizabethan theatre.

Evidently the First Player's speech, "The rugged Pyrrhus . . . ", comes from an early play by Shakespeare. It is generally supposed to be a burlesque or parody ; but the notion is silly. To Dr. Bridges it is as obvious as it was to Fleay, that those lines are early and quite serious Shakespeare. I go a little further and suggest that the epilogue to *Troilus and Cressida* (also never played) was the epilogue to the play from which they were taken. The play "was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once. . . . It was caviare to the general." The Shakespeare of 1600 is detached about his youthful disaster ; he can smile about it, though rather bitterly. But it is obvious that he still thought those lines were good. He was right. They are immature, absurd in parts, but very fine. The person who thinks them ridiculous is ridiculous himself ; he knows nothing about blank verse. Perhaps we may say that here we have a glimpse of the youthful tragedy he wanted to (and did) write ; while *Titus* is the kind of tragedy he had to write, until he learned to submit to and overcome the grim necessities of the Elizabethan theatre.

Be that as it may, the scenes in *Hamlet* do certainly reveal the strain to which Shakespeare submitted himself in pursuit of respectability and a new house in Stratford. People who condemn him for it have never known what it is to be poor. That Shakespeare chose this way is proof of his profound sense of reality : he would be less than Shakespeare had he not chosen it. And though I can imagine, with Dr. Bridges, that had he chosen otherwise, he *might* have written even finer plays, it seems to me much more probable (as I think it appeared to Shakespeare himself) that he would not have lived long enough to write them.

J. M. MURRY.

# ANTI-SPENGLER

SUNRISE IN THE WEST. By Adrian Stokes. (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.
DEFENCE OF THE WEST. By Henri Massis. (Faber & Gwyer.) 12s. 6d. net.
TIME AND WESTERN MAN. By Wyndham Lewis. (Chatto & Windus.) 21s. net.

If there is one word which could unite these three books it is *anti-Spengler*. M. Massis and Mr. Lewis attack him openly. As for Mr. Stokes, it would be more true to say that Spengler is against him than he against Spengler. But all the same he is just as much opposed to what this German philosopher stands for as are the others. His book is a defence of the aims and hopes of the modern artist.

> But if only we remain true to Modern Art, so poor as yet, so slow at finding a way forward from the wall that divides us from the past, if only we transform those emotions—they are the greater ones—which it cannot house into a faith in the future of Art and of mankind, and *not* attempt in vain—for it is in vain—to fix them onto some old and rusty hook, then it will come, this new lyricism, this final answer to a completed sphere of prosaic values.

Nothing could be more directly opposed to the thesis advanced in the *Decline of the West*.

> Until now (says Spengler) we have been free to hope from the future what we would. Where there are no facts, feeling reigns. Henceforward it will be the duty of everyone to realise, of coming things, what *can* happen and what consequently *will* happen.

And he goes on to maintain that, though many possibilities are open to modern man, others are definitely excluded—and among the excluded possibilities are a great painting and a great music. Those who incline towards Mr. Stokes's optimism will find in him a spirited apologist. His writing seeks to convince lyrically. He renounces precision, and his book needs consequently a very sympathetic reader for it to be intelligible.

> Greek harmony had to give way to a bloodshot experimentalism. That harmony was too confined. But now our vistas are endless. At long last we have fought clear of the precise, but only because we have followed it to a death at which we renounce the definite, definitely.

If Mr. Stokes fails to understand the case against modern art, M. Massis fails no less to understand that anything may be said against reason, and he complains bitterly "that instinct is everywhere denying to intelligence its primacy." His *Defence of the West* is really more a call to arms than a true defence. The West which has to be defended is, of course, the civilisation of the Latin and the Catholic mind. The enemy is an Asiatic menace, acting for the most part *via* Germany and Russia. Being thoroughly anti-German, he is naturally anti-Spengler. The whole of Spenglerism he conceives to be intimately related with a general feeling of defeat and war-guilt, and the desire for some spiritual retaliation.

> To escape from the ancient Roman discipline is the fixed idea of all these innovators. . . . It was her own intellectual revenge that the Germany of a Spengler was seeking to prepare, and her first care was to overthrow the values that would assure to France a too evident supremacy.

M. Massis has collected a number of quotations from German writers to bear out his contention. He is a wide reader, and he quotes aptly. But though

he makes out something of a case, his remarks in no way apply to Spengler's philosophy itself, which was conceived and the greater part of it executed in an hour more nearly resembling victory than defeat.

No, the so-called pessimism of Spengler and his "catastrophic theory," as Massis calls it, has nothing whatever to do with defeat. His pessimism, as the passage I have already quoted tends to show, is rather an absence of optimism. It is said that when he is reproached with being a pessimist he is accustomed to reply: "Then is every man a pessimist who knows he is going to die."

M. Massis is an optimist who, on behalf of rational Catholicism, believes also in "endless vistas." Upholding the prerogative of reason, his campaign is necessarily directed against any who dare to question it.

> A new revelation—that is the common theme of the innumerable theories put forward by Germanism and Slavism in their claims to the hegemony of the future world.

And a little further on:

> Irrationality of this kind is singularly profitable to the savage appetites of races in rivalry, who do not hesitate to take advantage of it in order to let loose all the more freely their insubordinate forces.

Here he brings us to the real issue. As a matter of fact every force is insubordinate. Energy tends to discharge itself in every direction; a force seeks to dominate all others. There is no use saying energy *ought* to be subservient to reason. The reason must be sufficiently developed, the energy sufficiently attenuated. And the tragedy—and it is part of the tragedy of all life—is that when reason does get the upper hand there is no arresting of the progress. The reason *still* develops; the energy *still* diminishes. Energy, however, is an essential component of life, so that the ultimate victory of reason is apt to be the ultimate victory of death. Despite all he says, Massis has perhaps an instinctive understanding of this law. He speaks the language of age addressing itself to youth. He would like to snub; he speaks with superiority:

> Notions like these were bound to inspire peoples who are still young, and who still possess the acridness of barbarian blood, with the ambition of becoming the centre of gravity of a new humanity.

And when he brushes aside the danger, he is not very convincing:

> Does not history teach us other things besides scepticism? It shows us that the only societies to perish are those which neglect the conditions of all life and all liberty, the permanent rules of safety and means of defence.

The only societies to perish! Has history shown M. Massis many societies which have *not* perished?

And M. Massis bars the one door through which at any rate a certain optimism is legitimate. Identical as his interests are with Catholicism, he is bound to repudiate the most formidable assets of a late civilisation. Assuming a young and barbaric people to be menacing Europe, the conflict will be between inspired but disorganised youth and calculating, organised, materialistic age. Massis wants neither "the barbarism that has the smell of the machine" nor "the barbarism that has the smell of the forest." Here he goes altogether wrong. There is no barbarism of the machine. Materialism is far more closely related to decadence. It is impossible to a truly barbaric people. But we must not forget that the West that he is defending is the Catholic Church. Materialism can, of course, bring no succour to that.

M. Massis would probably prefer his West to fall into the hands of Gandhi rather than into those of Bernard Shaw.

> Because it has turned aside from theology, the guardian and protectress of the faith, not only has the West no truth to give the world, but the world throws back at it its own follies, and that which it thinks it borrows from the world for its own renewal causes it to sink more deeply into the errors it would be cured of.

M. Massis does not want the new in any form. The word *creative*, when he uses it, sounds false:

> Creative epochs loathe these dilettante games. We are hungering for an authentic unity. But there is no veritable unity without an objective basis that the intelligence alone can furnish.

And he adds very oddly:

> Tradition is impotent to motivate our choice, or to determine us of necessity.

For tradition, in the form of dogma, is the only thing he has to recommend. A "reasonable faith" is not a creative work. It is reasonable inasmuch as it is generally reasonable to obey.

According to Massis "the Catholic Church is the sole power capable of restoring true civilisation." And this civilisation is ultimately to include both the East and the West.

> We know not when nor how the union desired by Christ will be realised. But it suffices that He has wished for it to be realised. And if we must restore the integrity of our Europe and defend it against everything that is threatening it, it is so that the citadel may be intact, whence will start the missionaries who will extend the Kingdom of God to the confines of the world.

Christ's wishes! The most difficult thing of all about *Defence of the West* is to imagine that Christ could have wished it written. It is far from being a charitable book.

It is quite obvious that Mr. Lewis must come into conflict with Spengler. For Mr. Lewis is a painter, whereas Spengler is much more closely and instinctively related to music.

> The main characteristic of the Time-mind from the outset (says Lewis) has been a hostility to what it calls the "spatializing" process of a mind *not* a Time-mind. It is this "spatializing" capacity and instinct that it everywhere assails. In its place it would put the Time-view, the flux. It asks us to see everything *sub specie temporis*. It is the criticism of this view, from the position of the plastic or visual intelligence, that I am submitting to the public in this book.

It is true that Spengler, German and musical as he is, is on one side of the truth. But does it serve any purpose to take the other side and contradict him? Mr. Lewis, however, forsees this objection:

> All that seems to me to contradict or threaten those things [that have most meaning for me] I will do my best to modify or to defeat, and whatever I see that favours or agrees with those things I will support and do my best to strengthen. In consequence, I shall certainly be guilty of injustice, the heraclitean "injustice of the opposites." But how can we evade our destiny of being "an opposite," except by becoming some grey mixture, that is in reality nothing at all?

But is an *and* any more negative, any greyer, than an *or*? Do we want music *or* painting? Perhaps each one of us must choose (or, if you prefer, it will be chosen for him) to which pole he will be nearer. But is the philosopher to maintain that all life should revolve around a single pole?

Let us remove our ground for a moment. The antagonism between *being* and *becoming* crops out everywhere, and it is in the world of science that its superfluousness may perhaps best be seen. Let us begin with the anatomist who deals in tissues. "What you call tissue," says the physiologist to him, "is nothing but process—movement, change, cycles of creation and destruction." Then comes the chemist behind him. "What you call process," he says in turn, "is only the grouping of molecules, and these again the grouping of atoms." Thus the *flux of becoming* has again been reduced to the *being of things*. Then, however, comes yet another, the physicist. "Things! " he cries, "Atoms things! To me an atom is energy —a whirlwind, a cosmos in terrific activity" . . . and so it may go on indefinitely. It is true that scientists in their discussions do not supply us with such neatly arranged stage-dialogue as this. But this is what their standpoints amount to, when they are led alternately by *Sein* and *Werden*.

There is no use wanting being *or* becoming. For they are both a part of the actuality of life. Modern science, in its analysis of matter, discovers substance in motion, and then again motion in the substance—these two always hand in hand and inseparable. To vindicate the standards of *being*—that is both legitimate and useful. But to deny those of *becoming*, to attack every manifestation of the Time-mind—that does not seem to take us any further. *Time and Western Man* is frankly a book of destructive criticism as its final paragraph proclaims:

> It has not been with any view to promoting a theory of my own, however, that I undertook the writing of this essay, but only to supply a fairly detailed analysis of the prevalent time doctrine. To specify further or even to outline the particular beliefs that are explicit in my criticism would require another book. That I propose soon to publish.

We must wait for the promised book to appear before we can really gauge the value of Lewis's spatial philosophy. In the book before us he does not give us much to go upon. Nor does he tell us anything particular about time; and he deals more with western men than with Western Man. "In these pages," he says, "the spatializing instinct of man is celebrated." But the celebration consists almost entirely of head-hunting. At that, of course, Mr. Lewis excels. It is quite amusing to see Miss Gertrude Stein reduced to a variant of Miss Anita Loos, though the bearing of that on the matter in hand is not so easy to see. A good many pages are devoted to her and a great many more to Mr. James Joyce, whose *Ulysses* is also classed as a time-book. Having dealt with these two and with Mr. Ezra Pound, he continues:

> But if I had to choose a book that would entirely fulfil all the requirements, as a literary paradigm, for my criticism of the "time"-motion school, it would not be to *Ulysses* that I should go. I should go to another literary form altogether, namely, history; and I should find in Spengler's *Decline of the West* my perfect model of what a time-book should be.

Then he proceeds to the attack:

> To demonstrate effectively the true character of Spengler's book will require almost as much space as I have devoted to *Ulysses*. And certainly as a book it deserves it far less. When I open it now I am at once impressed, once more, by the way in which it is able to reveal, as no other time-book could, the fat and flabby heart of this philosophy. It so teems and swarms with everything that I have been attacking, it is so picturesquely "provocative," and it so expansively offers itself in redundant self-exposure, that the very *embarras du choix* overcomes me for the moment. Surely the god that is the enemy of the

> Time-god, put it into Spengler's foolish head to write all this, so that the doctrines of "Time" should be overthrown, and their essential weakness be at once manifested. If that is so I offer up a short prayer of thankfulness, at this juncture, to the unknown god, our mighty friend.

Then he proceeds to quote and scoff. Naturally the heavy, very German, ather cloudy and thunderous language of Spengler, when translated and ereft of its native ease, is particularly easy to ridicule. And then Spengler's hilosophy is by no means without its inconsistencies. He was so torn between ie world of hard reality, which he felt to be the destiny of modern Europe, nd the thought and language of music which he had inherited from Nietzsche nd Goethe that his pages are often the battlefields of rival sympathies. At ne moment he preaches the practical modern *Tatsachenmensch*, in the next combats causality with the idea of destiny (*Schicksalsidee*). Yet what an destiny and necessity mean to this modern "man of fact," what can they nean *but* causality?

Mr. Lewis, however, does not occupy himself with Spengler's shortcomings. For him Spengler is perfect—the perfect fool.

> To say that I disagree with Spengler would be absurd. You cannot agree or disagree with such people as that: you can merely point out a few of the probable reasons for their spasms, and if you have the patience—as I have—classify them.

Iow Lewis avoids coming to grips with his enemy is well illustrated in the ollowing passage:

> Again the hatred of exteriorization is well brought out in these words of Spengler's:—"All that has been said about time in scientific philosophy, psychology, and physics—the supposed answer to a question that had better never have been asked, namely, what *is* time—touches not at any point the secret itself, but only a spatially formed, *representative* phantom." . . .
>
> You *ought never to ask*, even, what time is, for it is ineffable, you see. It is a "secret"—the Holy of Holies of the Time-cult, etc., etc.

As a matter of fact, in the abused passage, Spengler means something erfectly definite and understandable. In somewhat the same sort of way ne might object to the question—*what is nothing?* on the grounds that othing *just isn't*. Change is probably the nearest we can get to any palpable ealisation of time. In practice our language leaves us no choice but to use ie verb *to be* in juxtaposition to the word *change*, but philosophically there something utterly inharmonious between them. Change is a sort of eclipse r land-slide of being—perhaps even a death of being. When we think *ime is*, we are thinking really of duration, which is not really time at all, ut *being* measured against time.

Let us imagine if we can a perfect "thing" isolated in space—an absolute hing, in which there are no processes whatever going on. Has time any neaning here? None whatever. It, the thing, simply *is*. There are no ninutes and no hours. Duration is there, but indistinguishable from *being*; is without measure, for there is nothing to measure it against. Now let s imagine that thing to be no longer perfect thing. Let it become conscious if I may be allowed the word) of the bombardment of its atoms. At once hange is there; time is in the field. Duration can now be measured in terms f atomic pulsations. But is duration any *more* there than it was before?

I should perhaps ask pardon for this digression. But I should like to onvince Mr. Lewis that it is after all more interesting to take Spengler eriously than to spit upon him. Enough, however; Mr. Lewis has promised

as a book in which the visual intelligence shall come forward and proclaim its version of life. If he does as well by space as Spengler does by time we shall not grumble.

GEOFFREY SAINSBURY.

# BEETHOVEN AS HERO

BEETHOVEN: A CRITICAL STUDY. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (Cape). 7s. 6d. net.

To Mr. Sullivan Beethoven is a hero, *the* hero. In his opinion Beethoven attained a harmony of experience and an inward illumination such as no other man has attained. In so far as Beethoven was a musician and is generally acknowledged to have been the greatest of musicians, we can agree that his spiritual experience was beyond that of other musicians (though, surely, Handel deserved at least a *proxime accessit* in this order). But Mr. Sullivan asserts Beethoven's absolute superiority in spiritual experience over all men. This seems a dubious, if not an unintelligible assertion. In the nature of the case it cannot be supported by evidence; and nothing in Mr. Sullivan's description of the "spiritual content" of Beethoven's latest works indicates that this content is without parallel in the works of other men. For instance, describing the culminating *Grösse Fuge*, he writes :—

> To be willing to suffer in order to create; to realize that one's creation necessitates one's suffering, that suffering is the greatest of God's gifts, is almost to reach a mystical solution of the problem of evil. . . . Yet except in terms of this kind, we cannot represent to ourselves the spiritual content of the *Grösse Fuge*.

But not a few great artists, great philosophers and great saints have reached this solution (if it *is* a solution). Beethoven may be unique in that he expressed it in music; he is certainly not unique in having reached it.

No doubt Mr. Sullivan is struggling with the ineffable; but we wish he had struggled a little harder. His book makes the impression of having been too easily written for its subject. To be convincing or illuminating it needed to be supported at every turn by comparisons and analogies. For spiritual struggle and spiritual victory are not peculiar to one man, they are common to all great spirits. By regarding Beethoven as an isolated phenomenon Mr. Sullivan diminishes the significance he is anxious to assert for him. As represented in this book Beethoven appears as, say, a possible equivalent of Blake. That is, indeed, no small thing to be; but Mr. Sullivan obviously meant Beethoven to appear, as perhaps he is, far greater than a Blake, or even than a Michael Angelo or a Shakespeare. In this he has failed, perhaps through the inherent difficulty of the attempt, perhaps through a failure to realise, to make actual in his own imaginative experience, the spiritual progress he claims to discern in Beethoven.

# POETS' PEOPLE

No task so straitly proves a maker's skill as the true portrayal of human beings. Originally, I wrote *realistic* portrayal, but the word was not just. *Don Juan* is a fine piece of realism, but here, as in all satirical poetry, the material is twisted to fit the ironic intention; hence, the portrait is lighted from one side only. Again, in Browning's monologues the elements are all from life, but limited to those few that build up the central drama. We are seeking in poetry the people who are presented simply and completely—not, to be sure, with the indiscriminate inclusiveness of a photograph, but rather with the selective inclusiveness of good painting. For it stands to reason that there must be composition.

Of course in dramatic poetry—in the works of Shakespeare and Molière, for instance—we find many such persons, but rarely elsewhere. Villon has created them, and Chaucer; Herrick gives a good self-portrait as well as a gentle sketch of Prudence Baldwin; Thomas Hardy draws in his mantle of thunder and cloud to shelter an occasional group. These individuals summoned by poetry from the field or the town without being given a chance to smooth their hair, brush their shoes, or assume any "significant" attitude whatsoever, are most cherished because they are so few, most touching, because they are so unprepared for entrance into literature. Once in a while their company includes the poet himself—Villon, or the Priest Layamon, who lovingly turned the leaves of books.

The task of summoning them is so difficult that most poets have shunned it altogether. And indeed, the Romantic spirit, essentially egoistic, which is an unconscionable time a-dying in our poetry, is uncongenial to this sort of humanism; its nearest approach being sentimentalism. Poor Wordsworth dissipated his powers in trying a fashion so alien to his nature and his time; whereas Keats, Coleridge and Shelley, ignoring it altogether, gathered the laurels. The people of Romantic poetry are merely moods of the poet himself embodied in the appropriate myth. Even Mr. Masefield's frenzied realism but emphasizes the sentimental doom of his characters; they are not Tom, Dick, and Harry; they are the sorrows of the poor, the tragedy of an artist, the redemption of a drunkard, and other phenomena which have moved the author to give them human form.*

But the Reve

> . . . was a sclendre colerik man
> His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
> His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
> His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
> Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
> Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
> Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;
> Ther was noon auditour coude on him winne . . .

And so forth. We note at once that he has no function at all except to be *himself*. He is the symbol of no type; he has no dramatic significance; his foibles are neither romantically concealed nor satirically exaggerated.

*I leave out of account *Reynard the Fox*, wherein the imitation from Chaucer is too obvious for unrelated comment.

Should he be deleted, the structure of the *Canterbury Tales* would not suffer one whit, but we should miss *him*. The poet has nothing whatever to say through his lips. He speaks for himself.

But is not this method simple realism? In answering yea we must add that simple realism is much rarer than most people—writers and critics—imagine. At present the machinery of realism grinds both night and day but the product is flawed by sentimentality, by the over-emphasis on sordid details which the Victorians ignored, or by over-consciousness of method.

Yet even if the modern poet be zealous enough to create living characters, he is apt to fail in his manner of presentation. There is a current notion that form must be twisted to fit the material; that there is no objective Form, but as many idioms as there are subjects to be expressed. In other words, poetry has passed into the hands of the Sophists. In rejecting what they considered to be out moded matter, modern poets felt it necessary to reject also the patterns in which it appeared. A hopeless confusion of mind: the identification of the medium of an art with that mood which most recently has been expressed through it. Not even the Romantics treated their medium subjectively. Keats, greatly vital, changed the vintage without smashing the cup; indeed, he re-polished it, gently, not roughly.

No one would gainsay the complete reality of Chaucer's Reve. Yet the verse does not differ from that of the highly imaginative tale of Palamon and Arcite. There are certain conventions, the outer dress of the art of poetry, observed in both passages, and they in nowise reduce the vigour of the material. In like manner, at the theatre we see the paper walls quiver when the villain bangs the door, without for a second suspending our belief in the actuality of the drama. Life cannot be directly reproduced in the medium, and the attempt so to transcribe it but emphasizes the discrepancy between the fact and its expression. We agree that "the birds were singing" conveys more to us than "jug-jug-jug" because the first is a suggestion which makes no claim to verisimilitude, whereas the second is a ludicrous approximation.

Our characters, then, observed without bias, must be presented in the manner least distracting. It goes without saying that this manner is the objective, traditional verse to which we are accustomed. As soon as the author invents a medium, he has put himself between his readers and the characters whom he wishes to present.

In feeling and in material, one of the most successful recent books of characters is Mr. Osbert Sitwell's *England Reclaimed.** One cannot praise too highly the intensity with which he realizes Mr. Hague, Moping Fred, Mr. Goodbeare, Mrs. Southern, and Mrs. Kembley. Consider, for example, the poem "Evening":

> Of an evening, Mrs. Kembley
> Would wait for Mr. Kembley on the hill—
> Waiting a little frightened,
> For the woods under were so still,
> So still,
> For the mist crept up the nearer valleys,
> Whispering white and chill;
> Down in them something murmured
> (Was it the distant rill?)

*England Reclaimed. A book of Eclogues. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth.)

More dusky grew the long green alleys,
And the voices of the woods stabbed, sharp and shrill.
Then the nearest light winked yonder,
Miles down, by the mill,
And the Roman road ran straight and silent,
Empty and waiting, it seemed, along the hill.

She knew there was no reason to be frightened,
There was nothing for her to fear.
The valleys thus were always whitened
By the mist; the cruel wood voices sounded shrill
Always when all else was still—
But darkness was sidling near,
And nearer,
And Mrs. Kembley waited on the hill . . .

And there she waits, as long as men can read and eyes can see.

But then consider this passage from " A Talk with Mr. Goodbeare " :

Far be it from me,
As the Book has it,
Mr. Goodbeare would say,
To cast the First Stone,
But those who live in Glass 'Ouses—
'Ot 'Ouses, I might say—
Should not throw stones.

*(Chorus)*

(Break no bones.
Make no bones.
While if the Oak comes out before the Ash
There's going to be a Splash.)

We are filled with irritation. Why cannot Mr. Sitwell keep out of it? He may think that passage amusing; Mr. Goodbeare probably would not agree; the reader certainly does not.

Again, in " Conquering White," the author, arrayed in strange typography hitherto known neither to prose nor verse, borrows a sentence from Herman Melville and takes upon himself the rôle of protagonist. By such means he breaks into the generous sympathy of his mood as if, after all, the excellent tenderness of his heart were a trifle embarrassing for a twentieth-century poet.

For the most part his verse—the term is broad—distracts us from the material. Broken prose cadences, clever epigrams, distorted rhythms (" anywhere, anywhere, out of "—tradition) remove our attention from the people to the writer, and we are annoyed because we like them rather better than him. Mr. Sitwell has made the same mistake as Mr. T. S. Eliot—a mistake which constantly grows more apparent—in supposing that the objective point of view is sufficient for one who would be a classicist. The form, too, must be objective; it must be freed from individual eccentricity no less than the matter. It is a pity that Mr. Sitwell's book is thus destined to remain dated 1927, for he has the mind and heart of a good humanist.

So I have invoked many great names and much smoky theory in dealing with what must be an ephemeral work, because the theory interests me and the work, in spite of its faults, moves me. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has qualities which, if he could but extricate himself from the verbal follies of the age, would make him not unworthy of the company with whom I have placed him.

The metamorphosis is not probable.

ROBERT HILLYER.

## TWO CRITICS

MESSAGES. By Ramon Fernandez. Translated from the French by Montgomery Belgion. (Cape.) 9s. net.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Joseph Gordon Macleod. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Fernandez represents a critical attitude for which I have a most decided sympathy—even a prejudice. I feel, therefore, that I should devote the short space of a review to a general account of his characteristics as a critic rather than to a few quibbles which here and there I could make on some of his particular judgments. Mr. Fernandez begins with the rare advantage of an interpenetration of nationalities: he has Spain and France in his blood, but at the cool distance of Mexico; he can speak and think, not only in French and Spanish, but also with more than adequate ease in English, Italian and German. He has a mind which has selected and absorbed the best that the cultures of these various languages can offer. But unlike so many facile linguists, he does not merely move in a whirlpool of other people's ideas, but thinks for himself with conscious independence, turning the multiple influences of his education to a deliberate harmony. He serves, so far as we can see, no lost cause; he is neither neo-catholic nor atheist, neither rationalist, nationalist, socialist, nor pacifist. He is a much rarer phenomenon—a philosophical critic, constructing a life of reason out of the very baffling materials thrown up by the modern world.

This type of philosophical serenity is very rare; it is particularly rare among literary critics. It is something which neither Coleridge nor Sainte-Beuve ever possessed; Renan found it with difficulty, but only to Goethe, perhaps, did it come as a natural gift. It is not ridiculous to confront Mr. Fernandez and Goethe: they both have the same concern for the development of personality, for the perfection of character, and they both look at literature from this point of view. Mr. Fernandez has little of the famous French logic—so clear, but so limited to worldly things. His spirit is almost teutonic, and when he is not reminding us of Goethe, he is reminding us of that other great German critic, Nietzsche. Nevertheless, the tradition to which he belongs is perhaps not so much German as English: it has the English bias towards the empirical sciences. In any case it is not French, for though we may be sure that he is in favour of a tradition of some sort, it is not a tradition that has become a logical habit. Mr. Fernandez is therefore something in the nature of a volcanic eruption in modern French criticism.

His main idea is not unlike one to which Dr. Whitehead has given expression: that in the building up of a philosophy (and philosophy is always to imply an ethic) the philosopher is as likely to find his material (his " truth ") in literature as in science. The critic of literature is he who can disinter from works of literature these philosophical significances, these revelatory moments of intuition, these elements of universality. His duty does not end there, for with the materials thus quarried the philosophical critic must proceed to make his own synthesis. This is the novelty of Mr. Fernandez's

aim, the point where he leaves the flat descriptive level of a Sainte-Beu and aspires to the heights of a Goethe. Such a sublimation of the critic function makes criticism at once a more exhilarating and a more exacti exercise of the intelligence, but Mr. Fernandez has taken a measure of difficulties and stated them clearly :

> Three conditions are required for a philosophic criticism to work well ; who practises it must first have undergone a strong rational preparation as not to confound genuine intuition with the phantoms of the imaginatio There must also be a public, an *élite* capable of understanding, and especia of feeling, what the critic has felt. The world of intuition is a sort of atmosphe of the sensible world exacting from those who would perceive it a speci suitability, a refined culture and a perpetual training. And this public necessary because its approval guarantees both the intuition and the objecti Finally, *the objects of intuitive thought must be very sharply delimited and defin in the language of common experience* : this is an essential condition, for t greater the angle between the interpretation of the object and its appearan the more easily accessible must the latter be, so that each may measure f himself the relation of one to the other.

Mr. Fernandez perhaps succeeds best in his essay on Newman, where universal significance of Newman's experience is interpreted in a most origin way, and brought into relation with the general problem of belief—a proble which begins to concern modern psychology very deeply. But the essa on Proust and Balzac are equally illuminating, and the unequivocal senten with which the former essay opens is not only evidence of Mr. Fernande fearless independence, but also an expression of his faith :

> The objections that are aroused by the work of Proust, considered as integral analysis of the heart, as revealing the depths of our nature, may, my opinion, be reduced to two essentials : it does not erect a hierarchy of valu and it does not manifest, from its opening to its conclusion, any spiritu progress.

The essay on Meredith (and to a lesser degree the essay on Conrad) mak one doubt a little the infallibility of Mr. Fernandez's method. As an inte pretation it is acute and just enough, but it is possible to feel that the art being exalted for the sake of the philosophy incrusted on it ; the philosophic critic, we feel, should not turn a blind eye to aesthetic form when art, and n psychology, is his primary concern. Not that I for one wholeheartec concur in the current depreciation of Meredith. Conrad is a different stor and one can only regret that Mr. Fernandez did not find time or inclinati to substitute Henry James, who is an author waiting for just such an inte pretation as Mr. Fernandez would give him.

Mr. Macleod is not a philosophical critic, though he may claim to metaphysical. He has enthusiasm and the right instincts. But to reve to Mr. Fernandez's conditions for philosophic criticism, we find that there no evidence of a strong rational preparation, nor are the objects of Macleod's intuitive thought sharply delimited and defined in the langua of common experience. He uses words like "Form" and "Aesthetic in a vague and almost mystical manner. He quotes Herrick's lyric " Violets" and then comments :

> Here the forms are fresh and light. One can hardly allude without crush them. They are short and dewy, nodding, almost demure. These are forms. They yield up to fragrant Form their own fragrances, and Fo suddenly turns and leaves them withered. This is Form and the forms. re-read the poem bearing both in your consciousness, and you will find Aesthetic.

This is perilous jargon, and there is a good deal of it in the book. But Mr. Macleod has courage and independence, and perceptions which are evidence of a rare sensibility. He writes well of Sterne and Henry James, but wildly of some of his contemporaries. After explaining the method of Marianne Moore, "How barren (he exclaims) it is thereafter to return to the pictorial music of Spenser and Keats." The Sitwells, we are told, "have a skill and a sensuous music unrivalled even by Milton or Sappho." So we need not wonder at that other very strange judgment, that "Eliot has nothing that approaches the craftsmanship of the Sitwells." But that does not detract from Mr. Eliot's sublimity, for he is put into "the garden of the gods" along with Goethe and Browning, Dante and Shakespeare, Milton and Dostoevski. Mr. Macleod will not like me for saying it, but the blunt truth is that he has not yet learned how to write prose. His book is rash and even ridiculous, but it inspires one with sufficient faith to be sure that he will quickly develop a more objective power of judgment and a less metaphorical style.

HERBERT READ.

# RECENT WRITINGS ON LITERATURE

APPROXIMATIONS. (2e Série.) Par Charles Du Bos. (Paris: Crés.) 12 fr.

LEAVES AND FRUIT. By Sir Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.

NINE ESSAYS. By Arthur Platt. Preface by A. E. Housman. (Cambridge University Press.) 8s. 6d. net.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639–1701). A Study in the Life and Literature of the Restoration. By V. De Sola Pinto. (Constable.) 21s. net.

HORACE WALPOLE. By Dorothy M. Stuart. "English Men of Letters" Series." (Macmillan.) 5s. net.

THE THREE WARTONS: A Choice of their Verse. Ed. by Eric Partridge. (Scholartis Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

M. Charles Du Bos, who will at least be remembered over here as the Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum*, is a French critic of "traditional" inclinations, who has also a keen zest for our own literature. His method is not so much that of philosophy, nor of personal assertion, but of exposition through great refinement of perception and comparison. He seems to be so strongly convinced that sympathy, *accord*, is the true means to spiritual clarification, that he falls into a slight excess of urbanity: one feels that he can only discuss where he approves. It is probably an over-carefulness due to his attitude which makes his style occasionally involved, and leads to an excessive use of the foot-note—for it is often there that we find his best passages. He has the virtues and the defects of extreme intimacy with the subjects of his essays. More than the ordinary virtues, for in a way he is very elastic: witness his paper on Mr. Lytton Strachey. We may conjecture that Mr. Strachey is not naturally congenial to him; but by curiously subtle qualifications, and by a transposition based on the comparative method, he has said some quite fresh things, which are not English,

yet which no Englishman can well ignore. Nothing could be more sym thetic; but a balance which many English writers would have missed perfectly suggested in his closing page. Admirable, again, is the passage which, mentioning Fontenelle, he carries us straight to the centre of Strachey's vitality: the detached thoroughness of his characterizatio As for the reservations—M. Du Bos's way is urbanely to "place" *Emin Victorians* in the light of *Queen Victoria*. The rest follows.

This *tact* (you may take it in a French as well as an English meaning) brought to a more difficult touchstone when he approaches Pascal. He dea with the *Pensées* only; and explicitly, though not narrowly, in the aspe of "le langage." His approach, thus foreshortened, if for a while puzzli (not exactly evasive but rather simplified) leads eventually to a certa profundity. He has a fairly *precise* conception of Pascal; but the precisi has cost him, and perhaps his subject, a little of the required *completene* "Seul et parlant haut": thus the critic fancies Pascal, a man whose lo came only from the duty of charity, who hated most of all himself, t victim of that sense of Original Sin which M. Du Bos elsewhere discusses subtly. This criticism takes Pascal's depth rather than his breadth, h fortitude rather than his *power*. But this passage of M. Du Bos's is sure unquestionable:—

> Chez Pascal en outre, l'impatience; et l'on sait au prix de quelles peines grands impatients obtiennent d'eux-mêmes le véritable amour du prochain or en pareil domaine obtenir n'équivaut jamais tout à fait à posséder. C amour irrésistible qui se repand sur toutes les créatures (les choses aussi bie que les êtres)—innocent comme une floraison chez un saint François d'Assis impétueux et presque avide chez un Browning, fort et tutélaire, la plus agissan sympathie chez une George Eliot—je ne le sens pas chez Pascal.

On Browning, again, his observations, though hardly more than note suggest that he is pretty nearly abreast of the best English criticism; substantiates, on two counts, the all too true claim of France to have antic pated English culture in comprehension of the earlier poems; and brin out the un-English streak in the sympathies of the (to all appearance typically English poet. His perception of the greatness that makes Brownin so far more fresh and durable than our other Victorian poets is clear. He an ardent and capable Shakespearian; though at the subtle test of *Measu for Measure* he misses, amid many points made, the most essential. The tw essays touching Shelley are less original: from his remarks on *Ariel* we ca barely deduce a sense of its unfittingness. But one must not be impatien with a politeness that can receive so gracefully the English "Homage Proust"; especially since the latter's is—with one exception—the memor which hovers most persistently over M. Du Bos's book.

With one exception, we say, for it is in the five essays devoted to the late Editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise*—from the pages of which many these papers are collected—that the author's method is most consecutivel subtly and passionately demonstrated. Jacques Rivière was one of th most remarkable minds France has produced during this century. H embodied a kind of super-sincerity, based upon the perception that there between ourselves and our souls "une fine, une découragante différence, and that spiritual progress can only be, and must be, attained by strivin towards a harmony of the personality, partial at best, difficult, but affordin a way of life in art. It is not easy to accept Rivière's complex (becaus *indirectly* fundamental) *points de depart*; but it is difficult not to be convince

the luminous and intense clarity of the thought to which his critic pro-
ressively habituates us. *C'était une belle âme*, and M. Du Bos (who does
real justice, by the way, to *Aimée*) has risen to the theme. We hope to
ve emphasized those qualities in his criticism which are a not unwelcome
lief from more sensational intellectualistic or anti-intellectualistic imports:
is not an original philosopher or a critic of synthetic *genius*, but his work is,
its own order, very distinctive.

With Sir Edmund Gosse (so frequently quoted by M. Du Bos) we find
rselves among very different, and more familiar, ways. In place of
tensity and intimate self-adjustment to the subject, we have a lambent
cursiveness. The "Leaves and Fruit" are in Sir Edmund's more
hemeral vein; the condiment for the Sunday breakfast-table and not a
uare meal of erudite literary reminiscence. It is unnecessary, it would
deed be tiresome, to enlarge on the quality—or rather, curious combination
qualities—which gives Sir Edmund his unique and well-merited popularity
an essayist on books. He has the rare faculty of making himself at home,
d making his readers feel they are at home, anywhere: Seneca cannot be
heavy nor Plautus too light. Enthusiasm is exactly balanced by good-
umoured detachment. Sir Edmund has the most *literary* of minds: one
els that ever since the discovery of these forbidden Virgilian fruits (so
emorably told in *Father and Son*), he has been a man to whom nothing
uman is alien, but nothing is quite human till it is somehow brought within
e charmed circle of *belles-lettres*. Even those who do not share this content
the ivory tower, who deplore, maybe, his indifference to so much and so
uch, will concede that æstheticism never produced a more engagingly
umanistic, or a more practically equipped, arbiter of the elegancies than
Edmund.

Arthur Platt, that austere scholar and most beloved teacher, was obviously
quite another temper. He had two passions: literature and Greek; but
ither faculty strengthened in him the other quite as would be expected.
e illustrious friend who has prepared this bundle of occasional addresses
be Platt's memorial, appreciates so justly, qualifies so exactly, and explains
fully, that we are reluctant to call attention to the seven or eight grotesque
oses that have marred our pleasure. For in fact, except for these, one
uld easily think more highly of "Nine Essays" than Mr. Housman would
em to expect. Whether a man's parergon is ever his real memorial is a
fficult question, but it is easy to suppose that Platt would be happier to
ok back on his Prælection as candidate for the Cambridge Chair of Greek
an on the other eight. Your scholar's seriousness is not easily adjusted
your literary critic's seriousness: there is some incompatibility, amusing
ough to lookers-on.

The collocation of studies of Sedley and Horace Walpole, together with a
minder of the Wartons, is not without interest, for it illustrates two phases
the aristocratic contribution to literature, inaugurating, and beginning
ery faintly) to dissolve, the Augustan convention; and further the rise
a new literature, in which literature, not merely incidentally, was becoming
profession, and an expression of the middle-classes. Professor Pinto has
led a gap, and achieved his task in its many aspects (especially the social
ckground of the Restoration wits) very completely and, on the whole,
diciously. Sedley was the exemplar of a "mob of gentlemen who wrote
ith ease" far more significant than Walpole's "noble authors." He

"still had something of the sea" and was the last of the real 17th century lyrists; and his position at the beginning of the Golden Age of our social comedy is now seen to be of some import. His much-bemired character finds a great measure of vindication; and Professor Pinto has made room for a careful yet piquant biography of his prodigious daughter, James' anti-Papal mistress.

Miss Stuart's book is also a vindication, of a character less attractive than Sedley's, but certainly entitled to some sympathy after Macaulay's terrific denunciation. We can hardly recognise the same figure; but there always was some doubt as to Macaulay's analogy of *pâté-de-foie-gras* owing "its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it" being applicable to literature. Miss Stuart writes competently and with occasional "elegance," though we fear she has unconsciously done a little harmless whitewashing. Her claim for the Letters is too comprehensive rather than too high, and she is perfectly just on his verse—which serves as an interesting and excruciating contrast to Sedley's. Her documentation seems as thorough as her space permits. But, what should be the main issue of a study of Walpole, the difference between Romanticism and "talking strawberry," though clearly outlined on one page, is not adequately worked out. Nor is Miss Stuart at pains to refute or discuss the general charge against Walpole of atrocious snobbery. She has a notable bias against Gray. We leave the book feeling a curious lack of finality, but as the copy sent to us has been bound without pages 209-224, we have probably missed a summing-up that would have assuaged our discontents.

Mr. Partridge renders another of his methodical and welcome services to our literary history by his selection of poems by all the Wartons, together with generous bibliographies. The younger Wartons were so interesting, and their criticism is still of such undoubted value, that it seems ungracious to confess that the effort of historical sympathy required to enjoy the poems is too much for us. In an age even more barren of poetry than our own they may well have thrilled, and they were undoubtedly among the minor premonitions of the "Romantic revival," but they veer ludicrously between wildness and decadent artifice. Of Thomas the elder we can only say that his satire is not quite so bad as his fancifulness. "The lame wretch in desert drear confin'd" is a cryptic rather than a moving allusion to Philoctetes, and one does not easily —

in mild Maro's groves and grots rejoice.

Joseph, "in verse Miltonic," is not much better; he is too desperately Miltonic, except in moments of passion, when

I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat.

Thomas the younger is a more enduring lyrist and a better satirist, and has a "Panegyric on Oxford Ale" that is wholly delightful. For "Nature," we hope we are not fools in preferring "The First of April" to his more famous pieces. By the way, John Dennis's ghost is popularly supposed to be an uneasy one, but surely Mr. Partridge has slipped in attributing to him "an exaggerated outburst" on Joseph Warton "in 1874." Or were Pope's sins visited on his editor?

H. P. Collins.

## GOETHE

GOETHE. By J. G. Robertson. (George Routledge.) 6s. net.

"His example teaches us how he grappled with his own problem; and how he fought through to that spiritual balance and that 'inner freedom' which is the most precious thing in life."

It is unfortunate that Professor Robertson should close his admirable sketch of Goethe's life and writings with these words, which contradict the conclusions he has arrived at elsewhere. A few pages earlier he writes: "Think how, once the period of transcendent genius in Goethe's life was over, he sedulously avoided tragedy! . . . Surely the highest literature of the world is always tragic. But no! Goethe said: God's world is good. The good must triumph. There is no evil!"

Goethe's optimism is not, as Emerson's for example was, an expression of his complete personality. It is an attempt to justify the timid compromising element in his nature, the element which even in his youth preserved him from all extreme actions, and which from his arrival at Weimar at the age of twenty-six quickly took complete charge of his life. Self-abandonment, followed by self-recovery, is the mark of Shakespeare's genius, and explains both how he gathered the experiences on which his tragedies are based and how he conserved the strength necessary to write these tragedies. Goethe was qualified to follow the same path, had it not been for his extraordinary sense of self-preservation, inherited probably from his prudent elderly father, and strengthened by early environment.

The key to Goethe is in the conflict between his prudence and his thirst for experience, a conflict in which his prudence on all the deciding occasions of his life came off the victor: hence his deep and continuous regret for his youth, and his chronic sense of disappointment and frustration, to combat which he became an adept in self-deception, representing his weakness alternately as self-renunciation and as the mastery of the technique of living.

His self-deception began with his abandonment of Friederike:—

> "Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde,
> Und fort, wild, wie ein Held zur Schlacht."

This vision of himself, when in full retreat from the enemy, as a hero hurling himself into the fight is the first in an unending series of picturesque but unreal self-portraits; the best known of which shows Goethe pouring himself into Italy over the Brenner pass in full cry after his lost soul. Professor Robertson, after a long tussle with his reverence for Goethe and his respect for former critics, says plainly that Italy and Rome marked for Goethe not the beginning of a new poetic epoch but the end of his life as a poet.

"In these eighteen months of solitude" Goethe wrote to the Duke at Weimar: "I have found myself. But in what sense? As an artist." On this Professor Robertson comments: "Goethe, who believed that he had at last entered into the Holy of Holies of the artist's calling, ceased from now on to be a creative artist at all."

Unfortunately, Professor Robertson does not follow this clue to Goethe as remorselessly as one would wish, slipping into such phrases as "A life of wise and measured activity" . . . "Wilhelm learns the great lesson of the 'holy earnestness of life,' and the wisdom of that self-limitation based on renunciation which Goethe never ceased to preach. 'Here or nowhere is thy America!'"

Shakespeare did not find his America in Stratford, nor Napoleon in Ajacc and Goethe's attempt to find his America in Weimar ended in the flight Italy, a useless escape because by that time his powers of self-abandonme were completely atrophied.

Since he himself had shrunk from every tragic issue, his heroes are nev tragic figures. He does not permit them experiences he had evaded in own person. But he could face tragedy embodied in a woman, Gretche and in a late lyric, perhaps the greatest of all his poems, he utters throu Mignon his own continuous sense of a youth wasted because too careful preserved, and a life impaired by the absence of disasters.

> "Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe,
> Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genung.
> Vor Kummer altert ich zu frühe.
> Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!"

HUGH KINGSMILL.

# PETER BELL, PAINTER

JOHN SARGENT. By the Hon. Evan Charteris. (Heinemann). 30s. net.

"Granted a reasonable eye and hand," said a lecturer in the Turner Roo the other day, "anyone can copy the scene before him, but it takes som thing more, it takes *mind* to make a picture." Contained in his statemen as in a nutshell, is what is probably the most popular subject matter current art-criticism. Since the art-critics so nearly burnt their fingers ov the post-impressionists, we can hear, as often as we have the patience, sermon with it as text. Specially it is the journalist's safe card when he called upon to discuss the work of N. or M., the eminent "moderns." The work, the writer demonstrates, is unlike nature owing to the amount "mind" in it, and certainly not as the uninformed might imagine, becaus it is the product of "unreasonable" eyes and hands.

The art-world has need of some watchful prescience, ever ready with a æsthetic abecedary and a pliant cane, to teach complacent banality when i makes a fool of itself. Though we have been spoon fed with second-han 'art-notions" for some years now, can the journalists suppose we do no know that paintings, like other works of art, are subjective? In the firs place paints and canvas impose at once a scale of colours and qualities upo the artist, and if he would "copy" a scene in nature, he has to transpos the natural colours into this pictorial scale. In short, granted the "will-tc copy," the artist does not copy, but creates an illusion very reminiscent o reality.* In the second place, no man can "copy," because he does no in the end possess the ability. Whether he wishes it or not, his personalit influences his copy. When one painter copies another painter's pictur (the extreme case of copying, where all the transposition has been done and the painter is paid for accuracy) his copy is always different from th original. It may be better, it usually is worse, but it is never the same.

This is platitudinous, but the things that everyone knows never get sai nowadays. It is not that we believe that truth is always ahead of her time

*The most realistic picture we can think of has been thus transposed. When in course of time, true colour photography is invented, providing a more accurat representation than the realistic painters have achieved, it will seem more obviou than it does now, that all paintings are transpositions.

but that we have fallen into the habit of thinking those things true that appear to be ahead of the times.

However, though all painting is subjective, we are naturally most interested in those paintings that "have most in them" as we say. Yet to suggest that anyone to whom a primrose is only a primrose can say so in paint if he wants to (a suggestion our lecturer might more reasonably have made) is to shoot wide of the mark. Our eyes and hands are not "reasonable" or controlled enough to make even a tolerable daub without practice, and to make marks on paper or canvas that will inform a friend of an attempt to represent a primrose it is necessary to have practised considerably. And considerable practice means considerable conviction. The artist's convictions need not be profound, but he must be convinced or he will not go to the trouble o learning his craft.

John Sargent's is a case in point. Apparently it never occurred to him that things were not always what they appeared to be, and society rewarded him for his innocence. "Splendid man, wonderful woman, magnificent landscape," said his paintbrush with economy and conviction all his life, and as soon as wealth felt sure there was no sarcasm hidden in his bravura, he was a success. A success indeed, for we must remember that dealers do not know which is the more valuable, a Velasquez head or a Sargent copy of a Velasquez head.

Now, there are many painters who, if they have not the "will-to-copy" have the "will-to-succeed." Can anyone suppose there would not be a hundred Sargents painting to-day if nature-copying was within anyone's compass?

The fact of the matter is that the problems which arise from the reproduction of nature are the problems that give the painter most trouble, and in the struggle mind has to take care of itself. The painter who imagined he could deliberately add a piece of mind to the ingredients of his picture would prove himself to be without a great store of it to spare.

To return to Sargent. It is easy to make generalisations about his art, itself so much an art of generalisation, but the carefully chosen illustrations in Charteris's Life show how very good his painting could be on occasion. This is not to imply that Sargent's work was usually bad, for whenever a scene in nature is well reproduced, and Sargent could reproduce well, the reproduction is always interesting. A fact or a statement based on a fact serves as a peg to hang thoughts on, and the more like nature a painting (or a photograph) is, the more easy it is for a greater number of people to "read things into it." At odd intervals in his career, however, Sargent painted pictures which arrest us by the feeling of personality behind them. Sometimes these pictures are unpleasantly vulgar, for Sargent had a real streak of magazine-cover mentality in his nebulous composition, but often these accidental pictures are first-class. The amazing technique is saying something. There was a time, too, when he worked under Monet's influence, and the influence was all for the good. He must have realised that Monet's eye for colour, on the grounds of accuracy alone, was superior to his own. He also professed to admire Raphael, Ingres and El Greco (he copied an El Greco), but since his work shows no sign of the influence of these great painters, it seems his admiration for them was more in the letter than in the spirit, a concession to fashion in old masters.

## TOLSTOY IN THE FIFTIES

**The Private Diary of Leo Tolstoy. 1853-1857. Edited by Aylmer Maude. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Heinemann.) 15s. net.**

The portion of Tolstoy's private Diary edited by Tchertkoff and translated by Mr. Hogarth ended with the year 1852 and for succeeding years English readers have had to depend upon the quotations which Mr. Aylmer Maude supplied in his monumental "Life." That they were well chosen is proved by the fact that the present volume adds very little to our knowledge of Tolstoy's inner life. It would indeed be difficult at this date to add to our knowledge of one whose writings have been well described as "one vast diary of fifty years, one endless and minute 'confession,'" and the value of this book is chiefly psychological and pathological. For this reason we regret the omissions which have been made by Tolstoy's eldest son. They are indicated by dots and Mr. Maude writes that "where such dots occur they may be taken to represent passages recording sexual misconduct." But it is obvious from the number and context of these dots that the phrase covers various intimate aspects of that warfare with the flesh which was as much the dynamic of Tolstoys' life as of his morality, and to expurgate such passages is not only to distort the psychology, but to magnify, in the eyes of the cynical, the offence. The diary covers five formative years in Tolstoy's life, those in which he completed his service as a cadet in the Caucasus, served in the Crimea, was attracted and disgusted by Turgenev and Valeria Arsenev, and paid his first visit to Western Europe. Throughout the whole period he was preoccupied with the task of self-perfection in which he was to become more and more fiercely involved. He had, in his own words, banished himself to the Caucasus to escape from his debts and above all from his habits, but he found that the disorderly conditions of life there encouraged the very self-indulgence which he despised. And to combat this he drew up rules of conduct and noted his transgression of them. Day after day, for example, occurs the sentence—"Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character," And day after day bears witness to his failure to effect a cure. He had in fact drawn up such rules from boyhood, but never before with such reiterated insistence. And what distinguishes them from the rules which he later tried to impose upon himself is that on the whole they are positive instead of negative. He tended at this time to be as much an artist in his conception of morality as later to be a moralist in his conception of art. The quality which above all he desired and of which he lamented the want in himself was decisiveness. "My smile," he noted, "sometimes is not firm, which often disconcerts me," and he felt physical indulgence, idleness, irritability, vanity, drink or gambling, to be morally reprehensible, primarily because they signified a lack of self-possession. Even to be undecided in his relation to someone was a failure in the expressive art of life, a symptom of formlessness, of inner conflict. To obey physical impulse without question was to that extent preferable to the torture of moral disintegration. "Had I been persistent," he wrote, "in my desire for women I should have had success and reminiscences. Had I been consistent in continence, I should have been proudly tranquil." Or again, "I am insuffer-

ably disgusting in my weakness and inclination towards vice. Vice itself would be preferable."

Incidentally this diary contains a number of significant entries. It is interesting, for instance, to compare his immediate reaction to the execution he witnessed in Paris with his later account of it and the record of his conflict of feeling towards Valeria Arsenev with the series of letters recently published. But it is chiefly vlauble for the exacter definition which it gives to the early phases of a struggle for a unity of being through which life might cease alternately to allure and repel. Already he had discovered that "for the attainment of spiritual aims one needs a position in which one's bodily tendencies do not contradict but accord with the mental desires." It was a position which he could never achieve as a man, but only as a writer. And because as a writer he could only achieve it by some sacrifice of his mental desires to his physical imagination, he came at last to despise the ode art in which he was a master.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

# NOVELS AND STORIES

SCHEHERAZADE. By John Carruthers. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.
GALLION'S REACH. By H. M. Tomlinson. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.
PORTRAIT OF CLARE. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann.) 15s. net.
MEANWHILE. By H. G. Wells. (Ernest Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.
RIGHT OFF THE MAP. By C. E. Montague. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
OUR MR. DORMER. By R. H. Mottram. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. net.

Mr. Carruthers's essay on the future of the novel is just what it ought to be; short, with plenty of original thought (that is to say, whether what he says is new or not, he made it his own before saying it), sober, restrained, and refreshingly free from empty cleverness and self-conceit. His argument is that the modern novel is "predominantly analytic; it has thereby gained in psychological subtlety. But this gain has been set off by loss of *form*, and, in all art, form is more important than subtlety."

And he says that form can only be recovered if novelists "reject the nineteenth-century belief in mechanistic materialism, and seize the æsthetic implications of the alternative philosophy now being put forward by the leading thinkers of the day, the philosophy of organic purpose."

That seems sound enough, if we grant that a novelist *must* have a definite philosophy of life. After all, there are three approaches to artistic creation. There is the way of the incomplete mystic of the Wordsworthian type, who, having had a glimpse of worlds not realised, seeks passionately thenceforward to find in a primrose by the river's brim something more than a yellow primrose; and ends by losing the part in the whole. There is the pseudo-scientific, which, being the particular affliction of our age, concerns Mr. Carruthers more closely: that of the writer, who, having once seen a primrose under the microscope, is carried away by the discovery that it is a highly complex structure, and insists on studying it beneath lenses of yet higher power in the hope of missing nothing; and so loses the whole in its parts. And there is the way of the genuinely creative artist, who tries only to express the

primrose exactly as it appears to him. He may do this consciously, or he may do it by instinct; it is the way of the poet born, since the world began. But if an artist is to concern himself with a *theory* of life at all, he must, if his philosophy is to accord with his practice, find it, as Mr. Carruthers points out, in the direction of what General Smuts has named "Holism." He is concerned with perfect wholes.

Mr. Brett Young's *Portrait of Clare* errs on the side of being more. We are told on the jacket that the book contains 880 pages. When a writer happens to be a William de Morgan or a Dickens, 880 pages may be necessary. But if Mr. Young had ended his book half way through, it would have been a much more successful portrait. As it progresses Clare becomes less and less real, until by the end she is dissipated in sketchiness. "Begin at the beginning; go on to the end; then stop." Most of us have laughed at that in *Alice*; laughed at it with the gay superiority of childhood, that always finds the obvious ludicrous. Alas, as we grow older, we learn what a world of waste and failure results from the breach of that obvious rule. Mr. Young has gifts; but he will never make the most of them until he learns to prune out everything that is unessential. Landscape, for example, may be very charming; but unless it is an integral part of a book, as it is in Mr. Hardy's novels, it has no place there; and Mr. Young's landscapes, though described with affection, are too often without real significance.

In *Gallion's Reach* things are reversed; the landscape is not unessential to the story, but the story is unessential to the landscape. The book has too much of Mr. Tomlinson's peculiar quality not to be a remarkable and powerful one; but that he should be writing a novel at all is a scene straight out of *The Arcadians*. As long as he is dealing with natural forces, and straightforward seafaring men, he goes his way as securely and inevitably as the stars that move in heaven; but when our poor Arcadian, who will never be able to understand that alien thing they call "a lie," comes into a more sophisticated world, he is lost, puzzled, bewildered. Indeed, to see him in these artificial surroundings of offices and Soho restaurants would be unbearable, but for occasional glimpses of his own brighter home:—

> Jimmy felt his sleeve plucked. A man hurrying past with a rose bush had caught him with a thorn. Spring had caught him by the arm. He saw that it was an April morning. . . .

But when he can get away; when he can forget that he has undertaken to write a novel, and be his untrammelled self; then we have our Arcadian as we love him best. He calls up a storm for us; I will not say the finest storm anybody ever called up; there is *Typhoon*, and in any case, who wants to make comparisons between master magicians? It *is* a storm—a whole storm. And he re-lives for us that first night in a hotel in the tropics:—

> The hot night came close up to you. It tried to keep you from moving. It was an obstructing presence, mum and unseen, but heavy. Yet it was full of a sly stirring, though always behind you. Something was going on in it. Nothing there when you looked round. He went to the wardrobe, and the opening of its door surprised whatever was hanging about in that. A crack flashed in a zigzag across the back of the cupboard. He imagined he heard the movement, but when he looked closer there was no doubt the wood was all right. The crack had gone. Nothing in the cupboard. Nothing he could see.

Pure magic; alas, that this insatiable demand for fiction should compel him to waste, on the thinnest of stories, space that might have been used

for that direct revelation of ordinary things which he can do so easily and perfectly. If it is the function of art to resolve fear, yet only the greatest art succeeds in completely resolving it; and that, at his height, is Mr. Tomlinson's achievement.

In *Meanwhile* Mr. Wells tries to do consciously, and by other means, the same thing; he tries to resolve fear. That is to say, this book is another milestone on his journey in search of a philosophy of life that shall reconcile the things which are:—

> It was something to believe that if one could see it whole, as one never could, and if one could see it through, the everything was all right. She did believe that. Or was her conviction deeper than belief?

He also fails to make a whole, through including too much, but in a different way from Mr. Young. His book is described as "The Portrait of a Lady," but it also is a portrait of last year's general strike, and a résumé of Mr. Wells's present position. Probably this could not be avoided, but it is tiresome, from a reader's point of view, to have to disentangle these various threads. However, there are plenty of Mr. Wells's little thumb-nail sketches to relieve any tedium:—

> Colonel Bullace pronounced these words in ringing tones, nodded his head, and gave his host a grimly masticating profile, until he caught his wife's eye. His wife's eye had been seeking capture for some time, and now, assisted by an almost imperceptible pantomime, it said, "egg — moustache." Colonel Bullace made the necessary corrections with as little loss of fierceness as possible.

In his portrait of Cynthia Rylands—an appealing, and rather pathetic figure—Mr. Wells comes very near, if not to his final resolution of fear, at any rate to that act of surrender, of complete, unquestioning submission, which alone makes the resolution of fear possible. It is a pity that he gave his story an ending that is artistically false; he spares our feelings at the expense of our sense of reality.

Mr. Montague, like Mr. Wells, is in search of a means by which things may be reconciled. But there is something about his quest which makes us uneasy. He does not seem to have Mr. Tomlinson's intuitive knowledge of the senselessness of the lie, nor Mr. Wells's intellectually alert awareness of its worthlessness. His book deals with a war between two imaginary republics. It is more convincing than *Rough Justice*, with its hopelessly unreal characters, though here, too, the actual characters are lifeless and unreal. Mr. Montague is oddly deficient in psychological insight; a want which may, perhaps, come from the same primary cause as his curiously unsubtle logical sense. But here he is painting on a large canvas; action is what matters, and the action goes with a swing. And since he is at his best as a descriptive writer, a subject of this kind gives him scope:—

> . . . Running and jumping over the stony ground abreast, like a huge field of hurdle-racers running level. For fifty yards or so they made this offer of themselves to death, and then, in one second, as it seemed, death looked up, and stretched out one hand and accepted them all. There ran along the little line a kind of travelling wave of collapse, as the next line of standing grass gives progressively to the scythe, when it sweeps round from the mower's right to his left.

If only Mr. Montague had not that insensitiveness with regard to human reactions; if only he had not that streak of sentimentality; then, one feels, the book might fulfil a purpose. It might give the generation that escaped the war a glimpse of what war is really like. But as it is, there is a danger

that, judging by the proved falsity of the human characters, that generation may take equally for false the part of the book which *is* true—only too appallingly so. And it is just that falseness of feeling in Mr. Montague that makes one suspicious; it gives the uncomfortable impression that he may shrink from facing his question out to its bitter conclusion.

Mr. Mottram is another who was young enough to have been caught up in the thick of the war; but whether because he is naturally of a less self-conscious disposition, or because being younger, he was more pliable, he has escaped that particular danger. *The Spanish Farm* showed him to possess that exact balance of mind which faces questions fairly and squarely. It showed, too, that he knew—what Mr. Montague does not know—that optimism and pessimism are equally delusions; truth is elsewhere. His new book must come as something of a disappointment to his waiting public, which naturally, if illogically, expected something vital and significant, as *The Spanish Farm* was vital and significant. Whatever *Our Mr. Dormer* may be, it is not that. It tells the story of three generations of bank clerks, with the first Mr. Dormer as the dominating figure, first in person, then in his picture, hanging on the wall of the bank house. The distinction of the book lies in the way in which it makes real the passage of time; almost as it is made real in *The Old Wives' Tale*. Perhaps that was what Mr. Mottram set out to do: to recapture—and for himself, rather than for us—the sense of the swift passage of time in contrast to that suspension of time, as war suspends it, which he set down in *The Spanish Farm*. And so, perhaps, it is not for us to complain; Mr. Mottram had a right to write what book he pleased; having done all he could in the way of *Spanish Farm* he gives us something else. And yet, perhaps, we may be forgiven for hoping that presently he will give us again something more solid and enduring, in whatever way he may.

With *Mr. Fortune* we are in another world; the world of fairy-tale and allegory. It is not so good a book as *Lolly Willowes*; Miss Warner's gift is her power of making real something which she has actually seen. Her South Sea island is imaginary, and she has not the kind of imagination that brings to life what she has not seen with her own eyes; there is a sense of inaccuracy of detail. Her cocos palms do not wake in us that quick, acute nostalgia which Mr. Tomlinson can rouse so surely; which her own autumn-changed Buckinghamshire beeches in *Lolly Willowes* can awaken. In that way the book is disappointing, and even forced at times. And yet it contains true and beautiful things, which give the feeling that Miss Warner has found a way of answer to the restless searches of our age:—

> Yes, that was how I loved him best . . . when I was just aware of him, and sat with my senses awaiting him, not wishing to speak, not wishing to make him notice me until he did so of his own accord, because no other way would it be by him. . . . Man's will is a demon that will not let him be. It leads him to the edge of a clear pool; and while he sits admiring it, with his soul suspended over it like a green branch and dwelling in its own reflection, will stretches out his hand and closes his fingers upon a stone—a stone to throw into it. . . . How dreadful it is that because of our wills we can never love anything without messing it about!

M. Robinson.

## BISMARCK

**Bismarck.** By Emil Ludwig (translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.) George Allen and Unwin. 21s. net.

Herr Ludwig overwhelms us with the enormous volume of intimately revealing material which he has compiled, and woven into this masterly and impressive biography. For those who are concerned with the problem of "failure of will" in Europe the story of the enigmatic Man of Blood and Iron may well arouse wistful longings for the advent of another man, or of men, of equally mighty will. A European Bismarck, instead of a Prussian Bismarck, striving to weld not Germany but Europe into a unity, would be a hero indeed. All of which is simply to say that one cannot but be impressed by the spectacle of Will incarnate as revealed in Herr Ludwig's biography, even although the purpose, outlook and manifestations of that Will are remote from the best spirit of modern European consciousness. So remote, indeed, are they that Bismarck tends to become legendary as one reads, fading into the background of the gloomy primeval forests which he loved, a dim figure of some prodigiously eating and drinking hero of Scandinavian mythology. But the excellent photographs depicting Bismarck at successive periods from his first tunic to the portentous, awe-inspiring figure of 1895 (on page 624), together with the scandalous chronicle of appalling intrigue in the diplomatic jungle through which he crashed his way, like some Machiavellian king of beasts, lead us abruptly back to the proximate reality of this proud Junker—this passionate, uncontrolled, and yet marvellously controlled arbiter of the destiny of Prussia and of the German Empire.

For those who are analytically inclined the influence of Bismarck's boyhood experiences in moulding his character will be instructive. We may be permitted a post-factum speculation with regard to the ultimate effects of the antagonism which prevailed between the future Chancellor and his mother. She was a worldly, ambitious woman of "liberal" persuasions who wore her cheap intellectual ideas and mysticism like so many feathers to adorn her domineering personality. The description which Bismarck gives of her is not edifying. There can be no doubt that her cold and unsympathetic treatment reinforced the proud, inborn Junker spirit in her son. When the boy fell off his horse at the age of fourteen she said: "Your father thinks, my dear Otto, that your horse cannot have been so very unruly, but that you must have been very easily thrown, for you have no better seat than a bundle of old clothes." It is easy to imagine the cumulative effect of such remarks on the native pride of the precociously indomitable Bismarck. That, as Herr Ludwig says, was the tone by which parents or teachers made themselves ridiculous or detested. Because of his mother's frivolous absorption in social activities Bismarck was left to languish year after year in his hated Berlin school during the summer holidays. Long afterwards, at the age of eighty, he told how "at school they waked us with a rapier thrust"; also he tells how he never had enough to satisfy his appetite, which we can well imagine, remembering the Gargantuan capacity of his later life!

Hard manners breed hard men, and Bismarck was nothing if not hard. "German nationalism and the liberal extravagances of Jahn's disciples, together with hostility towards the nobility (as a sprig of which he had to bear the onslaughts of his teachers), served in the lad of ten to increase his inborn sense that he was a member of the knightly order, so that his spirit became defiant, and he was filled with a hatred for the liberal ideas which he had already learned to dislike in his mother." There you see the character almost formed even at the age of ten. Yet we still confess to a partiality for our speculation that, had his mother been different, Bismarck's career and function might have been *vastly* different. Had his mother's influence aroused in him a worthier appreciation of function, a man of such astounding ability—with intuitive penetration amounting to genius—might have been a great Man instead of a great statesman. He could enjoy music profoundly; yet he cut himself off from the world of culture, and the savants of his time were rarely seen at his table. Because his life's work lay in a sphere in which he could never "find himself," in any true sense, he remained a lonely sceptic for whom the proudest triumphs of his life could only be dust and ashes. "At bottom, everything is inexplicable: light, a tree, our own life. Why, then, should there not be things which conflict with our logical understanding? Montaigne chose for his epitaph: 'Peut-être.' I should like mine to be 'Nous verrons.'"

Those who have a "historical appetite," or for whom reading is merely recreation, will find a sustained and even enthralling interest in this book (and here a word of praise is due to the excellent translation of Eden and Cedar Paul). But the popularity of this type of book nowadays seems to justify Nietzche's warning in the preface to his essay on "The Use and Abuse of History": "'I hate everything that merely instructs me without increasing or directly quickening my activity.' These words of Goethe, like a sincere *ceterum censeo*, may well stand at the head of my thoughts on the worth and worthlessness of history. I will show in them why instruction that does not 'quicken,' why in fact history, in Goethe's phrase, must be seriously hated, as a costly and superfluous luxury of the understanding; for we are still in want of the necessaries of life, and the superfluous is an enemy to the necessary. We do need history, but quite differently from the jaded idlers in the garden of knowledge, however grandly they may look down on our rude and unpicturesque requirements. In other words, we need it for life and action, not as a convenient way to avoid life and action. . . . We would serve history only so far as it serves life; but to value its study beyond a certain point mutilates and degrades life; and this is a fact that certain marked symptoms of our time make it as necessary as it may be painful to bring to the test of experience." These words are no less true to-day, and it is safe to say that those who seek "instruction," in Goethe's sense, will find it in full measure in this book—this remarkable biography of a more than remarkable man. But those who are chiefly interested in history "in so far as it serves life" are not likely to find that quickening of activity of which Goethe speaks. The world is *still* "in want of the necessaries of life," and too much "history" is calculated, as Nietzsche says, to lull us into a soft dilettante sleep.

James Young.

# RECENT WRITINGS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF BIOLOGY

This is the first of a series of appraisements of work done in theoretical biology which I hope to contribute to *The New Adelphi* from time to time. I am aware that the expression "philosophy of biology" may cause some annoyance to those who strongly hold that the term "Philosophy" should only be used of a metaphysical world-system, and I know that any apologetic grounded on the use of like expressions by John Dalton and others in the past is irrelevant owing to the profound change in meaning which the word has undergone during the last couple of centuries. But I use it advisedly for the simple reason that everyone knows what is meant by the "philosophy of biology." I do not fear that in that respect I shall be misunderstood. My theme then, is to be the theoretical aspects of biology with special reference to the relations between biology and other departments of human activity.

It might seem at first sight as if the theory of biology could only be of interest to biologists, and though the readers of *The New Adelphi* might in an enlarged and liberal sense be said, no doubt, to be interested in life, yet hardly from an analytical and scientific point of view. But the theory of biology is of more general importance than appears at first sight. Biology, to put the matter in a nutshell, has not yet come to any final descision about its own nature. Physicists and chemists are all very much alike; they have no doubts as to whether their material will be suitable for their methods; on the contrary they proceed with their experimental work in the fullest confidence that the questions they ask are going to be answered. But biologists are split up into a large number of conflicting schools. There are many different opinions about the nature of their material; there are many alternative methods which may be used in studying the living animal; some biologists regard the biophysicist and the biochemist as the types of investigator to which all should try to conform; others take the exactly opposite view and think that the more psychological a worker is the better. There is a sort of spectrum stretching across the whole of biological thought, running from Creative Evolutionism at one end through Hormism, Finalism, Dynamic Teleologism, Neo-vitalism, Organicism, Emergent Evolutionism, Neo-mechanism and Behaviourism to philosophical Naturalism at the other. A spiny collection of ill-favoured prefixes, indeed, but more is there, as it were, than meets the eye. Biological philosophers and philosophical biologists keep themselves quite busy arguing round and about these things, and with their claim that they move in a spiral rather than a perfect (*i.e.*, vicious) circle I am not inclined to disagree. But the important point is that a good deal depends on which sort of biologists eventually turn out to be right. Not a few theories of the universe are in various obscure ways attached to special points of view within biology, and certain attitudes of mind in literature and theology are in close alliance with certain positions in the theory of biology. The eventual victory of any one school in biological thought, therefore, would cause wide reverberations in many other spheres of thought, and it is for this reason that what happens in biology, especially

its theoretical aspects, has an importance for people quite outside science themselves.

The present year opened with two memoirs definitely supporting the neo-mechanistic point of view. Neo-mechanism is a label that has been used in the past, *e.g.*, by J. S. Haldane (1) to refer to the physico-chemical biologists of the beginning of the last century, such as Theodor Schwann, the principal propounder of the cell-theory, and Robert Mayer, one of the discoverers of the law of the conservation of energy. But in its more modern usage it applies to those biologists who regard biology as a very complicated branch of physics and who think that physics and chemistry can explain all biological phenomena, in so far as they can explain anything. In this last clause lies the talisman which renders biologists of this way of thinking immune from the highly corrosive arguments of F. H. Bradley and James Ward. The first of these two papers was by R. S. Lillie (2) a distinguished American marine biologist, and it was called "The Nature of the Vitalistic Dilemma"; the second was written by me and was called "Neo-Mechanism, or the Sceptical Biologist" (3). I shall only deal here with the former, for my own paper is easily accessible in England, and though its grounds were different, it yet came to the same conclusions as the other.

Lillie begins by some ordinary remarks on the past successes of physico-chemical causal explanations in biology and goes on to discuss the Finalism of Eugenio Rignano, which has recently been making a certain commotion in biological circles. He concludes that mechanical regularity and determinism—the necessary conditions for the action of any machine—are implied in any predetermined course of action leading to any definite end. The attainment of such a goal requires a mechanism, a regular succession of similar actions and an invariance in the conditions of action. To say this is to return to Aristotle and to accept the notion of two complementary causes of natural phenomena, efficient and final, existing objectively side by side in a Gordian tangle in the external world. Recognition of this is the essential first step to the Kantian position. "Every biologist is aware," says Lillie, "in his non-professional moments that the possibilities of life are greater than the mechanistic view implies. This is only one way of saying that the whole mechanistic conception is a derivative, incomplete, and abstract one. To regard it as philosophically final is a grave mistake" ("When phenomenalism, becoming blatant . . ." we hear the inevitable echo from Bradley). Thus Lillie repudiates the elevation of the mechanical view of the universe into a metaphysic, but remains convinced of its adequacy in biology. He goes on to discuss the abstract, distorted, and incomplete character of the world which is presented to us by the employment of the scientific method. "The dilemma of vitalism is irresolvable," he says "so long as we regard the units, concepts, and formulæ, found valid in physical science, not as abstractions but as primary and self-existent realities by a combination of which all the properties of living beings as or other natural phenomena can be derived."

In other words, neo-mechanists hold that it is much better to keep science and philosophy separate and to push the former as far as it will go, rather than to dilute it with unscientific modes of description in the hope of effecting a *modus vivendi*. He believes, as it were, in fitting the jig-saw puzzle of thought together as it stands, rather than lopping off the promontories of the pieces in a hectic attempt to make them fit. An obvious extension of

the metaphor is that when the eventual picture is attained, his will be the larger.

I pass now to other recent events. One of the "empirical proofs" of J. S. Haldane's organicistic form of neo-vitalism received a knock-out blow in May last when F. J. W. Roughton communicated to the Cambridge Biochemical Club the results of his calculations on the thermodynamic properties of the enzyme catalase. Haldane had always made a good deal of the remarkable fact that the swim-bladders of fishes living at great depths contain almost pure oxygen and had often asserted that this "oxygen-secretion" in an environment of only very small oxygen-tension was one of those "irreducible and stubborn" biological facts which no conceivable constellation of physico-chemical processes could succeed in explaining. Now Roughton showed from a study of the reaction in which oxygen is produced from hydrogen peroxide in presence of the enzyme catalase, that not 100 atmospheres pressure (as is the case in the sea) but billions of atmospheres pressure would be required to suppress the production of gaseous oxygen in this manner. I mention this as an illustration, if any were needed, of the real fatuity of the "argumentum ad ignorantiam."

Some interesting papers and reviews have been published by J. H. Woodger, a cytologist (4). He seems to adopt a combination of neo-vitalism and neo-realism—curiously assorted beliefs—and to this extent resembles C. E. M. Joad (5). But he is able, unlike the latter writer, to support his views by an intimate knowledge of biological method and theory, so that a considerable amount of attention must be given to what he says. In his essay-review of de Beer's recent book on experimental embryology, he comes out very vigorously in favour of special biological laws, not considered as interim statements in Roux's sense, but as final and quite irreducible to the laws of physics. It would no doubt be a misrepresentation of his views to attribute to him the famous answer of the medical student in Molière, who when asked by his examiners why opium sends people to sleep replies "because there is a dormative virtue in it." Yet special biological laws can hardly escape this resemblance, and the denial that "hormic urges" and "food-responses" are mere descriptions of phenomena in terms of the phenomena themselves, not of anything deeper, needs a better defence than J. H. Woodger or anyone else has yet given it. Another very interesting paper is due to J. G. Gregory (6), who describes in it the gradual withdrawal of the "animate model" from science. This aspect of the history of science is full of significance for our present discussions. The fact that Jean Rey argued in 1630 that lead was not alive is far less remote from us than might appear to a superficial head. Then P. Chalmers Mitchell's Huxley Lecture (7) is also of interest. In his very scathing remarks about philosophy in general and biological philosophers in particular, he seems to speak to us from another century, and for a moment the atmosphere of full-blown scientific naturalism again enfolds us so that we might dream there had never been a Ward, an Aliotta, or a Poincaré. It is instructive to read the unsigned leading article on this address in "Nature," for the writer represents the other extreme and seems to think that organicism and emergence will somehow affect biological method in the near future.

Much more important than all these, however, was the paper contributed by R. S. Lillie (8) to *Science*, entitled "Physical Indeterminism and Vital Action." For a long time the question as to whether living animals obey

the second law of thermodynamics has been in the air. Water never runs uphill in our experience, but the second law is a statistical law, so possibly now and then water might run uphill in the recesses of the living body. In other words, in systems containing millions of molecules or atoms we know very well that free energy tends to become smaller and bound energy to increase in amount, but if we had a system composed of only a family party of molecules, as it were, might we not catch one on the hop going the opposite way, and releasing free energy ? Obviously all depends on how small the system is. Donnan (9) lately took up the question and showed in some interesting calculations that some living systems may very well be conceivably of the order of smallness where a departure from the second law would possibly become perceptible. Lillie ocntinued the discussion by pointing out that possibilities of this sort might make room for freewill within the very structure of science itself, since living organisms were so marvellously able to transmit changes of state. In this way a voluntary action might arise from an individual escape from the second law somewhere in one of the minute ultramicroscopic intracellular phases in the living body. Lillie worked this out with great detail and as convincingly as possible, but the more one thinks about the notion, the more reducible it seems to simple individuality. In other words, even supposing that conditions in the living animal are such that escape from the second law regularly takes place, it will not be escape into freedom, but surely rather into the arms of some wider statistical law, crystallized into existence by scientific thought after a sufficient number of examples have been examined. Or, put rather differently, statistical treatment and the inductive method will again assert their supremacy, and nothing will escape from all this except what always did escape from scientific method, *i.e.*, individuality. The unique is the only nut that science cannot crack, and that, I think, is all that Lillie's paper boils down to. But the matter is still in the freshest possible state, and if I give my opinion, it is not because I regard the point as settled. Another interesting discussion of determinism will be found in C. Judson Herrick's recent papers (10). Lastly, attention might be drawn to the English translation of Claude Bernard's "Experimental Medicine," with an admirable introduction by Lawrence J. Henderson (11). This is one of the most fascinating books ever written; in it the immortal physiologist of the Collége de France dissects his own mental operations and shows how he arrived at his theories and plans for experimental work. But it is also full of profound discussions about the nature of life and the science of biology. It would be amusing to set a student down to read the book and then to say what school of biological thought Claude Bernard belonged to. Nobody has ever answered that question, for in him were combined a great subtlety of expression and an unexampled capacity for extracting the grain of truth from contradictory points of view. He was a really great man. Among the recent German writings the most important is Adolf Meyer's "Logik der Morphologie" (12), but there is now no space to deal with it, nor can I do more than mention Hans Przibram's book on crystal structure and living substance. Enough has been said, I think, to show that there never was a more interesting time for biologists and those interested in their science from outside than the present.

References, in the order mentioned:—
1. Haldane, J. S. *British Medical Journal*, 1923, i, 859.
2. Lillie, R. S. *Journal of Philosophy*, 1926, 23, 673.
3. Needham, J. *Hibbert Journal*, 1927, 25, 265.
4. Woodger, J. H. *Science Progress*, 1927, 21, 697; 22, 344.
5. Joad, C. E. M. Contribution to "Contemporary British Philosophy," ed. J. Muirhead, 1925, ii, 159.
6. Gregory, J. G. *Journ. Philos. Studies*, 1927, 2, 301.
7. Mitchell, P. C. "Logic and Law in Biology" (Macmillan), 1927.
8. Lillie, R. S. *Science*, 1927, 66, 139.
9. Donnan, F. G. *Journ. General Physiol.*, 1927, 8, 685.
10. Herrick, C. J. *Internat. Journ. Ethics*, 1926, 37, 36; also "Fatalism and Freedom" (Kegan Paul), 1927.
11. Bernard, Claude. "Experimental Medicine," with an introduction by L. J. Henderson (Macmillan), 1927.
12. Meyer, Adolf. "Logik der Morphologie," Berlin, 1927.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM.

# MORE FICTION

WELSHMAN'S WAY. By Charles Davies. (Hogarth Press.) 3s. 6d. net.
I SPEAK OF AFRICA. By William Plomer. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.
MANY A GREEN ISLE. By Clifford Bax. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE MAN WITH SIX SENSES. By M. Jaeger. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.
PASSIONATE PARTICLES. By Margaret Peterson. (Ernest Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.
A LONG WEEK-END. By Margaret Kennedy. (Heinemann.) 1s. net.
SUSY IN THE WORLD. By A. Waddingham Seers. (Noel Douglas.) 7s. 6d. net.
SASHA. By Alexander Kuprin. (Stanley Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.
IN MONTE CARLO. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. (Stanley Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.
THE HEPTAMERON. By Margaret, Queen of Navarre. (Stanley Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

None of these books is memorable, but all of them are readable, with the exception of *Welshman's Way*. In this book (of 127 pages) Mr. Davies is apparently describing a young Welshman's impressions on his first visit to the continent. There are a few "clever" phrases, but it is mostly verbiage, and on p. 89 we read this: "I was weary. There was nothing to be done; one must always walk and talk; one must be pleasant at all costs," followed by this: "High in the air I espied the austere monk-face of a thought. My blood sank inwards, curling in great gouts because of speed." . . . O Welshman, O wails!

*I Speak of Africa* is very different. Mr. Plomer has something to say, and he speaks to some purpose. He admits in his preface that he is inspired rather by sympathy for the "oppressed native races" of South Africa than by enthusiasm for its "uncivilised white owners"; but he succeeds in remaining very creditably objective and shows little sign of the "Paleface" inferiority complex recently exposed in *The Enemy* by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. There are twelve pieces in this book, varying from the "short novel" to the pastiche. All of them are clever and some are very good indeed.

In Mr. Clifford Bax's *Many a Green Isle* we have a symposium on familiar and rather conventional lines. A party of not very interesting people sit up all night in a garden on the Riviera and each in turn recounts the happiest incident in his or her life. The hostess sums up with some sound and soothing philosophy. *The Man with Six Senses*, by M. Jaeger, would make a good short story, but it is so deftly padded out with psychological and philosophical

reflections that it is quite acceptable in the form of a novel. The writin coldly efficient (the internal evidence of the style would seem to indic that the author is a woman ; but the story is put into the mouth of a m and, as so often happens, this detracts a little from the effect). Miss Marga Peterson's novel, *Passionate Particles*, is badly written and is easily the le "highbrow" book on this list. The male dialogue is often absurd ; but story is borne along by a lavish and almost Ouidaesque enthusiasm, and would be churlish to deny that Miss Peterson succeeds, from time to tim in breathing some life into her tragic story of a girl who was cheated of birthright of parental love, who at the age of eleven murdered a playma who, when grown up, tried to poison her half-sister, and who ended her da in a convent at Port Said.

Miss Margaret Kennedy's short story, *A Long Week-End*, is at the oppos pole. It tells of the unsuccessful attempt of two lovers, members of the low middle-class *intelligentsia*, to spend an unconventional holiday. M Kennedy is, of course, a very accomplished writer, but her young cou are not particularly interesting, and it is a pity that she sometimes overdo her descriptions. For instance, "The long train slid off into the mist" tells us, but adds, very unnecessarily, "like a great wet snake."

*Susy in the World*, by A. Waddingham Seers, is the story of a "consta nymph" who was forlorn and suffered, but in a very different way from Mi Kennedy's famous heroine. Susy was fast in the trammels of a Victori code of conduct, and her life came very near to being ruined by it. This boo is not an easy one for the reviewer. He must recognise that it is informed wit a sure sense of values and that it contains some felicities of style and som refreshingly sincere and sensitive observations. But when he rea hes t end nothing very important seems to have happened. He has been given few glimpses of life and enabled to recognise a few people. Quite interestin people, but they fade away and no particular impression remains.

*Sasha*, by A. Kuprin, is translated from the Russian, and *In Monte Carl* by H. Sienkiewicz, from the Polish for the International Library's series translations of "Standard Fiction." From the former, which contai twelve short stories, one gathers that Kuprin is a sensitive writer with good understanding of humanity and a marked feeling for animals an nature. The translation is good on the whole, but sometimes fail at wh one would have thought would be an easy place. *In Monte Carlo* is rather slight story, and the translation is marred by one or two bad gallicisms.

The last book on this list, also in the International Library series, is complete and welcome contrast to all the others. *The Heptameron*, b Margaret, Queen of Navarre, was written in the middle of the sixteent century, modelled upon *The Decameron*. It has been admirably translate The characters are ten courtiers and ladies, delayed by floods, who pass th time while a bridge is being built by telling stories. It is decided in the pro logue that there shall be "*no intrusion of art into the matter*," and th sequel is a symposium of high spirits, commonsense, bawdy wit, and intelli gence unspoiled by neurotic self-consciousness, which makes even Mr. Cliffor Bax's pleasant symposium look like a Sunday School or a Y.M.C.A. Stud Circle by comparison. How profitably many of our modern literary "artists" could go to school with the artless Queen of Navarre !

R. R.